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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 32.

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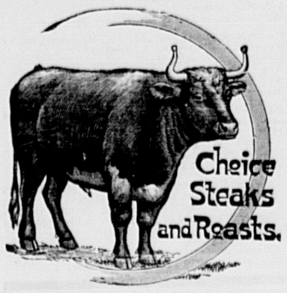

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.55, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

**SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.48, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
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Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

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## The Inspector's Romance

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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Once every two months—now a day or two earlier, and now a day or two later—Inspector Cranforth had entered the different postoffices on his route and checked up and straightened out affairs. There were postmasters who had seen him grow old and gray since his appointment. They had always found him a pleasant spoken and a just man, but all stood in awe of him. In no department of the public service is Uncle Sam more particular than in the postal. The cash must balance to a cent with the postmasters, and any man or woman who attempts to play tricks with his letters are certain to be pursued with relentless energy.

Inspector Cranforth was generally regarded as a flint hearted man. It was understood that he was an old bachelor and had never known what love was. He accepted no excuses from postmasters and indulged in no flirtations while traveling. At fifty years of age he had got to be part of the route, and no one knew him for just what he was. Outside of his officialism he had a heart as warm as any man's, and one reason—and perhaps the main one—why he had not married was the fact that he had always maintained a home for a mother and a crippled sister. His salary could do no more. One day a windfall came in the shape of a legacy, and if the inspector had dreams of matrimony and a fireside all his own, no one could blame him.

Those who looked upon the man as flint hearted did not know the ins and outs of the case at the Dover postoffice. An old soldier had been postmaster there for years. When he died his widow took his place. When she died her daughter Mary, who had known the inspector since her babyhood, was left motherless, fatherless and almost penniless. It was the inspector who paid a part of the undertaker's bill; it was the inspector who had Uncle Billy Smith appointed; it was the inspector who got Mary Williams a clerkship that practically made her postmistress and financially independent.

Even the girl did not know the extent of his kindness. When he found himself asking why he did it he found himself replying that in two or three years more he hoped to be in a position to marry. At present his feelings toward the girl were merely paternal. What they might be in the future he wouldn't discuss with himself.

It was said that Inspector Cranforth took more time for inspection at the Dover postoffice than anywhere else. Some of the village gossips said it was because of Mary Williams, who regarded him as a friend and was always glad to see him come, and others said he had his eye on Tillie Langton, the daughter of the village innkeeper. It was the talk that the two girls were rivals, and the innkeeper's daughter at least came to believe it and to feel bitterly toward the girl in the postoffice. The situation of affairs was just right when there came an official complaint against the Dover postoffice.

William Penfield, son of Deacon Penfield, was in the habit of sending his old father money from Iowa every month or two.

William was of an economical turn and did not want to pay a registry fee or the premium exacted for a money order. The bill was simply inclosed in a letter. The father was inclined to be garrulous and to look upon it as a smart trick to get ahead of Uncle Sam, and so in time every one in and around Dover came to know what would have been more prudent to be kept secret.

A money letter was missing. Old Mr. Penfield haunted the postoffice for a week and then wrote to William. William made affidavit that he wrote and inclosed a ten dollar bill on a certain date. It was the business of Uncle Sam to send out a tracer and for one of his inspectors to follow it up. Inspector Cranforth took his time about it, but he finally traced the letter into the Dover postoffice.

By that time there was great ado in the town. Old Mr. Penfield hadn't hesitated to express his opinions that "some one" right in the home postoffice had cribbed his letter and abstracted the money, and of course he referred to Mary.

She claimed to be innocent, but there were those who held to the contrary, and when Inspector Cranforth arrived to carry his investigation further there was great excitement. To the intense indignation of hundreds of citizens the investigation was held within closed doors—that is, Mary was questioned only in the presence of a justice of the peace. She was nervous and excited and shaken. She admitted her belief that such a letter had arrived at about such a date, but what had become of it, if not delivered, she could not say.

The establishment was a combination grocery and postoffice. A person could have sneaked into the postoffice part from the grocery, but he would have had to look over all the general delivery mail to get the Penfield letter. He would have also had to hit the exact date of its arrival.

Every incident of the day was recalled, but suspicion could not be directed against anybody. The letter had arrived, but what had become of it was a puzzle. Two hours' talk was leaving the investigation just where it had begun, when the outsiders demanded that the girl's trunk at her boarding place be searched. She went pale in an instant, and as the inspector noticed it a suspicion lodged in his heart. When asked if she were willing she hesitated and finally declined. Even the good old justice, who was her friend, looked at her with pity in his face. The inspector stared into vacancy a moment, and then his mind was made up.

"Mary, have you a ten-dollar bill in your trunk?" he asked.

"I—I"—she stammered.

"Have you or have you not?"

"Yes, but—but"—

"Then you took the letter?"

"Oh, I couldn't have done it—I never did it!" she wailed.

"Then where did the bill come from?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me anything more. I didn't take the Penfield letter, but I—I can't tell you!"

"Poor girl!" sighed the justice as he walked across to the hotel with the inspector.

"I've got a duty to do," was the reply.

When the inspector had reached his room he sat down and wrote out his resignation, to take immediate effect. Some one else would have to arrest Mary Williams. It was the hardest blow of his life. He had been thinking of her for a month past as his wife. It seemed impossible that she could be guilty, and yet the inspector sent on to take his place must arrest her on her own showing. The man was feeling more sore at heart than ever before in his life when he heard two female voices in the next room. There was a vacant stovepipe hole just above his head that let every word float through. The women were the innkeeper's wife and his daughter, and he heard the mother say:

"Tillie, where did you get that ten-dollar bill changed?"

"At the butcher's," was the reply.

"And what did you do with the letter?"

"Burned it up. Don't you go to fretting over things. They say that Mary will lose her place, but nothing else will happen. I want to get Mr. Cranforth in the parlor tonight and sing and play for him."

Ten minutes later the inspector was at the butcher's, asking questions. He went from there to the postoffice for a few minutes' talk with the accused girl. When he had asked a question or two she remembered that on a certain date when she had half a dozen letters in her hand she had been called into the grocery part in a hurry and had left the letters on the counter for a moment beside the innkeeper's daughter.

"And now about searching your trunk?" asked the inspector.

She handed him the key in a shamefaced way and said:

"I don't want you to, but if you must then you will find the bill in a letter. Read the letter."

The justice was taken along. The letter and money were found, and both read the letter and replaced it and went out of the room almost on tiptoe. The inspector had never heard that Mary even had a beau. The letter proved that she was engaged to a young man in a neighboring town, and he had sent her the money to save up with more against their wedding.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked the inspector of the girl that evening.

"I—I didn't want to hurt you," she replied.

"Hurt me how?"

"I knew you were falling in love with me, and you are so old, you know, and I'd have to say no, you see"—

"I understand," he finished, with a sigh, and, going into his own room, he tore up his resignation and sat down and figured it all out and said to himself:

"The girl is right. The man of fifty who has a romance is an old fool!"

He was not entertained in the inn parlor that evening. He never stops there now. The thing was somehow fixed up between the landlord and old Penfield and the government, but it is whispered around that it cost the former a thousand dollars and that Tillie is likely to die an old maid.

### The Lesson He Was Taught.

A southern judge tells of the disqualification of a juryman who came before him. The case was a capital one and the lanky backwoodsman declared determined opposition to capital punishment. Looking at him sternly and in tones somewhat suggestive of wrath, the judge asked the fellow if he did not think there were conditions so extraordinary as to warrant the hanging of the offender. He said he did not believe anything could make him assent to such a verdict.

"But will your honor let me explain?" said the disqualified citizen. "I'd like to give the court my reasons."

"I don't wish to hear any explanation from you. Go and sit down."

"Excuse me, judge, but you must hear my reason."

"Well, then, give it, and go along with you."

"The reason I am opposed to capital punishment, your honor, is that my old mammy taught me it were a sin to kill anything that wasn't fittin' to eat."

### So Near.

Near Vineland, N. J., there lived a German farmer who brewed his own beer, the superiority of which he was continually proclaiming, though no other person ever enjoyed an opportunity of testing its merits. A young neighbor made a wager that he could trick the farmer into giving him a taste of the much vaunted drink. The youth visited the German one Sunday afternoon and the conversation was deftly steered around to home brewed beer. The young man boasted that his father brewed beer that could not be equaled. The farmer at once vehemently ordered up a mug of his own favorite brew. When it appeared the German raised it to his lips, and, the other hand pressing his stomach, drank every drop without taking breath. Then, holding the empty mug to the disappointed young fellow, he said gravely:

"You say your fader's beer iss so better as mine! Joost schmell dot mug!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Eccentric John Underwood.

John Underwood, who died at Whittlesea, England, in 1733, left some odd instructions for his burial. His fortune of £6,000 went to his sister, provided that no bell was tolled at his grave, no relative followed his coffin and various other arrangements were carried out. Six men only were invited and requested not to come in "black," who received 10 guineas each for their services. Service over, an arch was raised over the green painted coffin, with "Non Omnis Moriar, 1733," inscribed on white marble. The six men sang the last stanza of the Twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. The deceased, who had been coffined fully dressed, had under his head Sanadow's "Horace," at his feet Bentley's "Milton," in his right hand a Greek Testament and in his left hand a small "Horace." The six on repairing to his house to a cold repast had to sing the Thirty-first ode and drink a cheerful glass before retiring at 8 p. m. This done, directed the will, "Think no more of John Underwood."

## FINEST BANK NOTE PAPER.

### Where the Material For Our Greenbacks Is Made.

The national flag flies over the "government mill," owned by the Crane family at Dalton, Mass., because all the paper for the United States greenbacks is made there. It is one of a group of mills in which the Cranes have made paper for more than a century. The founder was Zenas Crane. Before he could get the first mill started he had to have a large quantity of rags. But rags were scarcer in those days than now. The Italian had not then arrived, the junk shop was unknown, and, although the rag buyer passed through the streets of Boston once a week, he had not yet appeared in the western part of the state. This resulted in an appeal to the people, based on high economic and patriotic grounds. Handbills appeared with the headlines in large type: "Americans, encourage your own manufactures, and they will improve! Ladies, save your rags!"

They were carried to all the homes and shops in Berkshire and adjoining counties, urging "every woman who has the good of her country and the interests of her family at heart" to save her rags and send them to the new factory or to the nearest storekeeper, "and a generous price will be paid." When the mill was ready the rags were there in abundance, and operations at once commenced. The working force consisted of four men, two girls and a small boy, with Zenas Crane as superintendent and chief proprietor. The paper was made in hand molds, and the output was 100 pounds a day. Today the output is many tons of the finest bank note paper.—World's Work.

## THE WIND BELL.

### How It Is Constructed In Japan, Its Original Home.

The wind bell, as its name implies, is made to ring by the action of the wind—in fact, the wind bell is not a bell at all, strictly speaking, but a contrivance composed of a number of pendants suspended in a circle from a ring and hung close together so that they will come into contact and produce sounds when swayed by the winds.

Some wind bells produce sounds that are pleasing and musical. Some are made with glass pendants, some with pendants of metal; some are very small and simple in construction, others are large and massive and elaborate.

The original home of the wind bell is Japan. In its simplest form it is composed of a number of narrow strips of glass, perhaps six inches in length, suspended lengthwise from a wire ring about two inches in diameter. Within the circle formed by the strips thus suspended is hung by one corner a little square piece of glass halfway down the length of the long strips, the strips and the square piece ornamented with various Japanese characters and designs. This wind bell may be hung up wherever a breeze will strike it and blow the strips into contact with one another and with the square suspended among them.—Detroit News-Tribune.

### Artificial Birds.

In very early times men began to experiment with a view to making artificial birds and animals that would imitate the motions of living creatures, and if we are to believe the records, some of the artists in that line were remarkably successful.

Archytas of Tarentum, who lived in the year 400 B. C., constructed an artificial pigeon that could fly, but which was not able to resume its flight after once alighting.

John Muller, a German of great mechanical skill, constructed an artificial eagle, which on the entry of Emperor Maximilian into Nuremberg flew out to meet him, and, returning, alighted on the city gate to await his approach.

### A Parson's Swearing.

"Parson" Blodgett, a former local preacher residing in Linden, had in front of his house a watering trough freely patronized by people riding by. One evening a man hurriedly drove up to water his horse, and the wheel of his wagon struck the trough violently. The "parson" came out hurriedly and cried: "Hog rabbited to hemp seed tobacco! Can't you drive straight?"

"Go in and shut the door," replied the driver, "and next time you want to swear, parson, do it like other men."—Boston Herald.

### A Funny Siamese Custom.

They have a very funny fashion in Siam. When an inferior comes into the presence of a superior he throws himself upon the ground. Then the superior sends one of his attendants forward to see whether the prostrate man has been eating anything or has any offensive odor about him. If he be blameless in this respect the attendant raises him from the ground, but if he be guilty the attendant straightway kicks him out.

### Liquor In Candies.

"Practically every known liquor, as well as whisky and brandy, is made up into candy in one form or another," says a Chicago confectioner. "You can get in bonbons of various kinds creme de menthe, cognac, kummel, Chartreuse, cherry brandy or benedictine."

### An Old One In a New Way.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what was the first talking machine made out of? Father—Well, my boy, the first one was made out of a rib.—New York Times.

Many a ruined man dates his downfall from the day when he began borrowing money.—Success Magazine.

### Seen and Heard.

Enid—My new bonnet attracted a great deal of attention in church. Edna—Why, all the girls said it was your new shoes.—Puck.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—Jean Ingelow.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

### Montaigne Runs on Anything.

When I read Montaigne or Wordsworth or Landor I am always reminded of the advice which the baseball coacher on the side lines so often repeats to the men on bases, "Run on anything!" Each one of these worthies, to continue the parlance of the ball field, accepts all his chances. If Wordsworth never gave to the world "Lines Suggested by Seeing a Favorite Cat Crossing the Road" it was simply because that spectacle never chanced to arrest his "inward eye." If Montaigne never meditated, as did another celebrated author, on producing a chapter about "Buttonholes" such reticence was not in any degree owing to barrenness as concerned that or any other known topic. And had he attempted it he would perchance have begun with shoestrings, wandered on to darning needles and pruning hooks, quoted a dozen or so of Latin authors in regard to plowshares, related anecdotes concerning dealings of the Cymbrians, Scythians, Lacedaemonians, Romans and the like with knots and fastenings, mentioned his own personal experience in the matter of hooks and eyes and ended by an exposition of the practical, mechanical and ethical relations between a buttonhole and a button, and every quaint and divaricating line would have endeared him to his affectionate reader.—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

### Birds Cross No Deep Seas.

A writer in the London Outlook points out that no birds cross deep, even if narrow, seas. The narrow Madagascar strait is impassable to birds, though the north seas are a highway for them. Godwits pass from the Nile to the shores of Norfolk, though neighboring islands in an archipelago may show no common stock. All birds, with the possible exception of the sparrow, are stirred to movement by different causes—wind, weather, food, the bullying of parent and other birds. Birds of prey drive off their young. Martins love familiar eaves. Successive ravens have built on the same ledge for a century. The longer passages are only made over shallow seas that once were land, and when once a journey is made the memory is strong enough to urge a repetition. The change of home then becomes not a fashion, but an inherited habit.

### Girl Slaves In China.

A native writer in a Chinese publication remarks: "When a girl is sold in China she becomes the slave of her owner and a part of his property. She no longer retains her freeborn rights, but surrenders them all to the will of those who own her. She receives no compensation for her labor, but is obliged to accept such raiment and food as her owner may be pleased to give her. In cases of tyranny or gross cruelty she cannot appeal for redress. She may be resold, given away or cast off in the streets at the arbitrary will of her master. All freedom is denied her, and she remains a tool and chattel in the hands of her owner until she is sold again or until death releases her from her unwilling fate."

### The Black Maria.

"Black Maria" is a familiar term, with an origin more or less mysterious. It has been suggested that "Maria" really represents the old word "marinated," which meant transported or "married," a slang expression formerly applied to persons chained or handcuffed together on the way to jail. But more attractive is the story that in the old colonial days a gigantic and brawny negress kept a sailors' boarding house at Boston and frequently lent her strength to the cause of law and order. Once she took three sailors to the lockup unassisted. "Send for Black Maria," it is said, became a regular way of hinting that a man ought to be jailed.

### One English Seal.

The parish council of Rudgwick, Sussex, England, possesses an official seal in which the occupations of all the members are indicated. Thus the vicar is represented by an open Bible, the farmer by [illegible], the [illegible] dealer by a sack, the innkeeper by a bottle and jug, the bootmaker by a boot, the [illegible] by a hammer, the [illegible] bottle, the carpenter by a plane and the baker by a loaf.

### Children and Influences.

The reason why children so easily contract the mien, gestures and habits of their surroundings is that they have no power of resistance—everything outside of them is [illegible] themselves, and [illegible] from all outward influences for their own growth; [illegible] cheerful and contented [illegible] and discouraged, just according to their surroundings.—Marenholtz-Bulow.

### His Little Claim.

Mrs. A.—Don't you know, I really have an attachment for this piano. The Maid—Yes, mum; and the gentleman who was here this morning said he also had an attachment for it, too. Mrs. A.—Indeed! Who was he? The Maid—The sheriff, mum.—Chicago News.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

### Worked Out.

They were talking about futility and for some reason known only to each other failed to agree. Finally she asked:

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility."

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3,940 by 721."

She took a pencil in her hand, seized a piece of paper and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result.

"It is 2,845,066," said she.

"Divide that by 2," he continued.

"It is 1,422,533," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now add 7 to that and then subtract 1,422,540 and tell me what you get."

"The result is 0," said she after further figuring.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry with him that she refused to argue any further on the subject.—London Sphere.

### The Formation of Coal.

Many different theories are held by geologists to account for the formation of beds of coal between strata of rock. The simplest of them is that vast masses of wood, such as grew in the carboniferous age of the earth's development, were sunk under the sea, that deposits of silt upon them changed to rock and that by some upheaval of the earth the bottom of the sea was lifted above sea level. Such upheaval occurred in remote geologic ages in the Mississippi valley, all the central parts of which were undoubtedly at one time covered with water and formed an arm of the sea. The one thing certain about coal is that by one process of nature or another it has been converted from the giant trees which grew in the carboniferous age of geology. How many thousands or millions of years that was nobody knows. All that is known about the duration of different geologic ages of the world is that they were long.

### Dramatic Detail.

Sir Henry Irving was accustomed to visit at the home of Miss Friswell, author of "In the Sixties and Seventies," in which volume appears the following anecdote: "My mother often used to point out little details that had been overlooked. I remember one in 'The Bells,' which my mother told Mr. Irving on the first night when he returned to our house to supper. People who have seen the play may remember that the first scene is a small inn and that there is supposed to have been a deep fall of snow. The innkeeper, Matthias (Irving), walked in on that first night in ordinary black boots, with no snow upon them. My mother spoke of it, and afterward Matthias wore high black boots and stood on the mat while the snow was brushed off. Remarks were made in the papers as to Mr. Irving's attention to the minutest details, and this was cited as an instance."

### Punishments In Early Days.

The following extracts from early records give us a glimpse of some of the singular punishments in vogue in old New England:

"In 1639 Dorothy Brown, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound and chained to a post."

"In 1643 the assistants order three Stoneham men to sit in the stocks on lecture day, for traveling on the Sabbath."

"In 1651 Anna, wife of George Ellis, was sentenced to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates."

"In 1658, for slandering the elders, she had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour."

### An Odd Sermon.

It seems doubtful if there is anything more crooked than the following title of a pamphlet published in 1703: "The Deformity of Sin Cured; a Sermon Preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, Before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks." The pamphlet was sold by Matthew Denton at the Crooked Billet near Cripple gate. The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight," and the prince before whom it was read was deformed.

### Linen Paper.

The only real linen paper made in the United States is that used for government documents. All the so called linen papers are largely made from cotton rags with some linen mixed in. The reason for this is that it is extremely difficult to separate cotton and linen rags. The government gets around this difficulty by using nothing but clippings from collars and shirts.

### His Lamp.

Teacher (of east side school)—I wonder how many of you remember the pretty story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp I told you last week. Billy Bleecker, can you tell me why our little friend Aladdin rubbed his lamp? Billy Bleecker (vaguely)—If he wuzn't gettin' sleepy he must 'a' had a cinder in it.—Puck.

### Caustic.

Scene—Train stopping at small roadside station. Irritable Old Gentleman—What on earth do they stop at a station like this for? Objectionable Passenger (alighting)—To allow me to get out. Irritable Old Gentleman—Ah! I see it has its advantages then?

### The Age of Fishes.

The age of fishes is seldom measured by a definite period of years. Most of them grow as long as they live, and apparently live until they fall victims to some stronger species. It is reputed that carp and pike have lived for a century, but the evidence needs verification.

### Needless Suffering.

"Tommy," said Mr. Tucker, laying him across his knee and vigorously applying a large and muscular paternal hand, "it almost breaks my heart to do this."

"Then why don't you let maw do it!" yelled Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

### Bad Luck.

"Do you believe in the bad luck of thirteen?"

"Do I? I was refused by twelve girls, and the thirteenth took me."—Stray Stories.

## MAKING A CHEF.

### It Takes Many Years of Hard Work and Training.

"When you reflect upon what a chef goes through to complete his education it is no wonder that his services command high prices," said the culinary king of a restaurant.

"The chef," he continued, "begins as a boy, as apprentice to a master. For several years he works under the vegetable cook. He learns how to make mashed potatoes that look like white roses, how to cook and to arrange all the vegetables, from the truffles down, in a hundred fine and beautiful ways. He gets no salary. He gets only his board.

"Then for a year he studies raw meats. He learns how to select them and how to cut them up. He can tell at a glance, for instance, the genuine salt meadow mutton from the false. Along with this raw meat course goes also a study of fish and of game and of poultry—how to stuff, dress, lard, truss, and so on.

"Next, for a year, at a small salary, he stands before the range, learning how to broil, fry, roast and bake.

"He now knows the foundation of his art and is admitted into the presence of the chef himself—only assistants have taught him so far. The chef teaches him to make soups, pastries, ices and the more complicated puddings and souffles. Three or four years is none too long a time to study here.

"Ten years of hard work should turn a quick apprentice into a good chef. Such a chef without difficulty earns from $25 a week up to $150. If he gave half as much time to the bar, the church or medicine he would earn thrice as much."—New York Press.

## A DRAMATIC ARTIST.

### The Winning Ways of the Man Dressmaker of Paris.

The dressmaker is a slim young man with a long nose and big, winsome eyes. Wearing a gray frock coat and patent leather shoes, corseted and powdered and perfumed, he is more than a man; he is a dressmaker. He is saturated with dandyism. It is not of an offensive kind. His manners are a strange mixture of humility and insolence, for he is at once a salesman and an artist. And he talks, talks, talks, bending his slim body into polite curves, gesticulating with his thin white hands, rolling his eyes in their painted orbits, the while he fumbles silks and velvets and satins and lace and wool.

The mere man who comes into a dressmaker's shop of an afternoon—in Paris no one goes to the dressmaker's save only in the afternoon—begins by sneering at this fantastic creature. That mood does not last long. Contempt gives way to admiration. There is something marvelous in the way this lord of lace and ribbon dominates the women, the royal highness as well as the spoiled actress. He is charming; he is frivolous. Then of a sudden his face darkens, he becomes serious, he stares at her royal highness, studying her form from head to foot; he smites his brow and cries despairingly: "No, no! I can't see you in that gown—today I can't see you in any gown—I will study—an inspiration will come—you must wait." And royalty goes away flattered, she knows not why.—Vance Thompson in Woman's Home Companion.

### Landor's Prose.

No poet has ever been a bad prose writer, whenever he cared to drop from poetry into prose; but it is doubtful whether any poet has been quite so fine, accomplished and persistent a prose writer as Landor. "Poetry," he tells us in one of his most famous passages, "was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations;' cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Without his prose Landor is indeed but half, if he is half, himself.—Arthur Symons in Atlantic.

### Paul Jones' Promise.

After the great fight in which John Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard made splinters and shreds of the British vessel Serapis the English government generously decided that, though vanquished beyond a question, the captain of the lost vessel had behaved with becoming bravery and deserved promotion to the rank of commodore. John Paul Jones heard of this promotion and its cause and said, "Well, by George, if I ever meet that chap again I'll make him an admiral."

### Striking Coincidence.

Mr. Gotsum—Maria, how long has that young Smoothley been coming here to see Nellie? Mrs. Gotsum—Let me see. You remember when the papers published that story about your having sold a gold mine for half a million? Yes? Well, as nearly as I recall it, that's the time when he began coming.—Chicago Tribune.

### Had Hard Luck.

"You've spent most of your life in a circus?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the freak. "I started out as the fat man, then I married, and now I'm the living skeleton."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Retort Courteous.

Miss Oldwun—I've refused many, many offers of marriage. Gayboy (absentmindedly)—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Every age has its problem, by solving which humanity is helped forward.—Heine.

### Drinking of Healths.

The drinking of healths in wine or liquor or other kinds originated in Britain at the time of the rule of the Danes, before Alfred the Great finally succeeded in driving them from the land. Owing to the assassination of Englishmen by the Danes, it became a custom to enter into compacts for the mutual preservation of health and security. These compacts were usually pledged in wine, and hence the custom of drinking healths.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1906.

## *GOOD WORDS FOR REPRESENTATIVE RILEY.*

In its issue of June 25, ult., calling out the names of those members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives "who are foremost" the Springfield *Republican* mentions "Riley of Woburn," with Luce, Walker, Potter, Lowell, Bennett, Peabody, all of them leaders; and farther on in the article it says of Mr. Riley:

"Another mind of a similar class [argumentative, logical] is that of Mr. Riley of Woburn. It has seemed as if he had about as good timber for a judgeship as has been seen in the House for years. He speaks very little, and then only briefly, but there is a judicial quality to his thought which no other member shows in equal degree."

These are words of exalted praise; but Mr. Riley's career in the House for three consecutive terms warrants their utterance, even by so distinguished and conservative an authority as the Springfield *Republican*.

## *THE FOURTH.*

Although crowded with people, the Fourth passed off quietly and with no serious accidents in this city. Rain gave a comparatively still "night before."

Alternate rain and sunshine interfered somewhat with the sports planned for the Day, particularly with grove picnics, although several were successfully held. The circus was well patronized.

The principal feature of the entertainments programme was that engineered by Chairman James H. Connolly for the children in Lyceum Hall from 9 to 12. Over 500 youngsters were handsomely treated to a fine vaudeville performance, music, icecream and cake, all at the city's expense, and Ald. Connolly said he never saw a happier lot of children in all his life.

Hundreds of our people went to the beaches, and crowds to Boston.

## *THE LEGISLATURE.*

The Great and General Court of Massachusetts was prorogued by Governor Guild at 11.45 Friday night, June 29, 1906, without regret, or much ceremony. It might have adjourned a week earlier but for the Governor's late special message, accompanied by an anti-merger bill, which he wanted, very much, to have enacted at the then present session, but which was signally defeated. It served to keep the two bodies together and at work for several additional days.

The length of the term was almost 6 months, but it cannot be said that much time was wasted on unimportant matters, or that the members were not industrious and worked conscientiously for the good of the State.

Indeed, it was a working Legislature, and many important laws were enacted.

## *CONGRESS.*

A part of it adjourned on June 29 and a part on June 30, and now the two branches are puzzled to know whether there has been any legal adjournment or not.

In results that effect the whole Nation—in legislation for the people—it was the greatest session ever held. The enactment of the Pure Food, Railroad and Meat Packing laws, alone, was far and away the most important and far reaching that any Congress has ever accomplished.

And for these masterly achievements in National legislation Theodore Roosevelt is entitled to, receives, and will continue to receive, the credit. The whole country, irrespective of party, praise him for it.

## *THANKS DUE McCALL.*

Not only are the thanks of this city due to Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Representative in Congress from this District, for his admirable work in securing an appropriation of $12,000 for a postoffice site in Woburn, but he is getting them right along. This community feel that they are under deep and abiding obligations to him, and will remember him substantially at the polls next November.

Few believed it possible for this city to obtain an appropriation for a government postoffice here, but Congressman McCall stuck to it and, wielding an influence second to none in the National House, secured a good one, and we are, all of us, grateful to him for it.

## *FOR "CALAMITY HOWLERS."*

We find the following suggestive item in a recent issue of the Boston *Globe* and recommend for it, not only a careful perusal, but that it be given a few candid thoughts:

"This from a prominent New England manufacturer will interest the calamity clan: Business is booming in all lines. I have twice the amount of orders upon my books I had a year ago and will not be able to shut down our plant this summer for inventory, as we have always done."

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements

City—Tax Sale.
A. V. Haynes—Auction.

— Weather of the Dog Days variety has been endured here this week.

— Woburn people swelled the population of Boston amazingly on the 4th.

— Mr. James Skinner, wife and daughters are summering at Chatham.

— Of the women voters in this city 1692 had been registered on June 21, 1906.

— Capt. John Gilcreast and wife had Chicago people for guests last week.

— Miss Abbie Cummings, stenographer, spends her vacation on the Pacific coast.

— Officers McKenna and Keane have returned from their vacation outing and resumed their beats.

— Julian E. Dow, a business man of Birmingham, Ala., son of Mrs. Carrie Dow, is visiting here.

— Read Cammall's auction notice in this paper. Sale July 10, 64 Pleasant street.

— The Innitou Canoe Club had a great celebration on the 4th at their house on Horn Pond.

— Rev. Dr. Norton and family went to Mt. Vernon, N. H., early this week to escape the 4th of July racket.

— What an elegant appearance City Hall makes in its new coat of paint. Supt. Connolly is exceedingly proud of it.

— Dames William Beggs, Henry M. Eames, and L. Herbert Owen were Matrons at the Class '06 H. S. reception last Friday night.

— Be sure and attend the auction sale of furniture and household goods by Cammall, the auctioneer, next Tuesday, July 10. See ad.

— There was a heavy rain on Saturday followed by a cold wave in the evening; a fair and beautiful Sunday, and another downpour on Sunday night.

—Thanks to the enterprise and liberality of the Highway Department, the city is to have another wateringcart. There was need enough of it, mercy knows!

— On Wednesday, July 11, the Sunday School of Trinity church will hold its annual picnic at Lexington Park. Parents and friends of the scholars are invited.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Congregational church choir suspend services for a month after June 22, on which date the 90th anniversary of Dr. March's birthday is to be observed at the church.

— Beginning with Sunday, July 8, morning services at Trinity church will be discontinued for the summer. The evening service will be held as usual all summer, and the Sunday School will not begin its vacation until August.

— Capt. John E Tidd and wife are at York Beach. The Captain will not return to Cambridge and resume his duties as Court Officer until October, his furlough extending to that time.

— President Blodgett of the City Council won't let the city pay "more than the law allows" for heating and ventilating the new schoolhouse, if he can help it, and most people think he can.

— Mrs. Margaret F. Towle has quit her Boston home for a summer sojourn at Allerton, a popular seaside resort which Mr. and Mrs. Towle have patronized for some seasons past to their great pleasure.

— The regular James H. Linnell vacation party leave tomorrow, July 7, for Southport, Maine, the summer resort that they prefer to all others. Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett and family have been there some time.

—The W. C. T. U. are to open their flower mission at the Orthodox church this afternoon, July 6. The committee will be present and superintend the work every Friday afternoon this summer from 3 to 5 o'clock.

— City Clerk Finn was kept pretty busy issuing marriage licenses last month. Not less than 23 intentions were filed, one for each 31 hours, or thereabouts; the fruits of which will be seen in the next census.

— It is reported that ex-License Commissioner Lyons is to contest his case with the Mayor to the bat's end. He is collecting evidence for that purpose. Lyons says he was unjustly used, and will spend some money to prove it.

— Last Saturday morning Mrs. Bertha Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, with her daughter Marion Hortense, and some companions, left here per trolley for Salisbury Beach for a month's outing. They went away in gleeful spirits.

— During August there are to be three union religious services in this city. Aug. 12 at First Church, Dr. Norton to preach; Aug. 19 at First Baptist Church, a Baptist supply preacher; Aug. 26, Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. Mr. Vandermark.

— Mr. Edward I. Andruss of Broad street and Miss Carrie M. Andruss, a Western Massachusetts school teacher, were called to Fairfield, Vt., last Monday to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Edith Dudley, who died there a few days before.

— Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item* and Senior Aid and Chief of Staff of the Massachusetts Department, G. A. R, will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for advance report of the reunion of Fifth Mass. Vet. Association at Wakefield, last week.

— The yarn going about the streets to the effect that President William E Blodgett of the Board of Aldermen sat down on the wrong side of his new cow to milk her for the first time after getting her home the other night and suffered the consequences, is probably without foundation. It doesn't seem a mite like him.

— Attention is called to the advertisement of an auction sale of the household goods of Mr. A. V. Haynes at 64 Pleasant street next Tuesday. It will offer an opportunity to buy some firstclass furniture, kitchen utensils, chambersets, books, pictures, carpets, and other goods probably at low prices. Mr. George A. Cammall is the auctioneer.

— Rev. Clifford G. Twombly, Rector of St. Paul's parish, Newton Highlands, will preach at Trinity church on next Sunday evening. He is one of the most successful clergymen of his diocese, and was Mr. Beekman's rector before the latter entered the ministry. Miss Locke, leading soprano of Trinity choir, will sing "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

— Alderman Benjamin H. Nichols of Warren avenue, retired capitalist and one of Maine's good farmers, contributed some fine, juicy russet apples raised on his farm near Penobscot Bay last year, for the enjoyment of the JOURNAL's Fourth, for which we were duly grateful. For apples nearly a year old they were in a remarkable state of preservation

— Crovo has fine this year's peaches.

— Miss Grace Heartz has gone to Seattle on a visit.

— Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Thompson are at Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

— The National Band are to give a concert on the Common this evening.

— W. A. Prior and family have been sampling the Granite Hills climate this week.

— The alarm from box 55 at 10.40 last Monday evening, was for a fire that destroyed a small shed on Vining court. People thought it was one of the big tanneries from bright light it made.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening George B. Heuy presented plans, specifications and estimates of cost for heating and ventilating the new schoolhouse. He estimated the cost at about $13,000. Nothing was done by the Board, except to vote a request to the City Council for $15,000 to heat, ventilate the building, and to grade the grounds.

— Mrs. E. N. Blake, Mrs. Warren N. Blake and her son Edgar, and Miss Dorothy Blake, daughter of Dr. H. G. Blake, left here last Monday for Thetford Centre, Vermont, where they are to spend the summer. Mr. Warren N. Blake drives up in his team, and will also remain there during the hot weather. Mrs. E. N. Blake goes to the Green Mountains for pleasure: her health is perfect.

— For the months of July and August the Public Library will be closed at 6 p. m., with the exception of Saturday, when it will be open till nine p. m. In the absence of Miss Brown, Miss Alice Whitcomb is in charge of the Children's Department. Miss Whitcomb has been assisting in this Department during the last year, observing Miss Brown's methods of library work, and her system of cataloguing and classifying children's books.

— Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Susan A. Tufts, daughter of the late William C. and Henrietta A. Tufts, to Henry Plympton Harrington, a grandson of Dr. Augustus Plympton, both of Woburn. Miss Tufts is one of Woburn's popular school teachers and has a large circle of friends. Mr. Harrington is connected with the New England Car Service Association at South Station, Boston, and well-known in this city.

— The vacation outing of the Boston & Maine locomotive engineers begins on July 22. On that date Engineer "Cy" Chase of Church avenue and Mrs. Chase, with two other couples, go to St. Thomas, Ontario, to attend a National meeting of the Guild which opens on July 24. At the close of the 3 days session, an excursion is planned for Niagara Falls, a sail down the St. Lawrence through the famous Thousand Islands, to Montreal. They are anticipating a fine trip.

— Miss Anna Bancroft, daughter of Major Ambrose Bancroft of this city, sailed, as a conductor of a party of ladies, from Boston last Saturday for Europe. A considerable number of friends, including Harry F. Parker of Church avenue, went to the steamer at Charlestown to see safely off Mrs. Joseph F. DLoriea of Warren avenue, who was one of Miss Bancroft's party. There was a large list of European tourists aboard, and visitors to bid goodbye to friends filled the steamship.

— Mr. Selwyn Bowman Parker of Lynn, son of Capt. John L. Parker, one of the most venerable and ablest Editorial writers in this section of the Old Bay State, a man with a proud Civil War record, has been visiting Henry L. Andrews and John Cole Andrews, his uncle and cousin, and friends, here this week. Selwyn is an excellent specimen of what Woburn has done in the way of starting and raising firstclass boys and men, and we are assured on the best of authority that no young fellow in Lynn is more popular than he is.

— It gratifies the JOURNAL to be able to state that it has exclusive information, and is proud of being the first to give it publicity, of the near approach of the greatest athletic contest that has been witnessed in Woburn in recent years. Scenting something of the kind other, but less enterprising, local papers have exerted themselves to the limit of their powers to find out about it, but it remained for the JOURNAL, the leading and only reliable public print in this city, to unearth the facts, by the exercise of its rare detective qualities, obtain a true story of the coming event, and give it to the public. It is a "scoop" that any country paper might well be pardoned for boasting of. For some time past F. C. (Furniture) has frequently expressed a desire to exhibit his alleged superior prowess in contests of strength, science and agility, and last week word was sent around among the sports of the town by his friends that be would like nothing better than to meet, and give odds, to any Woburn boxer, wrestler, or sprinter who dared to throw down the guage of battle against him in the ring or on the turf. This defy soon came to the ears of W. B. (Leather) and was promptly and eagerly accepted by him. Challenger (E. C.) and challengee (W. B.) resemble each other as closely as two peas in a pod Each kicks the beam at 200 pounds; both highly developed as to thews and sinews; supple; mature of age; of undoubted courage; immense staying qualities; and skilled in athletic exercises. Arrangements for several contests at the meeting have been completed, except the date, which the JOURNAL will announce in due season. It will be a battle royal when these athletes meet.

### North Woburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S Eaton of Dexter avenue kept open house the 4th. The special features were a clam bake, out-of-door games for old and young, and fireworks in the evening. The numerous friends and relatives present voted the occasion a success.

### A Hard Lot

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blockaded bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

### Innitou's Fourth.

The Annual Regatta of the Innitou Canoe Club was held on the afternoon of July 4, on Horn Pond with the following results:

Event No. 1. Sailing Race Triangular Course 1½ miles, 3 Entries. W. W. Crosby, H. J. Walker, E. F. Wyer. Won by W. W. Crosby; 2nd H. J. Walker.

Event No. 2. Novice Paddling Race, Single blade ½ mile, 4 Entries. Holland, Grothe, Crowell, Dennison. Won by H. Grothe; 2nd C. W. Holland; 3d B. P. Crowell.

Event No. 3. Trophy Race Single Blade, ½ mile, 2 Entries. Hovey, Walker. Won by F. T. Hovey.

Event No. 4. Tandem Race, Single Blade ¼ mile, 4 Entries. Leathe and Holland, Walker and Allison, Babcock and Crowell, Hovey and Eaton. Won by F. T. Hovey and W. D. Eaton; 2nd H. J. Walker and F. W. Allison.

Event No 5. Club Fours, Single Blade ¼ mile, 2 Entries. Hovey, Babcock, Grothe, Holland; Walker, Leathe, Dennison, Crowell. Won by H. J. Walker, F. E. Leathe, H. S. Dennison, B. P. Crowell.

Event No. 6. Combination Race. Single blade ¼ mile, 4 Entries. H. S. Dennison and Miss Luce, F. E. Leathe and Miss Howe; J. Fowle and Miss Hall; B. P. Crowell and Weeman. Won by B. P. Crowell and Miss H. L. Weeman; J. Fowle and Miss A. Hall second; F. E. Leathe and Miss E. Howe third.

Event No. 7. Hand Paddling Race. 6 Entries. Crowell, Holland, Dennison, Hovey, Waters, Grothe. Won by H. Grothe; 2nd H. E. Waters.

Event No. 8. Tail End Race. 3 Entries. Won by F. T. Hovey; 2nd F. E Leathe.

Prizes awarded by Commodore Edward F. Wyer to the successful winners:

I. C. C. Paddling Trophy to F. T. Hovey.

I. C. C. Hand Paddling Cup to H. Grothe.

I. C. C. Record Cup to the member with the highest number of points in events No. 3, 4, 5 and 6 presented to F. T. Hovey.

First prizes in the other events:

Starter William W. Crosby. Clerk of Course Willard K. Fowle. Judges, E. T. Brigham and Dr. H. G. Wyer of Keirkwood Mo. Orchestra furnished music for dancing from 7 to 10. Refreshments were served after the races.

### Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 50c.

### The Pioneer Bakers of Cambridge.

Mention the name of Hathaway to a resident of Cambridge and surrounding towns and the first thought is bread; not merely bread, but excellent bread, for the word excellence explains the success of the progressive firm of C. F. Hathaway & Son.

To the residents of this section it is unnecessary to dwell upon its quality, for they know that if it is made by Hathaway, it is pure, wholesome and good.

Since 1875 when the business was established, many additions have been made to the plant, made necessary by increasing business.

Modern machinery and everything that would tend to improving their products have been added to the factories.

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread enjoys unusual popularity for its goodness. Twice each day the grocers are furnished with a supply of it, fresh from the ovens, and while Cambridge sleeps a force of expert bakers are preparing the supply of good things for the morning deliveries.

Only the best of everything is good enough for the making of Hathaway products, and no money nor pains are spared to maintain the high standard of quality. The secret of the success of this firm is quality.

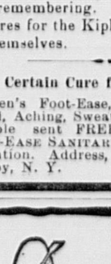
They also maintain a plant in Waltham, which is in a very flourishing condition.

### Literary Notices.

The July McCLURE's is a good and satisfying literary meal—some good articles on new things the world is doing, some important ones on vital topics of the day, and a good share of brisk and entertaining stories; the whole well served with attractive illustrations, many in colors. New Music for An Old World, is full of suggestion and interest for both the musically and scientifically inclined. We have had many descriptions of the San Francisco earthquake, but Henry Anderson Lafler's experiences and impressions in My Sixty Sleepless Hours written on the spot, and at the time of the fire, touches the heart of the event. The beginnings of the corrupt methods that resulted in the recent insurance scandals are interestingly shown in the Story of Life Insurance. Carl Schurz's Reminiscences of a Long Life contains some impressions of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, and Kossuth, the Hungarian. Kipling's sturdy and imaginative stories of Old England continue with the life of Parnesius, the Roman legionary. Non-motorists and perhaps experts will have their first motoring sensations brought back to them by My Enemy—the Motor. Caybigan is full of color and power. The Generous Mr. Dean, is an amusing character story. At the Top of the Road, The Home Wind, are poems worth reading and remembering. Andre Castaigne's pictures for the Kipling tale are stories in themselves.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.



Jell-O Ice Cream Powder

Makes delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes for 1 cent a plate.

Stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze; that's all. Beats the old fashioned, laborious way and makes better Ice Cream. 5 Flavors.

Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.

Two packages, 25 cents at all grocers.

If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 25c. to us and two packages and our illustrated recipe book will be mailed you.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

## Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 27, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 28, 1906**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

### WARD 3.

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1904, $12 74

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 12,197 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson, et al.; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al.; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1904, 19 60

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn, and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1904, 53 90

### WARD 4.

DOMA M. BASSETT.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, off Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Smith; easterly by land of Reardon; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Smith and land of Tidd.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

CATHERINE CARNEY.—About 12,358 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 80 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of the City of Woburn; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of Kelley.
Tax of 1904, 36 26
Street Watering for 1904, 1 61

DELIA M. MURRAY, ET AL.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 50 and 52 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray, et al., easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 48 98
Street Watering for 1904, 2 00

THOMAS MURRAY.—About 18,218 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 74 Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Littlefield, Trustee; easterly by Walnut Court; southerly by Salem street; westerly by land now or late of Place; south westerly by a private way leading out of Salem street.
Tax of 1904, 68 60
Street Watering for 1904, 1 88

DELIA M. MURRAY.—About 32,833 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Montvale Avenue and Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Broad street; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Montvale Avenue, and by land of Barrett, and by land of Buss; westerly by land of Barrett, and land of Flagg.
Tax of 1904, 211 19
Street Watering for 1904, 7 24

FANNIE REMINGTON.—About 1,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on High street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of M. T. Allen; easterly by land of City of Woburn and land now or late of Lyman; southerly by High street; westerly by land of Hattie A. Kenney.
Tax of 1904, 23 52
Street Watering for 1904, 70

### Non-Residents.

HERBERT M. BEERS.—About 33,086 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9 B, on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly also by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southerly by Packard street; westerly by lot 8-A on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

PATRICK BRADLEY, 2D.—About 22,464 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 32 on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Zavisky; easterly by Chandler street; southerly by lot X on said plan; westerly by Joshua street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

F. W. GRINNELL, TRUSTEE FOR MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE CO.—About 7,260 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lot 69 shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lots 29, 30, on said plan; southerly by lots 68 on said plan; westerly by Middle street.
Tax of 1904, 98

JOHN MATTSON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Clifton street, being lot 133, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 134 on said plan; southerly by lot 138 on said plan; westerly by lot 132 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

MARGARET T. McDOUGALL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood ave., being lot 105, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Putnam street on said plan; easterly by lot 110 on said plan; southerly by lot 106 on said plan; westerly by Atwood avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 229, 230, 231, 232, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 214, 215, 216, 217 on said plan; easterly by lot 228 on said plan; southerly by Crosby street on said plan; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 13

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 18,480 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 205, 206, 207, 213, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Crosby street on said plan; easterly by lot 208 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Anderson; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 53

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 21,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Salem street; easterly by land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; southerly by other land of Tufts College and Boston University; westerly by land of Tufts College.
Tax of 1904, 41 16
Street Watering for 1904, 5 10

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 3 31-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, on Wade avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Tufts College and also by land of Tufts College and Boston University and land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Hannah Reddy; westerly by Wade avenue.
Tax of 1904, 98 00

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Putnam street, being lot 116, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1904, 78

### WARD 5.

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 8½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at northwesterly corner of premises, thence easterly by land of Samuel Abbott deceased; thence southerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jacob Ames; thence westerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jeremiah Clapp, deceased; thence northwesterly on cart path to point of beginning. Being 1st lot described in Deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by land of one Dewey; southerly by land now or formerly of Parmelia Smith and land of owners unknown; westerly by land formerly of Major Baldwin. Being 2nd lot described in deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 98

THOMAS CONNELL.—About 33,568 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 133 Washington street, being lots E and K, shown on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot L on said plan; easterly by Washington street; southerly by a proposed street and lots F and G, shown on said plan; westerly by lot J and F shown on said plan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 15 09

SARAH J. COVENEY HEIRS.—About 959 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Washington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land now or late of Sheeran; westerly by Washington street.
Tax of 1904, 49

BENJAMIN F. DOW.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 401 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by Montvale Road; southerly by lot 437 on said plan; westerly by lot 400 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CYNTHIA FREEMAN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 425 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 389 on said plan; easterly by lot 426 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 424 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

EDMUND FREEMAN.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 424, 388, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by lot 389 and 425 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 387 and lot 423 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 4,828 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 65, 66, shown on Plan A, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 34 on said plan; easterly by lot 67 on said plan; southerly by Bird street; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lot 3 on said plan; southerly by lot 2 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 98

CATHERINE KENNEY HEIRS.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Grape and Albany streets, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by Albany street and land of Cogan; southerly by land of said Cogan and by Grape street; westerly by other land of said Cogan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 10 12

JOHN, DENNIS and PATRICK McDONALD.—About 48,205 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, shown on plan of Edgar W. Foster, of House Lots in Woburn, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 48, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at northwesterly corner of premises at intersection of A and Washington streets; thence the line runs easterly by said A street, to Martin street shown on said plan; thence southerly by Martin street to B street; thence westerly by B street to Washington street; thence northerly by Washington street, to lot 7 on said plan; thence easterly by said lot 7 to lot 12 on said plan; thence northerly by lots 12 and 13 to lot 5 on said plan; thence westerly by said lot 5 to Washington street; thence northerly by Washington street to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904 7 84

JOAN, DENNIS and PATRICK McDONALD.—About 52,226 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 19 to 28 inclusive, and lots 30 to 36 inclusive, on Albany street, shown on plan of Edgar W. Foster, of House Lots in Woburn, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 85, Plan 48, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at northeasterly corner of premises, at the intersection of Albany and A streets; thence the line runs westerly by said A street to Martin street shown on said plan; thence southerly by Martin street shown on said plan to B street; thence easterly by B street to Albany street; thence northerly by Albany street to lot 29 shown on said plan; thence westerly by said lot 29 to lot 26 on said plan; thence northerly by said lot 26 to lot 30 on said plan; thence easterly by said lot 20 to Albany street; thence northerly by Albany street to point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 4 90

KATE ROBINSON HEIRS.—About 15 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the southerly side of Mill street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Mill street and at land formerly of Barney Kelley; thence the line runs southerly by land of said Kelley as the fence stands, 72 rods 24½ links to a corner; thence westerly across the mill stream 44 rods 24 links to a stake, 1 rod easterly from basin of canal; thence northerly keeping 1 rod distant from basin of canal 64 3-10 rods to Washington street; thence northerly and easterly by said Washington street about 10 9-10 rods to a large willow tree; thence southeasterly 3½ rods to a post at the abutment of the bridge across said stream; thence southerly and southwesterly in center of said stream until it comes opposite the stake at southerly point of mill purchase on the easterly bank of said stream and 23½ links therefrom on a course S. 85° E.; thence northeasterly as the old wall stands 14 rods 23 links to a stake by the northerly side of an old oak tree; thence northeasterly 12 rods 18½ links to a stake; thence northerly 13° 45' W. 19 rods 2 links to a bar post at said Mill street; thence northeasterly as the wall stands, by said street about 19 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 33 32

MARY C. STEARNS.—About 12 acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Dragon Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston; easterly by land now or late of of Matthews and land now or late of Abbott; southerly by land now or late of Charles Spear; westerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston and John Steele.
Tax of 1904, 27 44

MARTHA WEST.—About 15,264 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 Pine street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Salem street about 170 feet; southeasterly by Pine street about 201 feet; easterly on a crooked line by land now or late of Robert West. Being same premises conveyed to said Martha West by John W. Johnson by deed dated Sept. 9, 1891, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2116, Page 575.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 14 16

B. F. WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot A 36 on plan of Woburn Manufacturing and Agricultural Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Samson; southerly by land now or late of Moody; westerly by land of Alfred M. Wright.
Tax of 1904, 98

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; easterly by Central and Orange streets and by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; southerly by Montvale avenue; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 163 66

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Orange street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster; easterly by Orange street; southerly by other land of Whittemore; westerly by other land of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, 21 56

MARY ISABELLE WHITE.—About 10,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Central street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Utica street; westerly by Central street.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

### Non-Residents.

AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, TRUSTEES.—About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 451, 452, 453, 454, shown on plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Gregg street; easterly by lot 455 on said plan; southerly by lots 486, 488, 489 and 490 on said plan; westerly by lots 449 and 450 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 44 10

MARY A. DOLAN.—About 7,605 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Pine street, being lots 68 and 69 on plan of building lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 84, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 70 on said plan; easterly by Pine street; southerly by lot 68 on said plan; westerly by Hillside Place shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

LOUIS DORDINI.—About 3,717 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Eldridge street, being lot 10 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 94, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by Stoneham Branch Railroad, so-called; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; westerly by Eldridge street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ELLEN J. FITZPATRICK.—About 2,295 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Washington Avenue, so-called, being lot No. 30, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 98, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 17 and 18 on said plan; easterly by lot 31 on said plan; southerly by Washington Avenue; westerly by lot 29 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JAMES CAMPBELL.—About 2,763 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 580 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 583 on said plan; easterly by lot 581 on said plan; southerly by Montvale Road; westerly by lot 579 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 3,330 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Orange street, being Lot 6, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Foster street on said plan; easterly by Orange street; southerly by lot 5 on said plan; westerly by lot 13 ons aid plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 4,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Foster street, being Lot 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tate; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Foster street on said plan; westerly by lot 16 in Block E on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

ROSE FOTHERINGHAM.—About 7,312 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 535, 536 and 537, Munroe avenue, shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Munroe avenue; easterly by lot No. 538 on said plan; southerly by lots 577, 578, 579 on said plan; westerly by lot 534 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 64,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 14 inclusive, Section D, shown on plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Foster street on said plan; northeasterly by Lakeview avenue on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; southerly by land now or late of Whittemore; westerly by land of said Whittemore and by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

CHARLES J. GORMLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 413, 414, shown on plan 2, Mishawum Addition, recorded with Assessors Plans 1, Plan 38, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lepingwell Road; easterly by lot 415 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 412 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

If Every Woman

who keeps house will furnish the family with Hathaway's celebrated Cream Bread for just one day she will stop baking, and baking bread this hot weather is no joke.

Ask your grocer today for this superior bread. Price 10c. Winner Bread for 5c. is the best.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

### "Sparks."

Business in Woburn is reviving. The mills (gin-mills) are all open.

The latest lie is from a man in Button End who reports fourteen chickens from thirteen eggs.

A swell Winchester society lady recently gave a dog party. They say it was a howling success.

A man over in Stoneham advertises for a lost dog "with a stub tail that answers to the name of Jack."

Never judge a woman's cooking by the cake she sends to a church fair. Any woman can buy a nice cake at a bakery.

It is said that the bicycle has been popular but a short time, still there are plenty of men in Woburn who have ridden two centuries.

The liquor traffic is the one colossal evil of this age. It is the arch enemy of the home, the school, the church, and of humanity itself.

A New York bank cashier named Straight has been sent to the penitentiary because his accounts and his name didn't harmonize.

Woburn merchants may keep as good wares as the large city stores, but if they do not advertise the fact Woburnites will go cityward.

A correspondent writes to know why Messrs. Torry and Alexander don't come to Woburn and hold revival meetings. We do not know unless it is, that there are no wicked sinners up in this section of the country.

C. B. L.

### A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Base Ball.

At the Park Wednesday there were several baseball games, and in all there was not a good one. In the morning the local K. of C. team lost to Arlington, and in the afternoon the St. Charles defeated the South Ends, and the Woburn A. C. team put it all over Feeney's Hams. The two latter games were for the $50 purse, the deciding game to be played next Saturday between the St. Charles and the Woburn A. C.

The final game in the Patent Leather League will be played this afternoon at the Park. It will decide the championship between Murray's and Hayley's teams.

Lawrence & Sullivan's team were defeated by Murray's at the Park last Friday afternoon in an exciting game.

Rain prevented the games in the July 4th series last Saturday between the Hams and the Woburn A. C., and the South End and St. Charles.

Lawrence Brophy will soon be using the spit ball which he is trying hard to control.

At Pinehurst Park, Wednesday, the North Woburns defeated the South Borders 5 to 0 for a purse of $25.

Rain prevented the local K. of C. team from playing last Saturday at Concord.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Wilmington.

Hon. Chester W. Clark, State Senator, delivered an address at Concord lately which was highly spoken of and well appreciated. That was to have been expected, for he is a sound headed gentleman and an interesting speaker. Without "fuss and feathers," always disregarding, or indifferent to, the plaudits of "the gallery," Mr. Clark, on real merit, won a commanding position in the Senate, maintained it, and is reckoned one of the most influential members of that body.

### Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide, by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Trinity.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon by Rev. Clifford G. Twombly of St. Paul's church, Newton Highlands.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

### Married.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, John Francis Carroll and Maria Louise La Casse, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Charles A. Quinn and Annie B. Cannon, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. H. B Williams, Orrin Eugene Bowman of Burlington and Della May Downs of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael J. McDonough of Boston and Mary F. Thornton of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John F. Maloy and Susie E. Connors, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Frank McGowan of Arlington and Jane A. Leonard of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. W. H. Scott, John Henry Snowden, and Mary B. Eubanks, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 1, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael Macareo and Josephine Dallo, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 1, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James Henry Scanlon and Mary Elizabeth Quirk, both of Woburn.

In Erving, Mass., June 24, by Rev. Geo. A. Foss, Daniel Proctor Roberts of Woburn and Mary Estelle Symonds of Erving.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Burlington, June 29, Peter Rogan, aged 73 years, 1 month, 19 days.

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN LYCEUM HALL

EVERY MAN Will Want

A STRAW HAT

Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of

Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

FINE HOUSE

with all modern fixtures and conveniences, on one of the best streets in Winchester, over half acre of land. Fine building lot can be sold off if desired.

I have property ranging from $10,000 to $600.

Many nice country homes at $2500 to $4000.

Houses to rent and cared for in the most careful manner.

I also do a general Insurance business, having some of the best and strongest companies to offer, such as The Hamburg-Bremen of Germany; The Svea Fire and Life Insurance Co of Sweden; The Western of Pittsburgh (no risks in San Francisco); The American Central, with many other of the best home companies.

Don't forget to call at 413 Main street and see for yourself.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
413 Main Street, WOBURN

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

GOING AWAY TIME
Secure a supply of
FILMS OR A KODAK

Whitcher's PILL BOX
WILL FIT YOU OUT.

Woburn Panoram Post Cards and Swedish Post Cards sold.

Make your own Post Cards, Blue Print—Sepia—Velox.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

BUTTER
— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

GO TO BASS POINT
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Taks trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.
Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors
We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.
STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
*Factory: Akron, O.*

Macullar Parker Company
Makers and Retailers of
Best Clothing
for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.
Fine Haberdashery
(TO ORDER ONLY)
Ladies' Tailored Costumes
Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.
Specialty—RIDING HABITS
400 Washington St.
BOSTON

*To the Honorable the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:—*

Your petitioner, the Winchester Rock and Brick Company, a corporation duly established by law, respectfully represents that the City Council of the City of Woburn in said County, have consented to the construction by your petitioner of a railroad for private use in the transportation of freight across and upon the way or travelled place in said Woburn known as Holton street at a point within one hundred freet from the Winchester town line and at the same level as said street; and further have consented that steam power be used on said road.

That the City Council of the City of Woburn by the provisions of Section 13 of Chapter 172 of the Laws of 1897 (City Charter) have all the powers of Boards of Aldermen under the general laws of the Commonwealth.

That a plan of the proposed location of said rail road is filed with this petition and made a part thereof; said plan being entitled "Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, Track for Winchester Rock and Brick Company near Montvale Station, Woburn. Scale 1 in. 100 feet. Feb. 1906. R. H. Rich, N. B. 22 P. 36-109."

WHEREFORE your petitioner respectfully asks that your Honorable Board, after due notice to all persons interested and a hearing, adjudge that public necessity requires the crossing of said Holton street by said railroad for private use at the same level as said street; and also that your Honorable Board make a decree authorizing and requiring your petitioner to construct its road in such manner as shall be prescribed in the decree,

WINCHESTER ROCK AND BRICK CO.
By Henry E. Adams, Pres't

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the First Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1906.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioner gvie notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Winchester Highland Station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, Cross street, Winchester, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of July, next, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, by publishing a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least before said view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Foster, of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of July, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms on

**Friday, July 6th, 1906,**

at 7.30 o'clock P. M., for the election of Officers and transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held on FRIDAY, July 6th, 1906, at 7.45 o'clock P. M., for the transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, June 22d, 1906.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 7th, 1906, will draw interest from that date.

The July dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, July 21st, 1906, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

## NOTICE

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, June 28, 1906.

Pursuant to the Rules of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts, notice is hereby given that W. Frederic Davis, Jr., of Woburn, in said district, has applied for admission as an Attorney and Counsellor of such Circuit Court.

ALEX. H. TROWBRIDGE, Clerk.
By L. C. Tucker, Deputy Clerk.

To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## True Inwardness of the Statement Made by Gethro.

## IT WAS A MATTER OF POLITICS.

### Was Used to Give Moran Democratic Nomination.

The unseating of Representative Frank J. Gethro of Boston has proven a bitter experience for that person, and the end is not yet. All his subsequent actions prove beyond controversy that his sole object now is revenge for his unseating. His bitterness against the men who voted to unseat him and his silence in regard to those who were in his favor, prove that his mind is filled with bitter hatred, notwithstanding the fact that every word and act of his since he ceased to be a member of the house give eloquent testimony that that body acted with great wisdom and great conservatism in sending him forth shorn of his honors.

Since he has been unseated a statement has been put forth with his authority, in which he makes serious charges against those members of the house who voted to unseat him. Some of these are so preposterous that they carry their refutation upon their face, and the entire statement is stamped as utterly unreliable and untrue in so far as it relates to other members of the great and general court. One of Gethro's statements is as follows: "I agreed to buy Republican votes, got the contract and bought the votes."

Why is the word "Republican" in that statement? Gethro is a Boston Democrat. No Republican whose vote was for sale would have trusted himself to a man of the character of this man. But why was the word "Republican" used in this statement of Gethro's? Are there no venal Democrats in the legislature? If there are corrupt men in the general court, are none of them Democrats? Do not those most familiar with the legislature know that many of the venal men there are Democrats?

### Was This a Conspiracy?

Then why this word "Republican" in this statement? Is Gethro a tool in the hands of designing Democratic politicians? Did they seize upon his misfortune as an opportunity to viciously and vindictively attack the Republican party of Massachusetts? Was this a part of the conspiracy of two or three men to secure the nomination of John B. Moran for governor? Really what is the significance of that word "Republican" in Gethro's statement? Everybody knows that he is a Democrat. It is a matter of common consent around the legislature that he was incapable of writing such a statement as that issued over his signature. Was it written by his counsel, Daniel H. Coakley, or was it planned by that cunning craftsman, John B. Moran, in order to make it appear that there was reeking corruption in the Republican legislature on Beacon Hill, and that he was needed there as governor to clean it out?

Was that statement put out as a matter of pure-minded patriotism, or merely as a political screed designed to assist the personal fortunes of a designing politician? Is there a conspiracy between Coakley, Gethro and Moran, to throw discredit upon the Republican party and the Republican legislature and endeavor to make the people believe that only the Democrats in the state and Democratic members of the legislature are pure, patriotic and high-minded? It looks very much that way, even though it may not at this moment be susceptible of proof.

In confessing that he was employed to bribe and that he did bribe members of the great and general court, this man Gethro has furnished the most abundant justification of the action of the house in casting him out as a traitor to his constituency, to the commonwealth, and to the legislature.

The most preposterous part of his statement is that in which he alleges that he went to the state house as a member of the legislature innocent and unsophisticated in the ways of legislation, and through his youth and his surroundings was led to take the steps he did, and fell into disgrace.

### What Gethro Admits

It is entirely clear from his own statement that Gethro is a perjurer, that he attempted to bribe members of the legislature, that he did bribe some of them, that he betrayed his constituency which he had sworn to serve faithfully as a member of the house, that he proved a traitor to the commonwealth in attempting to secure the defeat of healthy and much needed legislation for a money consideration; and if he lied to the Suffolk county grand jury and to the house committee on rules when under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, it is entirely probable that in his latest statement, which is not under oath, smirching the reputation of the legislature, his word is entitled to no more credit than that of any other perjurer would be under the circumstances. If he bribed anybody both briber and bribed should be punished. It is quite evident that as soon as Mr. Gethro saw that the house intended to unseat him he began to formulate plans for revenge. He knew that most of the men who had voted to deprive him of membership had done so in order to remove the stain of wholesale bribery which had been charged against the legislature; and which, if true, was a blot upon the escutcheon of the commonwealth. He knew that their object was to wipe out the stain upon the reputation of this state which for 130 years has led the galaxy of states in purity, ability, and reputation. Having sullied his own reputation by a course consistent only with the character of a traitor he proceeded to cast wholesale aspersions upon the entire legislature, and in order that his own political party might not suffer in his undoing, he proceeded to single out Republicans upon whom to vent the vials of his wrath and his revenge.

It is not an alluring picture, this apology of a man, wallowing, himself, in the mire, and endeavoring to drag down into the same depths with him good men and true who had the courage to stand for their honest convictions and mete out to him the punishment which he so richly deserved.

### Some Democratic Opinion

The Boston Herald sums up the situation concisely in the following words: "It will take more conclusive evidence than the testimony of Frank J. Gethro to secure the conviction of anyone. He is, by his own confession, not only an accepter of bribes but a seeker of them, and he wished to obtain the position of purchaser of votes. He further admits that in his earlier testimony he perjured himself."

In this connection it has been stated that Gethro has probably been promised immunity in case he shall make a clean breast of the whole affair to the district attorney. Quite likely this is the fact.

It seems entirely clear to most people that this Gethro matter, with its sensational and preposterous charges, is being used to promote the political ambition of John B. Moran in his canvass for the governorship of this commonwealth. It will be a sorry day for the old Bay State if a man of the character of John B. Moran should be elected as its chief magistrate. Let us hope that it will be many years before a man politically irresponsible and with the brass-band-methods of Mr. Moran could be elected to the highest position in the gift of the people of this state.

### Power of Unscrupulous Men

In becoming the instrument of irresponsible parties, Mr. Gethro may be putting his head into a worse noose than he did when he attempted to bribe, or when he did bribe, members of the Massachusetts legislature. It is extremely unfortunate that a few men, irresponsible, unscrupulous, and desperate, should have it in their power to wreck or to destroy the reputation of men in the legislature who have been guilty of no wrong, but alone because of their defense of the honor and purity of the flag of the commonwealth of Massachusetts against such insidious foes as the self-confessed briber, Gethro, must be considered on his own showing.

Mr. Gethro is no longer a member of the house. His word is no longer regarded even by the credulous and the innocent. His reputation today, on his own showing, is that of a man who has sought to corrupt the morals of members of the legislature and then turned about and betrayed them. Of the two, the briber and the bribed, the former must be considered the greater offender. No doubt there are men in the legislature who have sold their votes. That, however, is no justification for the conduct of Mr. Gethro. He cannot justify himself by smirching others. It will be difficult to make the public believe other members of the legislature are guilty on the mere say-so of this man, Gethro. The word of a perjurer in a court of law has very little weight. It will be extremely difficult for him to pose either as a penitent or a martyr.

However, that politics has entered into this question of corruption in the legislature is evidenced by the fact that for many weeks Mr. Moran has been seeking support among the Prohibitionists and Democrats with a view to securing both these nominations. The Prohibitionists have already placed him on their ticket, and the Democratic leaders today are making a tremendous struggle to prevent his carrying off the nomination in their convention in September.

Politics from beginning to end, a mad ambition that could not be restrained, seem to have actuated and dictated the entire course of Mr. Moran since he was nominated for district attorney last year.

### Finding Most Interesting Chapters.

Women as a class are credited with having no scruples about opening a book at the middle or end or anywhere else they may expect to find the most interesting chapter. A frequent feminine visitor at libraries was overheard revealing to a friend of her own sex her secret of locating at once the most th[illegible] chapter in any book, no matter [illegible] unfamiliar one may be with it. "You simply close it tight," she said, "and glance along the edge of the leaves. It is seldom, indeed, that you do not notice a distinct line, or even more than one, caused by a number of edges soiled slightly more than those about them. Open the book there and you have the best chapter." A librarian explained this by saying that the reading and rereading of the particularly interesting chapters of a book naturally cause certain pages and their edges to be more soiled. Of course the longer the book has been in circulation the more distinct are the marks.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Bit of Fairyland.

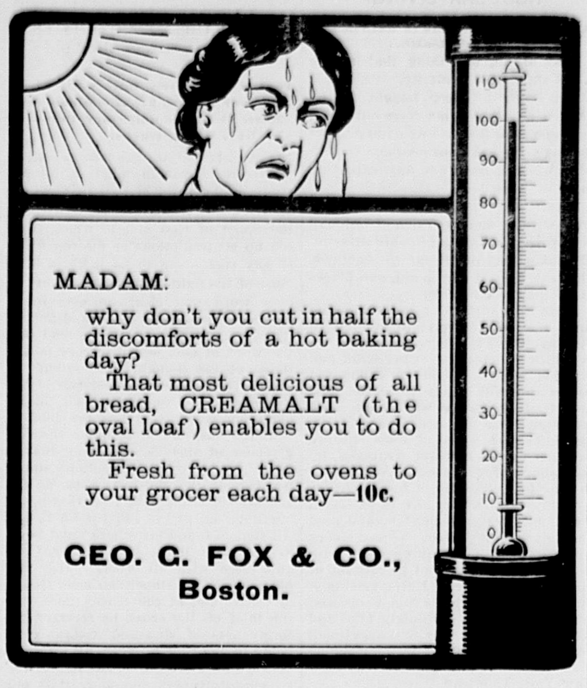
Cruising down Milford sound, New Zealand, when the clouds are clearing after a shower, the mountains are like fairyland. No longer grim and black and fearful, they are laced everywhere with the streaming silver of cloud born cascades. One day we watched the giddy journey of one of these cataracts. It sprang from the very top of the Lion rock, a 3,000 foot perpendicular wall. Long and slender and glinting like glass in the sun, it fell straight down over us, but never reached us. It had dropped, say, 1,000 feet, when it was caught by the wind, swayed this way and that, and finally blown clean away, dissolving in misty rain. We steamed right under it, or, rather, under the place where it ought to have been, and experienced the peculiar sensation of looking straight up at a waterfall that, as the launch skipper put it, "never fell anywhere."—Four Track News.

### Butter as a Food.

Butter is a hydro carbon, and all excesses of it are stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it. For any one afflicted with consumption butter cookery, if plenty of fat can be digested, is one of the best ways of curing the disease should it be in its early stages or of keeping it at bay if advanced. It is not economy to spare the butter at table even to the healthy people. Butter is not a simple fat composed merely of one sort. It is a mixture of no less than seven different sorts of fats, and no more complex oil can be taken than this. For dyspeptic and liverish people good bread and butter, along with fruit, should invariably take the place of pie, pastry and biscuits. Pastry for such people is only another name for poison, and biscuits are as often as not baked with lard.

### Elizabeth Carter, Bluestocking.

Elizabeth Carter (1717-1806) was one of the original "blue stockings," of whom a biographer says: "A perfect knowledge of French, acquired at an early age from a Huguenot refugee minister at Canterbury, was the foundation of Elizabeth Carter's education. Her father taught her, together with her brother, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, though the slowness of her apprehension tired out his patience. Italian, Spanish and German she taught herself without any assistance, and later in life she set herself to learn Portuguese, but for want of books she made no great progress. Lastly she taught herself Arabic and made an Arabic dictionary, containing various meanings of words which elsewhere had been improperly translated."


MADAM:
why don't you cut in half the discomforts of a hot baking day?
That most delicious of all bread, CREAMALT (the oval loaf) enables you to do this.
Fresh from the ovens to your grocer each day—10c.
GEO. G. FOX & CO.,
Boston.

GEO A. CAMMALL, - Auctioneer,
65 WINN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

AUCTION SALE
— OF —
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
At 64 Pleasant Street, Wobun,
On TUESDAY, JULY 10th, 1906,
At 9.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

The contents of eight rooms, consisting in part of the following:—Sofa, Parlor Rockers, Parlor Chairs, Tables, Stands, Large Parlor Mirror, White Sewing Machine (drop head), Oil Paintings, Books, Bric-a-Brac, Pictures, Easels, Parlor Carpet, Sitting-room Carpet, Lounge, Lace Curtains, Rugs, two Hall Stands, Hall and Stair Carpets, Dining Table, Dining Chairs, Crockery, Glassware, Silver Plated Ware, Chamber Sets, one Black Walnut Chamber Set, Cot Bed, Mattresses, Springs, Pillows, four Feather Beds, Bedding, Chamber Chairs, two Odd Bureaus, one Old fashioned Bureau, Straw Matting, Air-tight Stove, Toilet Sets, Kitchen Range, Large Refrigerator, Kitchen Table, Kitchen Utensils, Oil Cloth, Lawn Settee, and other articles too numerous to mention.

The above goods are a desirable lot and any one intending to purchase for their home can buy these goods with full confidence that they are all right in every way.

Don't miss this Sale. Sale rain or shine.

### Queer Names.

There are some queer nooks and corners in the state of Maine, and many of the titles of the smaller towns and localities are worthy of special mention. Near Otisfield is Pugleyville, while Hog valley is a certain picturesque retreat located near Raymond. Dog Corner, Hencoop cove, is a well known place in Winthrop, while out on the Coon road strange things have sometimes happened. A mile long is Pin Hole hill, the steepest ever, and all the way up are little rests "to hang the pins on," people say. Over Poland way is the hunger inspiring name of Beeftown, while highly suggestive of negligee was the old name of Saccarappa. One does not have to die to pass through Purgatory, and some of the most prominent men in the state have hailed from this sinful region. Neither are the gates of Eden closed to all mortals, but nowadays one journeys via an ancient toll bridge that leads the traveler straight to this enchanted land.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### The First Armored Ship.

According to the best authorities on curiosities of the navy and warfare in general, the first armored vessel was launched in the year 1530. It was one of the fleet manned by the Knights of St. John and was entirely covered with sheets of lead. The accounts of the times leave us in darkness as to the thickness of this lead armor, but they are very positive in the statement that they were of sufficient strength to "successfully resist all the shots of that day." At the siege of Gibraltar in 1782 the French and Spaniards used war vessels which were armored with "light iron boom proofing over their decks and to the water's edge." The very first practical use of wrought iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1853.

### Jumpers of the Sea.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver. In the Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They dart like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and, if not the greatest, they are certainly the most graceful of the jumpers of the sea.

### The Whirling of a Bullet.

Bullets from the thirty caliber rifles of the United States army whirl with great rapidity. The rifling gives one revolution of the bullet about its axis in ten inches. At the muzzle the velocity of the bullet is 2,300 feet a second, which means 2,760 turns a second, assuming that the bullet does not strip in the rifling. The circumference of the bullet is .942 inch, which gives a peripheral velocity of 2,600 inches each second, or 13,000 feet a minute.

### The Solution.

The bankruptcy court can boast some delightfully naive rejoinders. "How, sir, is it possible," angrily demanded the opposing counsel of the bankrupt, "to live in the luxurious style you have affected on $200 a year?" The witness replied, with an air of justifiable pride, that that "was a problem to which he had devoted considerable time in the interests of social economy, and the results of his humble efforts were now before the court."

### Suggestive.

"Gee whiz!" said George for the twentieth time. "It makes me mad every time I think of the $10 I lost today. I actually feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me."

"By the way, George," said the dear girl dreamily, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"—Philadelphia Press.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN
LOCATED 1640. INCORPORATED 1642. A CITY 1888

### NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

Sealed proposals for the construction of a library at North Woburn will be recived at the Mayor's Office, Municipal Building, Woburn, Mass., until 12 o'clock noon of Thursday, July 12, 1906.

All proposals to be marked "Proposals for construction of a Library," addressed to the Mayor and to be accompanied by a certified check for $200.00 payable to the City of Woburn.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Mayor's office.

The right is reserved to reject any and all proposals.

ARTHUR H. LINSCOTT, Mayor.

July 2, 1906.

### The Iconoclastic Baroness Howe.

After Pope's death the villa at Twickenham belonged successively to Sir William Stanhope, who enlarged it considerably; to Mr. Welbore Ellis, afterward Lord Mendip, and lastly to Baroness Howe. This lady was so much annoyed at the number of pilgrims who came to see the place that she razed it to the ground, cut down the trees and endeavored to obliterate all vestiges of its former distinguished occupant.—London Notes and Queries.

### Names and Divorces.

An Australian divorce court judge thinks that there is a subtle connection between high sounding feminine baptismal names and matrimonial unhappiness. He has noticed that the names which generally come under his judicial cognizance are Gladys, Gwendolen, Ermyntrude and the like and that he seldom or never in his official capacity hears of a Mary or a Bridget.

### A Tune or a Joke.

"Was that a bonafide piece that Ethelinda was playing?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Certainly," answered his wife. "That was a selection from Wagner."

"Well, of course I wouldn't express any doubts in company, but half the time I can't tell whether Ethelinda is playing a tune or a practical joke."—Washington Star.

### Only Thinks So.

"Does that young Featherhead play poker?" asked Robinson of a mutual acquaintance.

"No," was the reply, "but he thinks that he does, and we are careful not to undeceive him."—Cincinnati Tribune.

### A Retort Courteous.

Student—There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Professor—Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.—New York Times.

Consciousness of error is to a certain extent a consciousness of understanding, and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.—Lander.

### Friends.

"If a man is friendless it is his own fault."

"That's right. Why, there are fine fellows standing on every corner who would gladly borrow money from him."—Pittsburg Post.

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# Man or Mouse?

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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The water, laughing and lapping, invited. The day was giddy May, and the invited young Lorena, moreover, owned all the folly normal to nineteen. So altogether it would have been a miracle if things had gone exactly as they should. A proper young woman of course would have reckoned chances before baring her feet and dancing joyously in midstream, where the pebbles lay smoothly bedded in fine sand and gleaming jewel-wise wherever a sun ray struck through the ripples.

Lorena did not let herself remember that the ford was but fifty yards higher up or that this special shallow reach of the creek lay between the two lakes that gave the finest fishing. They were not true lakes, of course—only water mirrors, still and deep, impounded by dams of the winter flood's building. Lorena did not love them. They were so placid they reminded her somehow of Johnny—and whatever did that put her out of temper.

She loved glitter, motion, excitement. It was ecstasy to her to dance all day long and half the night after, footing it as lightly, as featly, as wind blown thistle seed. If only she could dance alone! But since that was out of the question she naturally preferred partners who kept step and were nimble. Johnny was neither, yet all the time she had been engaged to him he had felt it his right to say, if she did not dance with him, she must dance with hardly anybody else.

And not at all with Granville Gore, the very prince of partners, who was handsome and slender and light hearted, with money in both pockets and a trick of spending it with both hands. Johnny hated him, without reason so far as Lorena could see—at least he gave her no reason—only said, "If you are goin' ever to belong to me, Lolie, you must be barely civil to that fellow."

Somehow the emphasis on the last word always made Lorena shiver when she recalled it. How could she help it, when Johnny was toward other folk the soul of kindly justice? Still she had felt that he was unfair. If he really knew anything he might let her know it likewise.

If Johnny could have brought himself to tell her the break might not have come. But he was too proud and masterful for that. His wife must believe in him enough to understand that he had reasons for any and everything. Besides he was afraid of seeming envious and jealous of a man so much richer and better looking. Moreover, he did not really know much that could be told categorically—it was Gore's general air and manner, conjoined to words dropped here and there, that made Johnny certain he had no real reverence for anything feminine. A girl, any girl, was fair game to him. If she hadn't sense enough to look out for herself he was not bound to look out for her. Yet Gore was not distinctly vicious—rather, inordinately vain. He did not mean worse by womankind and girlkind than to make love to them, then ride away. Marry! Not he! Not the finest girl alive!

If Lorena had known that! Unknowing it, she had thought a great many times and a great many things of the fascinating Granville in the three months since the break. He had been away for two of them, and since he came home she had seen him only in crowds. But he had used his eyes so eloquently as to set her heart wildly fluttering. But, oddly enough, it had fluttered even more when by chance she had encountered Johnny, in his working clothes, driving his wagon to mill.

They had barely nodded to each other, and she had ridden fast afterward, but not fast enough to get away from a sense that Johnny, old Johnny, although his face was impassive, had turned to look after her as long as she was in sight.

Today she was not thinking of him—hardly even of Granville. Wading was such pure joy. The water came above her ankles. She lifted her skirts lightly in both hands and balanced to her shadow upon the rippling stream. Such a funny shadow—dancing grotesquely even when she stood still.

Rapt in contemplation of it, she did not hear footsteps or anything until a throaty, chuckling voice cried: "Oh, ho! A mermaid! Gore, if the variety is indigenous, understand, I shall settle in your neighborhood just as soon as I can buy a place."

Lorena flushed scarlet. She let fall her skirts heedless of water—heedless, indeed, of anything but escape. There were men on either bank, also one in wading approaching her midstream. Gore was the farthest of them—a Gore she had never seen. He looked her over as though she were a part, a curious part, of the landscape with which he had no sort of acquaintance.

It was the man in wading who had spoken. He was striding on toward her, his rod over his shoulder, a broad grin upon his flat, red face. Her sunbonnet, her faded print frock, above all her present case, had nearly made him believe her some hoidenish milkmaid rather than mermaid.

"Didn't I tell you fellows the finest fish were here in the shallows?" he bellowed at the men on the bank. "Never yet made such a catch," he added, making to fling an arm about Lorena's waist.

She evaded him, springing to one side and trying to gain the bank, but the sportsmen there set up a laughing shout which warned her not to trust them. Desperately she fled upstream, cutting her feet on sharp stones, but never faltering. It was not easy to run against the current—the rock bottom was slippery in places and her wet skirt hampered her terribly.

Still she kept out of reach until she was twenty yards off the ford. The flat faced man, laughing and panting after her, caught her there and said as he gave her a resounding kiss: "'Pon my soul, Undine, it was worth it. I haven't had such a lark since I was a boy."

Lorena broke from him, crying wildly: "Granville! Mr. Gore! Kill this creature!"

At that the men laughed louder than ever. Granville had discreetly disappeared. He was sorry for Lorena; also angry with her, even angrier than with his friend of the flat, red face. There were millions back of the flat, red face—millions that might mean much to Gore's future. Was he to risk their help, to invite everlasting chaff, to make himself the butt of the grill rooms next time he was in town, by championship of a girl, a silly country girl, who should have known better than to put herself in such case?

Mullen, he of the flat, red face, was not a bad sort, only full of uncouth spirits. Lorena would come to no harm. And if she had sense enough to keep her mouth shut he (Gore) would see to it that she was handsomely made up to for her present fright. But of course he could not acknowledge her as an acquaintance when she looked such a guy and had let herself get caught in such a plight.

Lorena, noting his absence, stumbled blindly toward the bank and half fell upon it, covering her eyes with both hands. Mullen scrambled out beside her and tried to lift her to her feet, the rest jeering him, pretending to say things aside and singing in cracked chorus, "Where is my wandering boy?"

They were laughing so loud, watching so intently, Johnny fell upon them like a thunderbolt from blue skies. Johnny was still in working clothes—he had, in fact, started to the blacksmith's shop in a mad hurry in hope of getting a dulled plow point sharpened. So he had come to the ford in the very nick of time to see that a woman was in need of help and to rush to give it.

"Gentlemen," Johnny's voice cut like ice, "you must show me your warrant for taking a prisoner. Unless you do"— He stopped short there, his face white his eyes two points of flame. Even yet he did not know, but a second later Lorena was beside him, clinging to him, burying her face in his rough sleeve, and sobbing out: "Johnny! Save me! Take me away! Don't stop to fight them—only take me and go!"

"Not yet," Johnny said, putting her gently away.

The events of the next five minutes are better left unchronicled. Suffice it that Mr. Granville Gore and his sportsmen friends from the city went away on the night train, at least two of the visitors carrying beautiful black eyes. As to how the eyes had been achieved there was discreet silence. But when in the fall Lorena and Johnny were married there came to the bride a chest of massive silver, along with an unsigned note which ran: "Please accept this in token of forgiveness. Remember, you owe me something—in that I gave you occasion to find out the difference there is between a man and a mouse."

Lorena was for sending it back, but Johnny laughed and said: "Mullen is right. He is a man. You can drub a man into decency, but a mouse always runs away."

"And I hate mice of every sort," Lorena added with a pensive smile.

### They Had Escaped That.

A young disciple of Blackstone who had worked his way through college and taken a full course in the study of law besides was making a trip through the southwest in search of an eligible location for the practice of his profession. A thrifty young city, with a considerable body of water on one side of it and a forest on the other, attracted his attention, and he decided to make a few days' stay there and investigate.

"Putting up" at what seemed to be the best hotel, he ate his dinner, then strolled into the office and proceeded in a careless way to interrogate the clerk.

"There is a good deal of business done in this town, isn't there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man. "In one way and another there's a good jag of business going on here."

"Healthy place, isn't it?"

"Middling."

"Is there much litigation here?"

"No, I haven't heard of any cases of that, but there's a lot of chills an' fever and occasionally a pretty bad case of the grip."

### Dewey and the Powder Boy.

Many stories have been written and told about Admiral Dewey and his heroic deed at Manila bay, but none show the kindness of heart of which this modern hero is capable as the following, which has just come to light: When the order was given to strip for action just before the battle of Manila Bay a powder boy on the flagship accidentally dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused. In spite of the refusal he dropped overboard, recovered his coat, was caught and arrested for disobedience of orders, a serious offense in the navy, especially under this commander. The boy was brought before the admiral, who kindly but firmly demanded an explanation. Breaking into tears, the lad said the coat contained his mother's picture and he could not bear to see it lost. For once the admiral relaxed in his discipline. "Release him," he said. "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture cannot be kept under arrest in this fleet."

### Treasure Good Health.

How few of us stop to count good health as a great blessing! We are so busy grumbling over some financial wrong that we forget that all the money in the world would profit us but little if we were invalids.

### Honest About It.

Kind Lady—Poor man! Are you really anxious to earn a good dinner? Truthful Thomas—I'm more anxious fer de dinner dan I am t' earn it, ma'am.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

### The Alexandrian Era.

The Alexandrian era is by some authorities begun with the death and by others with the birth of Alexander the Great. For a long time after the death of Alexander this era was in common use in Egypt and many of the countries which had been under his rule. It began Nov. 12, 324 B. C.

### It Is Queer.

"It's queer!"

"What?"

"The man who pays as he goes is most welcome to stay."—American Spectator.

### The Tailor Knew.

"I should like," the man cautiously explained to his tailor, "to have a little pocket, a very, very small pocket, one you could hardly see, you know, put somewhere, say in the hem of my trousers or in the waistband, eh, where it couldn't be so easily found. You understand?"

"I see," said the tailor. "You are married now."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Sailors' Knives.

Sheath knives that most sailors carry with them are, it is said, so highly magnetized as to be capable, if brought within eighteen inches of the compass, of deflecting the needle two points either way. It is suggested that no man should be allowed to wear one of these knives while steering a vessel or while on the lookout in the bridge house.

## REGULAR LIVING.

### What Nature Demands In Return For Good Health.

First of all, one thing that nature won't stand is irregularity. We cannot safely bottle up sleep tonight for tomorrow night's use, nor force our stomachs one meal because we expect to eat sparingly the next, nor become exhausted in working night and day, expecting to make it up later.

Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all our transactions, physical, mental and moral, and places every item to our credit.

There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on the day we violate her law, but if we overdraw our account at her bank and give her a mortgage on our minds and bodies she will surely foreclose. She may lend us all we want today, but tomorrow, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not excuse man for weakness, incompetence or ignorance. She demands that he be at the top of his condition.

Nature's machinery, as it exists in the human body, is most complicated and delicately adjusted. No machinery constructed by man can compare with it in the perfection and proportion of all its working parts. Every machinist knows that his wheels and cams and gearing must run absolutely true and with uniformity or they will soon break down. It is the same with the machine that keeps the human body going.—New York American.

## CAUSE OF THE DELUGE.

### Queer Tradition of the Aboriginal Blacks of Australia.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all, except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightaway brought before the frog. And when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it all among the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

### An Artist's Feat.

One of the most remarkable and most artistic of twenty-four hours' records stands to the credit of Sir Edwin Landseer, who had promised a picture for the spring exhibition of the Royal British institution in 1845. On the day before the opening he was found standing in front of an untouched canvas. "I shall send that to the institution tonight, a finished picture," he declared to the astonished messenger who had been sent by the hanging committee to see if the promised picture was ready, "and have consequently given orders not to be disturbed." True to his word, Landseer put the finishing touch to his canvas and dispatched it to Pall Mall that very evening; and as "The Cavalier's Pets" it was one of the greatest successes of the exhibition.

### The Change of a Word.

"Spanking" did not suggest chastisement originally. It was unknown to Johnson in this sense; to him a "spanker" meant "a person who takes long steps with agility." Rapid motion seems to be the root idea of the word "spank," which is not merely representative of the sound of the act, as "slap" and "smack" are. The low German "spakkern," or "spenkern," to run and spring about quickly, is close to the original meaning; hence a "spanking pace," a "spanking breeze" and a "spanker," in the sense of an active and sturdy person.

### The Hudson Bay Company.

In 1670 Charles II. granted a charter to the Hudson Bay company, giving to that association the whole and sole trade and commerce on the waters lying within the entrance of the Hudson strait and on the lands adjoining. After the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763 the Northwest Fur company of Montreal sprang into existence, and by its competition with the older corporation compelled an amalgamation in 1821.

### Conclusive.

Insurance Solicitor—Well, doctor, have you examined this new claimant? Doctor—No. I haven't thought it necessary. You see, I've been treating him for the last seven years. Insurance Solicitor—That's enough. If he has survived that he must be a person of wondrous vitality.

### Not His.

"I don't see why Peckham should make a poor mouth all the time. He commands a good salary every week of his life."

"He may command it, but his wife demands it every week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Way It Sounds.

Mrs. Ascum—Does that Miss Drumm next door own her piano or does she rent it? Mrs. Knox—Usually she rends it.—Philadelphia Press.

### A Spelling Test.

The catch question has often been asked, "How many words in the English language end in dous?" The common answer is four—hazardous, jeopardous, tremendous and stupendous. As a matter of fact, however, there are five, and the word often overlooked is hybridous, meaning mongrel or of mixed sort.

### Driven From Home.

"Jinx had to put up at the hotel last night. He had quarreled with his cook."

"Why, the idea! What was Mrs. Jinx doing, to stand for a thing like that?"

"Mrs. Jinx is his cook."—Fort Worth Record.

### Startled the Doctor.

An Aberdeenshire doctor who recently attended a woman was somewhat staggered at receipt of the following epistle from her: "Please come and vaccinate the child you gave birth to last week."—Caledonian Medical Journal.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 8.

**Text of the Lesson, Matt. xviii, 21-35. Memory Verses, 21, 22—Golden Text, Matt. vi, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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We must bear in mind in all our study of the word of God that we are studying an infallible book, written by the Spirit of God and in which there are no contradictions or discrepancies. If any such seem to be there, a little more of the light of the Spirit upon His own word will clear up everything. The word must criticise us and not we the word. In Heb. iv, 12, we read that the word of God is a discerner (a kritikos) of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In order to understand our lesson we must remember that the redemption which God has provided in Christ Jesus, which includes the forgiveness of sins, is something that is given freely to every penitent sinner because of the finished work of the Lord Jesus (Eph. i, 6, 7; Acts xiii, 38, 39; Rom. iii, 24; v, 1-9; I John ii, 12). All that is found elsewhere must be in accord with these and similar texts and these with all others. The only place where the sinner can meet God is in Christ and at the cross; there, like the thief on the cross, he receives the forgiveness of sins and assurance of being in due time in glory, all by grace because of what Christ has done. Between forgiveness and glory it is our privilege to walk with God, as the children of God, in intimate communion with Him and manifesting Him and His love in our lives for the glory of God and the benefit of others. This may perhaps help us to understand the difference between the forgiveness which comes to us when we become children of God and the forgiveness which we need for ourselves and are to show to others as the children of God. This talk on forgiveness, as well as that in chapter vi, 14, 15, was to disciples, saved men, and therefore referred not to the way of salvation, but to living the life of a saved person.

Consider Peter's question and our Lord's answer in verses 21, 22 in this light. Will I forgive my brother seven times? Yes, and seventy times seven times, even as God forgives, for there is no limit to His forgiveness, and the redeemed are His children and expected to act as such. Possibly our Lord had in mind the seventy sevens of Dan. ix, 24, and meant, continue to forgive till the kingdom comes, till there is no more need of forgiveness, sin and iniquity being made an end of and everlasting righteousness brought in. God having forgiven us such great and countless transgressions, it is a small matter for us to forgive others, and there is not a day that we do not need His continued forgiveness. An unforgiving spirit is a selfish, self centered spirit, thinking not of Christ and His love, but of self and of our injuries, and whether we can bear it and forgive it, etc. The word in chapter xvi, 24, is ever before us: Will I follow Him? Will I deny myself? Will I take up the cross? Will I please or pamper myself or reckon myself dead and let Jesus live His life in me? The reckoning time, the time of reward or loss, is ever kept before us in many a parable and in the epistles, and our Lord set it before the disciples as soon as he began to speak of denying self and bearing the cross (Matt. xvi, 27). This time will not fully come for the righteous till the Lord come (Rev. xxii, 12; Luke xiv, 14) and for the ungodly at the great white throne a thousand years later (Rev. xx, 11-15), but there are many foreshadowings. The truth concerning the kingdom is set before us sometimes in reference to its consummation and establishment at His coming, and again in reference to its present phase of abeyance during His rejection and consequent absence from the earth waiting at the Father's right hand (Ps. cx, 1; Heb. x, 12, 13; II, 8, 9).

In the parable of our lesson the king has before him one who owes an immense amount, for if it is silver it means not far from two millions, and if it is gold it means about two hundred and fifty millions. The man made a vain promise that if he was dealt patiently with he would pay all, but his creditor, knowing that he was unable to pay, forgave him the whole thing. This helps us to understand how very great is the grace of God which forgives us all our sins. Paul said that in his case it was exceeding abundant grace (I Tim. i, 14). The man to whom so much compassion was showed proves his ingratitude by his treatment of his fellow servant who owed him so small an amount, about $15. Any offense we may be called upon to forgive others, however great it may seem to us, when compared with what God has freely forgiven us is like a few dollars compared with millions.

If we, who are so fully and freely forgiven by His great grace, do not fully and freely forgive others we will have a reaping time right here in this life which will be anything but pleasant. "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard" (Prov. xxi, 13); "He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy" (Jas. ii, 13). When God forgives He never takes away that forgiveness (Isa. xliii, 25); this in contrast to the king mentioned in the parable, but He forgives only those who turn to Him in true penitence. He offers forgiveness full and free to all who truly turn to Him, but it becomes the possession only of those who in their hearts believe. He does not believe in all who say they believe in Him, for He knows the heart of each one (John ii, 23-25).

### Question For a Question.

"John," said the distinguished lawyer severely, "have you been in swimming in spite of my express prohibition?"

"Father," said John earnestly, "isn't it one of the first principles of law that no witness is bound to incriminate himself?"—Somerville Journal.

### Not at Home.

Caller—Is your father at home? Little Daughter—What is your name, please? Caller—Just tell him it is his old friend Bill. Little Daughter—Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.

### At the Play.

"She must be fifty if she's a day. How can she manage to play the part of a young girl?"

"Well, you know, she was a young girl once."—Brooklyn Life.

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss. His accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

### A Lover of Pigs.

For many years Lord Gardenstone was one of the characters of Edinburgh and as such received a place among the famous Kay's portraits. He was represented riding on an old horse, with a dog in front and a boy dressed in a kilt behind. A detailed account of the picture states that Kay portrayed him as, what he really was, a very timid horseman, mounted on an old hack, which he had selected for its want of spirit, preceded by his favorite dog Smash and followed by a highland boy, whose duty it was to take charge of the horse on arriving at parliament house. His eccentricity took the even stranger form of a strong affection for pigs. He became so much attached to one that he allowed it to share his bed, and when good feeding and rapid growth made it a rather cumbersome bedfellow it was still lodged in comfortable quarters in the apartment. During the daytime it followed him about like a dog. One morning a farmer had occasion to visit his lordship and, being shown into his bedroom, stumbled upon some object. That object gave vent to an uncompromising grunt and squeal of complaint, and from the bed there proceeded a voice, "It is just a bit sow, poor beast, and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night."—Dundee Advertiser.

### Eating Ants For Dessert.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to finish up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonials and visitors. The ant eaten is called the honey ant and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pea, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey. In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roofs of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This feat is equivalent to a man walking up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

### Truly Considerate.

A considerate patient had an artery opened by mistake for a vein by a French surgeon in the operation of bloodletting. The woman succumbed not long after to the effect of the blunder, but in her will left the surgeon a small yearly pension, "not only to comfort him, but so that he could live the rest of his life without doing vivisection any more." A similar historic occurrence is related in the Medical Times of a Polish princess who had had the same experience. She added a clause to her will expressing her forgiveness and leaving the surgeon a small pension to indemnify him for the "loss of reputation that may follow my sad catastrophe."

### Cleopatra's Mummy.

Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer, "Why, in Egypt!" After her cajoleries, her wiles, her life of intense if not very exalted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that has ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 2,000 years has brought about! Today an ugly mummy, with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to its head—a mere roll of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbled in a hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and love.—London Spectator.

### Boston's Name.

Boston owes its name to a Roman Catholic saint. Early in the seventh century a Catholic monk named Botolph founded a church in what is now Lincolnshire, England.

As the years went by a town grew up around the church and was called Botolphstown. This was shortened for convenience into Botolphston, then to Botoston and finally to Boston. John Cotton came to America from that town and named the New England capital after his native village.

### The Silence Cure.

Nerve specialists, it is said, are now recommending a "silence cure" for women who suffer from nerves. The patients have to set apart a certain number of hours in which no word is spoken. A woman we know tried this treatment, with a curious result. She herself came out in a rash, but her husband, who suffered from headaches, recovered.—Punch.

### In the Dark.

Parks—How did the ship come to bang against the rocks?

Barks—Why, a young man was courting the keeper's daughter and they absentmindedly turned the light down low.

### A Different Complexion.

Maud—Did you say I painted? Marie—I did not. I said you powdered. Maud (reluctantly)—Oh, well, that puts another complexion on it.

### A Little Different.

He—So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire? She—Oh, no; he asked me what I imagined I saw.

### Tree Snakes of Borneo.

The flying frogs of the Malays appear to be mythical, but the tree snakes of Borneo are credited with taking flying leaps from the boughs of trees to the ground. It is found that scales on the lower part of the body may be drawn inward so that the whole lower surface becomes concave. The resistance to the air is thus greatly increased and experiments indicate that the snakes do not fall in writhing coils, but are let down gently in a direct line by the parachute-like action of their peculiar bodies.

### The Cravat.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

### Hearsay Evidence.

"See here, Jokely, I'm surprised to find you writing such bitter, cynical things about married life."

"Well—er—Benedict, you see, the fact is—er"—

"Oh, don't apologize. It isn't that. What surprises me is how, not being married, you know all these things."—Boston Transcript.

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THAT hot, sore feeling that you have when *sunburned* is due to the drying up and hardening of the skin. Jaynes' Almond Lotion makes the skin soft and pliable, soothing the inflammation and bringing back a healthy condition to the pores. Its continued use keeps the skin soft and smooth, free from rash and pimples. Indispensable to the ladies' toilet. Gentlemen also find that Jaynes' Almond Lotion keeps the face in a delightful condition when used after shaving. It is a wonderful relief to children whose tender skin is so apt to become chafed and chapped.

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FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

### Picking a Way Across a Mountain.

Picking a way is good fun. You must first scout ahead in general. Then you determine more carefully just where each hoof is to fall. For instance, it is a question of whether you are to go above or below a certain ledge. You decide on going below because thus you will dodge a little climb and also a rather slippery looking rock slide. But on investigation you find, hidden by the bushes, a riven bowlder. There is no way around it. So then retrace your steps to the place where you made your first choice. The upper route again offers you an alternative. You select one; it turns out well; forks again. But you discover both these forks utterly impracticable. So back you must hike to the very beginning to discover, if you can, perhaps a third and heretofore unconsidered chance. Then, if none are good, you must cast in review the features of all your little explorations in order to determine which best lends itself to expedients. This consumes time, but it is great fun. —Outing Magazine.

### Milk Fed Kid.

"This is milk fed kid," said the leather merchant. "It is very soft and fine and pliable, isn't it?"

He smoothed the delicate white skin and went on:

"All first rate kid is milk fed. It comes to us from the French mountaineers. These men are superb goatherds. Their immense flocks supply the world's kid gloves. The goatherds of France are careful to keep their kids on an exclusive milk diet. They pen the little animals with their mothers in rocky inclosures, where there is no grass. At that the kids often escape, often manage to eat solid food, for, with almost human perversity, kids that shouldn't be weaned wean themselves early, whereas calves that should be weaned cling like grim death to milk. One meal of grass will spoil a kid's skin, will rob it of its softness and pliability, will harden and coarsen and stiffen it; hence, when you buy kid gloves always choose the milk fed kind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### The Name Tuxedo.

The Tuxedo coat got its name from the fashionable colony at Tuxedo, and the original name of the place was Duck Cedar. Lots of the old natives still call it Duck Cedar. George Tidabech, one of the original settlers of the country, named the place. The lake was then much smaller than it is now and was simply known as the fish pond. One day old Tidabech and his sons had gone there to shoot game. The ducks were very plentiful; numerous cedar trees were growing out of the rocks along the shore.

"Let us give this place a name," said the old man. "Let us call it Duck Cedar."

So Duck Cedar it was and continued to be for many years until the name was changed to Tuxedo.

### Mark Twain on Advertising.

Mark Twain in the midst of a panegyric on advertising told a remarkable story.

"There was a man," he said, "back Iowa way who was so pleased with an advertisement in the local paper that he wrote the following testimonial letter to the editor:

"'Mr. Editor: Sir—After selling all I could, giving barrels away, stuffing my hogs till they would eat no more, I still had last fall about 200 tons of big, juicy, fine flavored apples left on my hands. I inserted in your valuable paper an ad. that I was willing to send free a barrel of picked fruit, freight paid in advance by me, to any one who would apply, there being, of course, no charge for the barrel. You will hardly credit it, but that little forty cent ad. cleared out my whole stock of apples, and I could have disposed of five times the quantity on the same terms.'"

### A Curious Watch.

In the year 1764 a handsome and curious present was made to George III. by Arnold, a celebrated London watchmaker. It was a repeating timepiece, set in a ring, and was about the size of an old fashioned silver three cent piece. Though it weighed less than five pennyweights, it was composed of 120 different pieces and was provided with the first ruby cylinder ever made. For this little mechanical marvel Arnold received from the king a present of 500 guineas.

## THE BEST INDIA INK.

### It Is Redolent of Musk, Bright With Gold and Very Costly.

"This india ink," said the clever Chinese art student, "has no more right to be called Indian than your American redskins have to that name, for india ink all comes from China, and India never produced a stick of it.

"Anhui, my own province, is the one where india ink is made. The best of the ink is kept at home for the use of the royal scribes and the official litterati. It is only the lower grade that is exported. This lower grade sells at wholesale in Anhui for $1,500 a ton.

"The very best grade of india ink, the kind rich with gold, is worth $75,000 a ton.

"The constituents of india ink are colza oil, pork fat, lampblack, glue, musk, gold leaf and the oil of a poisonous tree, the heng, which grows only in the Yangtse valley.

"After the admixture of the oils the lampblack, the fat and the glue, the resultant paste is beaten for many hours with steel hammers upon wooden anvils, and during that long beating certain quantities of musk and of gold leaf are added, the musk to give the ink perfume, the gold to give it luster.

"Afterward the ink is dried for three weeks in molds. The stocks are then decorated, the most artistic scribes gilding them with very beautiful Chinese characters.

"There is no ink worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with ours, an ink redolent of musk and bright with gold."—Exchange.

## THE RESTLESS MORO.

### He Is Never Happy Unless on a Marauding Expedition.

The Moro is brave to fearlessness, a born pirate and essentially a first class fighting man. He is never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and the most powerful among chiefs.

The Moro trades with his neighbors on market days in the various coins of the realm and foreign moneys. At other times he is a free ocean rover, extending his trading voyages as far north as the islands of Negros and Panay, south to the Celebes and Borneo and westerly to the Palawan. He is the most successful of smugglers, and a little act of piracy when chance offers goes without mention. The Moro is the most perfect of aquatic beings, the most skillful small boat sailor of large "prau" navigator extant. He can no more drown than can a fish. There is no record of a drowned Moro. He can dive to the bottom of the sea at depths of from twenty-five to a hundred feet for the valuable mother-of-pearl shell, and his life is largely lived at sea from infancy. Along the coast many of the Moro villages are built over the water.—Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U. S. A., in Harper's Weekly.

### Importance of Hobbies.

For the well being and stable balance of every mind it is normally necessary that every man should have some pursuit which shall be unconnected with his business, which he must pursue with absolute seriousness. The hobby may be a game, it may be a collection of some sort (even stamps) or it may be some artistic achievement, and whether a man scarcely attains mediocrity even in it matters not at all, provided he pursues it with the fixed idea that nothing else in the world matters.—London Queen.

### Perfection.

Briggs—You call on the Dimpletons very often. What sort of children have they? Griggs—Perfect! Best in the world. Briggs—Tell me about them. What are they like? Griggs—Oh, I've never seen them.—Brooklyn Life.

### Good Policy.

Teacher—Johnny, do you love your enemies? Johnny—Yes'm—when I meet 'em all at once!—Detroit News-Tribune.

Man is the only animal that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught.—Pliny.

## Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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### Mozart's Work.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of art.

### At Least a Choice of Worries.

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "it doesn't bring happiness, but it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington Star.

### Badly Smitten.

"I wish there were ten days in the week," sighed Gladys.

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Jack could call oftener then."—London Answers.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

Public Library Box 516 Jan 07

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 33.

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

**SUNDAY—To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

☞ The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
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## Three Old Maids and a Widow

By C. B. LEWIS

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There are few towns of 1,500 population that can boast of three old maids and a widow living on the same street, but that was the case with Clifton. Miss Vinton was an old maid because she never had met with a man good enough for her. Miss Hopkins was an old maid because the young man she would have married at eighteen was sawed in two in a sawmill and she had vowed to be true to his memory. Miss Warner was an old maid because she was determined to marry none but a minister, and all the ministers who came were already provided for. The Widow Carter was a widow because part of a house had fallen on her husband.

The old maids and the widow were on visiting terms—in fact, they rather liked each other. Where there are no male candidates for matrimony concerned old maids and widows can sit down together on the same veranda without quarreling. After the widow had solemnly assured the old maids that nothing on the face of this earth could induce her to be false to the memory of her crushed, the quartet loved each other even more.

One day one of the merchants in the town sold out and a stranger came to take his place. If he had been a married man the dove of peace would have continued to hover over Rose street, but as he was single, only thirty and a "catch" the dove saw a hot time ahead.

The widow let no grass grow under her feet in calling at the store and incidentally mentioning her name and ordering four pounds of sugar all at once. She was one of the Four Hundred of the town, and on the part of the other 399 she bade Mr. Strong welcome to their midst. When he had thanked her she ordered two nutmegs and a paper of starch, in addition to the sugar, to let him understand that she wasn't obliged to pinch pennies, and then departed.

An hour later her reprehensible conduct was known to the three old maids, and up went three pairs of hands; six eyes were turned upward in horror and three mouths opened to exclaim in chorus, "How shocking!"

Then, during the next two days, each of the old maids made an excuse to call at the store and follow the programme carried out by the widow. Each thought she was sly and slick, but they found each other out, and from that moment the bond of friendship snapped asunder like an old clothesline left out in the storms of a year.

When women make war on each other they don't use fence rails to pound each other on the head. In most cases they go right on treating each other as nicely as they can to their faces, but using daggers and the darkness to assassinate. The three old maids and the widow gathered together as of yore, but the dagger was used whenever there was the least show.

Mr. Strong proved a social success. The widow gave a little dinner and brought him out, but the old maids really monopolized him for the evening. Then Miss Warner gave an exhibition of her own paintings, which consisted of a cow apparently thirty-six feet long and of a river running up stream instead of down, and the widow held Mr. Strong's attention for an hour while she talked about her crushed and departed.

At the end of six weeks the man who ran the sawmill and had a mortgage on the mill dam figured it out to his wife:

"There are three old maids to one widow, but if the widow gets left she'll be the first one I ever heard of."

Even the small boys around town noticed how girly the old maids were becoming. They giggled, they uttered cute little screams when they turned a corner and found themselves face to face with a cow, they tittered when they asked for gum drops at the grocery. As for the widow, she set her jaw and walked into the store two or three times a week to ask the merchant if he thought the Seventy-seventh National bank of Boston was perfectly sound and to sigh with relief when he assured her of his confidence in the institution. Sly reports were soon afloat that Mr. Strong was paying his attentions to this or that one of the four. Then the other three would reply as one:

"Well, may be he is, but what on earth he can see in her is more than I can make out. She grows more homely and dowdified every day. Of course I'm telling you this in confidence, and, of course, it won't go further."

One fatal evening tragedy after tragedy happened, and the light went out of several happy households. Mr. Strong boarded with a family living half a mile from the store. He wanted the walk. He had to cross the bridge over the river and ascend a hill covered with woods, and there wasn't a house between his boarding place and the town.

The three old maids and the widow had had their eyes on this road from the first. They had soon begun walking for exercise. They didn't walk at the hours the merchant might be expected, and if they encountered each other they made all manner of excuses, but each one understood what the other was at and determined to baffle her in the end.

Mr. Strong had been given three months in which to declare his attentions, and he hadn't declared. Time was too valuable to be wasted. His habit was to return to his store after a 6 o'clock supper and remain there until 8. Just before 8 o'clock, then, on this awful night four human figures might have been seen stealing out of the town and over the bridge.

Each and every one of them would have paused on the bridge to listen to the musical plash of the river if they hadn't seen each other. The first, second and third were obliged to go on to avoid the last one. She was the widow. She knew the value of a bridge and a river and a musical plash, and she determined to stick.

One old tramp and a dog were responsible for most of what followed. The tramp came humping along through the town, bent on finding a country strawstack as soon as possible, and as the widow on the bridge heard his footsteps she began to look artless and coy.

It was labor thrown away. The tramp was nearsighted and bumped up against her, and in her fright she went over the low railing and down into the water. If she couldn't swim like a duck she could at least scramble like a cat, and she managed to get ashore. Her condition was dripping, also drooping, also indignant. She realized that no dripping, drooping woman stood the slightest show in that contest, and she dragged herself homeward and was not improved in looks or temper by having to wade through a couple of mud puddles.

Miss Vinton came next. She was sauntering up the hill wondering how "that widow" dared be so bold and brassy when the tramp, who was now on the run for his life, overtook her. In his nearsightedness he took her for a horse and wagon and tried to shy out. She shied to the right at the same time and was sent sprawling by the collision. She got out of the roadside ditch to run into a patch of briers and scream for help, but there was no help. She had to extricate herself and follow the bedraggled widow.

The dog alone was responsible for what happened to the other two old maids. Miss Warner had discovered one woman ahead and two behind her, and, suspecting their fiendish intentions, she had almost made up her mind to abandon her object when the dog, who had been calling on his brother out in the country, came along and set up a barking and growling. Tragedy was the result. The old maid never had encountered a big bobtailed dog at night on a hill, and she at once scrambled over the fence into the weeds and ran for her life. She fell down and rolled over, and she rose up again and struggled on, and when she reached home two hours later she immediately went into hysterics, and Dr. Seaton got his first night call for fourteen years.

The dog had met with such success that he was encouraged to persevere. He came upon Miss Hopkins out of the shadows like a frisking haystack, and as she screamed out and spread her wings to fly she tripped and went down. The fall might have injured her but for the fact that she fell upon soft mud. She couldn't go back to town looking like the mortar mixer for a skyscraper, and she continued on to the merchant's boarding house to get the use of hoes and scrapers. They were furnished, but while she was using them she heard the ten-year-old daughter whispering to her mother that she'd bet a cent that Miss Hopkins had come out there to giggle for Mr. Strong.

That was an awful night in Clifton, though only four feminine hearts knew just how awful it was. Morning dawned with a murky sky overhead. It seemed to three old maids and a widow as if something more was still to happen. They were right. When the butcher boy called for his orders he repeated the same words at every house on his route:

"Say, you heard the news? Mr. Strong has gone to Phillipsville to git married today, and he's goin' to bring the bride home tonight. Hain't it great?"

### The Human Wail In the Bell.

Tradition has a weird tale to tell about the casting of the bell which stands in the center of Seoul, the capital of Korea. The mystery of its sonorous clang still inspires the inhabitants with awe and pity. When the bell was first cast it was found to be cracked. It was thrown into the smelting pot and cast a second time, with no better result. The artificers proceeded to recast it a third time, and while they were on the point of completing their task a woman walked up to the furnace with a child and cried, "Twice have ye failed, and thrice will ye fail if there be no blood in it!" With these words she snatched up her child and threw it into the molten mass. The bell, when cast, was found to be without a flaw, and to this day the people aver that the tone of the bell as it peals forth is the piteous wail of the child, "Mother, mother, oh, mother!" The legend, it would appear, finds a counterpart in the different countries of the far east, as do so many in the western world.

### The Social Sea Gull.

Gulls love society. They always nest in colonies and live together the entire year. They are most useful birds about the water fronts of our cities. These gulls have developed certain traits that mark them as land birds rather than birds of the sea. In southern California and Oregon I have watched flocks of them leave the ocean and rivers at daybreak every morning and sail inland for miles, skirmishing about the country to pick up a living in the fields, following the plow all day long, as blackbirds do, and fighting at the farmer's heels for angleworms. I have seen others rummage daily about pigpens and gorge on the offal thrown out from the slaughter houses. If any bird is useful to man, the gull is certainly of great economic importance as a scavenger.—American Magazine.

### Worth Knowing.

"Sensible looking girl across the aisle."

"Yes. Like to know her?"

"No, thank you. Handsome hat she's wearing."

"Yes. She made it herself."

"Eh! Introduce me, please."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Odd.

Hicks—What do you think of that university making Dumley a doctor of laws? Wicks—Oh, well, the universities do very crazy things sometimes. Hicks—Yes, and yet they are always supposed to be in possession of their faculties. — Catholic Standard and Times.

### Unfeeling.

Mother (angrily)—The brute! He has dared to scold you? Newly Married Daughter (sobbing)—Not so bad as all that, mamma. I scolded him from the house five minutes ago, and the unfeeling brute hasn't come back yet!

## HOW WEASELS HUNT.

### The Graceful Pose of the Animals When on the Trail.

The lithe grace of the weasel may be observed whenever it is on the trail. At an even speed, with nose to the ground, its reddish brown back seems literally to glide along through the rank herbage by the bank.

It may be the scent of a rat, and the trail may take it in and out of the bank a good many times before it comes up with its victim. It may even have to swim a stream before its persistence is rewarded. It is wonderful how small a hole that long, arched body can glide into and emerge from without the slightest difficulty.

When it has caught and killed its prey its movements are equally graceful as it carries the spoil home to its hole. Crossing a Kentish field I saw a weasel coming along under the hedgerow red toothed from the chase. There was the same sinuous motion of the back, but the little beast's head was held as high as possible and from its mouth hung the limp carcass of a young rat, freshly killed. The weasel held it by the neck and so high, for all the shortness of its legs, that only the end of the rat's tail dragged through the grass.

A family of weasels will often hunt in company, and this is naturally a most interesting sight to witness. The ability of the weasel to enter exceedingly small holes is owing entirely to the structure of its body—its flat head, long neck and short limbs and tail. In a cornrick it can pursue mice with ease along their burrows.—London Mail.

## GAME DOGS AND GAME.

### A Remarkable Instance of the Influence of Heredity.

The setter ate the mutton chop greedily, but he would have none of the partridge bones.

"A good game dog," said his master, "can't eat game. Its taste is repugnant to him. This is a remarkable instance of the influence of heredity.

"Game dogs have been trained for many generations not to eat the game—the birds and rabbits and what not—which they bring back to their masters in their mouths. They have been trained to consider that the eating of such game would be a disgrace and an unpardonable sin, the same as bank clerks have been trained to consider that the pocketing of a few dollars from the millions they annually handle would be a disgrace and a sin.

"And the result in the game dogs' case has been that this moral abhorrence of game, suggested to them by their masters, has been transmitted in its passage down from one generation to another, into an actual physical abhorrence. In the matter of game, thanks to heredity, game dogs now are never tempted. They can't sin.

"It would be a good thing for policy holders if, in the same way, man's moral disinclination to steal had been changed by heredity to an actual physical aversion of other people's money."

### Ancient Tricks.

The arts of juggling were, as has been proved by learned writers, of high antiquity. The Hirpini, who lived near Rome, jumped through burning coals; women in early times were accustomed to walk over burning coals in Cappadocia, and the exhibition of balls and cups is often mentioned in the works of the ancients. It was as far back as the third century that one Fermus, or Firmius, who endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt, suffered a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed on his breast, and rope dancers with balancing poles are mentioned by Petronius and others, while the various feats of horsemanship exhibited in our circuses passed, in the thirteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court and thence over all Europe.

### A Proud Man.

"Did you see that proud man going out just now?" asked the cashier. "Proud as Lucifer. Know what he did? Found that I had made a mistake in his favor and handed me back the change. Now, I wonder why it is that people are so proud when they have discovered that they are honest. I could rake in a lot of extra coin if I availed myself of the mistakes that are made here every hour of the day, but I don't on general principles, because I am naturally honest. It's nothing to be proud of."—New York Sun.

### Where Taxes Are Unknown.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation sold $5,750,000 worth of trees and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

### Bowling.

Bowling is one of our games that originated in the middle ages. The exact date of its introduction is obscure, but it has been clearly traced to the thirteenth century. The first bowling greens were made in England. In bad weather these could not be used to advantage, and this led to the construction of covered bowling alleys.

### Hard Luck.

Caller—I have here several bills which are long overdue. Harduppe (desperately)—I am sorry to say that our cashier is out today. Caller—Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference. I'll call and pay them at some future date. Good day, sir.

### His Best Bedroom.

An American physician says that while in England he saw a vaulted tomb in a London cemetery which had the following inscription engraved on the door:

Dr. John Gardner's Last and Best Bedroom.

### The Lid Off.

Johnnie—Say, pa, who was Pandora? Johnnie's Pa—Pandora, my son, was a little girl who started a lot of trouble because she didn't keep the lid down.—Princeton Tiger.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts, fine breeding.—Bulwer.

## THE REAL VALUE.

### How All Literature Is Contained In a Few Great Books.

Young people must every now and then hear it said or see it written that all the real value in literature can be put upon a small shelf—that is to say, the really important part of all that is written is contained in a very few good books, all the rest being either unimportant or different ways of saying the same things that have been said before. The statement, of course, is not true if it be taken literally. There are certainly many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of books that contain original thoughts or experiences that are truly valuable; but, generally speaking, the best part of all that has been written is to be found in a few volumes. To understand how this is possible we must remember that nearly all rules are the same as other and simpler rules. In arithmetic, for example, the whole science consists of only four simple ways of treating numbers. We can add, subtract, multiply and divide, and that is all we can do to numbers. The rest of the book is only the working out of these four rules; thus all of the arithmetic could easily be put into a little page that one could carry in the vest pocket.

All behavior, all right living, is also set forth in a few simple laws. These illustrations will show what is meant by saying that all literature is contained in a few great books. The Bible and the works of a few famous poets and essayists contain all human wisdom, and these are within the reach of every purse.—St. Nicholas.

## THE WARLIKE MOROS.

### They Prize Their Weapons and Would Rather Fight Than Eat.

An inordinate military conceit is a dominant quality of the Moro. To him there is but one measure of defeat—to wit, annihilation. If beaten, he expects nothing less; if he meets less, he has saved the day, perhaps won a victory. They are all of one profession—arms. As children their first toys are wooden arms, their first instruction the play of the sword and the spear. Whatever else as men they may be—priest, farmer, robber, pirate, merchant, lawyer—they are always, first, soldiers.

For a young man to lose his creese means to lose his right to marry, and it is the desire of all to die creese in hand. In fear of loss they sleep on these precious arms or with them tied to the body. For the same reason their cannon are kept lashed to timbers in their houses.

Firearms, indeed, are their main danger with civilized people. If they see the opportunity thereby to secure such arms, Moros can never resist the temptation to rob and murder. To get them they will risk all, lose all and never whimper. To them without the best arms death were preferable.—Major R. L. Ballard in Metropolitan.

### The Inns of Old England.

Efforts were continually being made in England to keep down the number of inns. In the reign of Edward I. there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1552 no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York might have eight, Norwich, Exeter and Cambridge four, Bristol six and Oxford three. These regulations must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner, for half a century later there were 400 "houses of call" in that part of London known as the City and no fewer than twenty-four clustered round Covent Garden. In mediaeval Oxford it was ruled that no "victualer" was eligible for the office of mayor, and this term included an innkeeper.

### Thackeray and Dickens.

This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

### Not Wholly Ignorant.

An applicant for a position in the public works department in a certain city was undergoing a civil service examination. With a view to testing his knowledge of history the examining officer asked him what he knew of the Punic wars.

"The name sounds familiar," said the applicant, "but I can't just remember when it was or where it happened."

"Don't you know anything about Scipio?"

"No, sir."

"Surely you have heard about Hannibal?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about Hannibal. That's where Mark Twain used to live."

**A Hair Dressing**

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## A LUCKY ESCAPE.

### Quick Wit and Daring Ruse of a Russian Revolutionist.

Nowhere outside of the pages of fiction would we expect such an incident as the following from the personal story of the Russian revolutionist Narodny. Narodny had just jumped from a window to escape the police. "When I scrambled to my feet I discovered myself in the yard and among half a dozen soldiers. I was without overcoat and hat—a very suspicious figure—and, having neither, I could not escape even could I get by the soldiers who surrounded me," he said.

"I jerked a card from my pocket—to this day I do not know what it was—and handed it to one of the soldiers. 'Here is my card,' I said rapidly. 'I am a member of the secret police. One of these revolutionists is trying to escape. I am after him. Quick! Give me your coat and hat!'

"He automatically obeyed. I slipped on his coat and hat and to all appearances was a soldier of the czar. I walked past the guarded gate of the yard, out into the street. Before me were thousands of soldiers. I saw my friends being brought down from the hall and put into the black vans, about which stood guards of Cossacks. I marched through my friends (all of that group are in prison today save only myself and the friend who escaped with me) with the air of a soldier on a very important message and pressed on through the mass of other soldiers that filled the street."—American Magazine.

## BARBER SURGEONS.

### When the Razor and the Scalpel Were Linked In One Trade.

More than 400 years old is the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. At the time it was founded the surgeons and barbers of the city were united as one of the fourteen incorporated trades of Edinburgh. On July 1, 1505, they received their charter from the town council. The charter of the barber surgeons was confirmed by James IV., an early Stuart king of great enlightenment and accomplishment, who took much interest in the progress of the surgeons on account of the needs of his army in time of war.

In the charter leave was given to the incorporation to control the medical education of the city, such as it was in those days; of bloodletting, to have the sole right of practice and to put down quacks. They were to get every year the body of a criminal who had been executed to practice anatomy on, and they promised in return to do "suffrage for his soul." Of the first 158 members of the incorporation six were surgeons to the kings of Scotland.

As society improved and medical science developed the gulf between the surgeons and barbers widened, and in 1772, as the result of a process in the court of session, the connection was finally terminated. The deacon, or president, of the incorporation of surgeons was for more than 320 years a member of the town council of Edinburgh, ex officio, and several of the deacons were members of the Scottish parliament.

### February Legends.

Why February has twenty-eight days is explained in the legends of the past. One is of an old woman, who, tending her flock, ridiculed the month of February because he had dealt so leniently with her and her sheep. Then February felt insulted and made leap year and borrowed a cold day from March and froze her and her flock. There is a Norman legend which makes it out that February had originally as many days as the other months, but February was a confirmed gambler and lost at domino a day both to January and to March. Strange to say, there is an old story of Egypt, wherein the god of February plays forfeits with the moon and loses certain days.

### The "Bere" of 1542.

It is curious to find in a "Dyetary" of 1542 the information that "bere is made of malte, of hopps and water. It is a naturall drynke for a Dutcheman. And now of late dayes it is moche used in Englande to the detryment of many Englisshe men." The author was speaking of "beer," the then new liquor distinguished from "ale" by being hopped. In this sense a seventeenth century rhymer says that "turkey, carps, hops, piccadel and beer came into England all in one year," "piccadel" being a kind of ruff or collar.

### In Doubt.

Ethel (who is not famous for her good looks)—I don't see why you should call Miss Whitmore plain. I'm sure I only wish I were half as good looking as she is. Fred—You are, Ethel; you know you are. (And Ethel is wondering whether he meant to compliment her.)

### Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

### The True Idealist.

Every human being, unless he lacks utterly the capacity to love, is an idealist. No man can boast that he accepts only the "plain facts" of existence as his guide posts. Love makes idealists of us all. Through love we are given the power to look beyond the crude husk we call the fact. Any great achievement is impossible without this power. Life thrills with meaning and magic for the true idealist.

### The Change of a Word.

A prospective woman tenant through the typewriter's omission of one all important little word of two letters received the following startling statement: "Dear Madam: You can have the flat, provided you repaint and redecorate yourself!"

### His Resources About Exhausted.

Father—Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged.

What is fanaticism today is the fashionable creed tomorrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.—Wendell Phillips.

## CLEVER ANSWERS.

### Cases Where They Won Promotion In Civil and Military Life.

A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my guards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvaroff, who when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them that there was plenty of whisky behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suvaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."

## A WOOD SAWING FLY.

### The Tool With Which It Makes a Cradle For Its Young.

It is marvelous how many of the tiny creatures in the insect world conceal and preserve their eggs. Some will deposit them in extraordinary places; others will insert them in the skins of living animals; others, again, deposit their eggs where the young grub, after coming from the egg, finds food close at hand.

Among these last mentioned are insects who bestow great labor in the cradle of their young. The place they select is a hard part of a leaf or the woody branch of a tree. In this they saw out a hole large enough to contain their eggs, whence their name, saw flies. For this purpose they are provided with an ovipositor of peculiar construction. It consists of two long pieces closing like a sheath over a third.

In the tenthredo this third piece contains two little saws, each of which has been compared to the tenon saw used by the cabinetmakers. The tenon saw is single, but that of the tenthredo is double, consisting of two distinct saws. The insect in using them throws out one saw and while it is returning pushes out the other.

This alternate motion is continued until the cut is made, when the two saws, receding from each other, conduct the egg between them into its place. Not only is the edge of the saw notched into teeth, but on every tooth a number of smaller teeth appear.

### Tit For Tat.

He rejoiced in the not very humorous name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. Few of his friends had escaped the lash of his tongue, and he had victimized many by his practical jokes—in fact, he never lost an opportunity of being funny. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said gayly; "and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Oh, quite well, Mr. Wood," was the withering reply. "How's Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"—Stray Stories.

### Milk In the Sickroom.

Milk is the chief article of food and nourishment in every sickroom and hospital, and every physician and nurse should know the source of supply, its purity, before ordering it in any form for invalids and convalescents. It is not enough that it comes as "country milk." There must be integrity and experience back of it. It has been scientifically demonstrated and proved that pure milk products are the most nutritious, economical and easily digested foods when the milk is obtained in all its purity and kept so from pasture to consumer.—Charles Elley Hall in Leslie's Weekly.

### The Word "Papa."

For some time after the word "papa" was taken into the English language in the seventeenth century it was restricted to courtly and polite speech and was common even among adults. Long after it had become childish it was still accounted genteel. Hood wrote of one who was "genteelly taught to say, not father, but papa." "Papa" may be comparatively a newcomer into the English language, but it is as old as Homer. Nausicaa in the "Odyssey" calls her father "pappa phile"—dear papa.

### Canals and Roads In France.

It is curious that the French, who have done more than most nations to cultivate the graces of life, should be the people to boast the most perfect system of canals and roads in the world; more curious still that, when most practical, they are still careful not to sacrifice the purely graceful or decorative. The roads and canals are built for use, but between their serried ranks of poplars they become so many stately groves and avenues, crossing the country from end to end.—Century.

### Changed.

Nagsby—You're naturally pessimistic. I don't think I ever saw you look cheerful. Carsby—Ah, that's easily explained! Nagsby—How so? Carsby—You didn't know me before I was married!—Illustrated Bits.

### Matrimony.

Matrimony resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—S. Smith.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1906.

☞ Mr. Charles W. Fowle, clerk in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, has been appointed Clerk and Assistant Interpretor for the American Legation at Constantinople, Turkey, and will sail for his post of duty in that ancient city next Tuesday, July 17. It is an official position of honor and profit for which he has been an aspirant for a year, or so, and for which he passed a succcessful examination at Washington not long since. Mr. Fowle was born in Turkey 24 years ago, a son of Rev. James L. Fowle, for many years past, and at present, a missionary in Cesarea, and lived in that country until he was 14 years old. He is a nephew of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle and Mr. George E. Fowle of this city, and a member of the old and numerous Fowle family of Woburn. Charles graduated from Harvard University in Class '05, where he studied with a view of entering the diplomatic service of this country with the gratifying result of an early appointment from the State Department to an important post in that service. Young Mr. Fowle has a host of relatives and friends here who rejoice over his good fortune and congratulate him, most sincerely, on having gained a firm foothold in the honorable profession he has chosen for a career.

☞ Fears are felt in the JOURNAL establishment that General Charles H. Taylor, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston *Globe*, discoverer of the New England Old Home Week and its stalwart promoter, is just a little lax in stirring up the Yankees, the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, to the importance of celebrating with greater zeal, zest and eclat than ever before that notable and festive season which opens on July 29 and closes on August 4.

☞ They say in Boston that nothing but death can prevent the Democratic nomination of John B. Moran for Governor. Another pretty story is told at the Hub, which is, in case Moran gets it, ex-Mayor John P. Feeney of Woburn is to run for Congress in one of the Boston Districts.

☞ Those daily reports about new industries being started up in various New England towns have the right ring—*Boston Globe*. Exactly! But what do Whitney, Foss, and other Canuck reciprocity howlers think about it?

☞ Mr. Carl W. Jaquith succeeds Mr. Charles W. Fowle as Clerk in the Five Cents Savings Bank. He is the son of Ald. C. H. Jaquith, and a skilled accountant.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

G. Place—Real Estate.
G. A. Cammall—Auctioneer.
Carter, Eames & Carter—Coal.
Carter, Eames & Carter—Partnership.

— C. W. Smith is home on vacation from Newark, N. J.

— Make a note of Mr. Griffin Place's professional card.

— Police Officers Haggerty and Tarr are away on their annual vacation.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tabor take their vacation at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

— E. P. Fox and J. W. Fox and family are summering at Marblehead Neck.

— Mrs. T. W. Kenney entertained Mrs. Schenz and her daughter last Monday.

— Born in Thetford, Vermont, July 8, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Jaquith.

— The Kings Daughters are to meet with Miss Burbeck, 60 Warren ave., this evening.

— Miss Vena White is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Wilson, at the North Shore.

— Dr. John F. Caulfield is to attend the Elks convention at Denver, Colorado, this week.

— Mrs. Preston of Nashua, N. H., is visiting her son Elwyn G. and family on Warren avenue.

— Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen has concluded that Maine is good enough for him for a vacation outing.

— C. M. Strout has just returned from a trip to the mountains in charge of a party for Nason & Russell.

— Last Tuesday was a fearfully hot day until the thunderstorm came up in the afternoon and cooled off things.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to give their second concert of the present season on the Common this evening.

— The auction sale of Mr. A. V. Haynes's furniture by Mr. George A. Cammall last Tuesday, was a success.

— The North Congregational Sunday School enjoyed an outing and picnic at Revere Beach last Wednesday.

— Mr. Edward Cummings has returned from Thetford, Vt., where he left his wife and two sons for the summer.

— The Edison Electric Co. are putting in several power motors in this city. The patent leather factories are using them.

— Milkmen will do well to make an especial note of the new law respecting jars, cans, etc., that went into operation last Monday.

— As an icecream purveyor Crawford still leads by several sledlengths. And it is the same way with confectionery of all kinds.

— Rev. H. B Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, takes his vacation next month at and around Rochester, N. Y.

— The case of License Commissioner Lyons is to be reopened and testimony heard on August 1. Lyons has employed able counsel.

— Ald. Daniel W. Bond and his good helpmeet are camping out on Concord River and enjoying the rural charms of that classic region.

— Beautiful flowers can be purchased at Brooks's drugstore.

— Read the card of George A. Cammall, auctioneer in this paper. He is an experienced hand at the business, and a good one.

— The alarm from box 63 at 7.50 yesterday morning was for a fire in a small shed at Murray's patent leather shop on Broad street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Willis L. Varney returned from South Berwick, Me., their former home, a few days ago at the close of a pleasant visit there.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz, of the firm of Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch, has gone to Minneapolis, Minn., to visit a nephew and niece who reside there.

— Truly the moon, now on the wane, was a "wet" one. There has been an extraordinary amount of precipitation since its first appearance.

— Attention is directed to the business card of Carter, Eames & Carter in this paper. They are old hands in the coal trade, and make a strong team.

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue are to visit their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, at North Weare, N. H. next week.

— Rev. N. E. Richardson dropped in to shake hands with his former parishioners here early this week. He was accompanied by his wife, nee Clough.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— George Alexander and family are at Wells Beach, Maine. There is where the Editor of this paper served an apprenticeship at clam digging in his early days.

— Miss Carrie M. Andruss has finished her school at Richmond in the Berkshires and is at home on her vacation. She returns to the same school in September.

— Just think of it ye vacationers! Maine has 1500 inland lakes and rivers; 280 miles of seacoast, as the crow flies, and 2500 miles of it in actual measurement!

— For quiet, rest, comfort, good fishing and pleasant sailing there is no better seaside resort than Ogunquit, Maine. It is midway between York and Wells beaches, and popular.

— Alvah J. Foster, D. D. M. G., and Suite installed the officers of Ancient Landmark Lodge, I. O. O. F. of Boston last Monday evening, and those of the Arlington Lodge on Wednesday evening.

— Helen Sylvester, the wonderfully accomplished young elocutionist, singer and dancer, is the guest of Mr. George Kimball and family, and James, at Hingham this week. It is Cadet week in that ancient town, and a lively one.

— Mrs. G. F. Bean and her daughter Esther, who is a Sophomore at Wellesley College, the Alma Mater of Mrs. Bean, are to spend the month of August at a fashionable hotel quietly nestled among the famous Granite Hills of N. H.

— Judge Maguire announces that he and Madam Maguire are to take their vacation by piecemeal, that is to say, they are not going away to the seaside or mountains just to be fashionable and uncomfortable for a month, but, instead, roam about home.

— Mr. and Mrs. Morlie A. Burnes had on last Monday, July 9, enjoyed 10 years of unalloyed connubial bliss, and they marked the anniversary with a white stone. They took a day off, indulged in an outing, and, altogether, had a pleasant time of it.

— Dr. J. Henry Hutchings and wife and Mrs. Maria R. Bickford, all of 62 Mt. Pleasant street, this city, left here last Friday for the grand tour of Yellowstone Park and other Western scenes. May theirs be a prosperous voyage and safe return.

— W. H. Slater, the well known artist painter, has two prices for work —a fair price for honest work, and the other kind. He can accommodate customers for either; but insists that those who want the latter should say so in exact terms when making the contract.

— A few days ago Miss Elizabeth Winn Hunt, a popular Portland (Me.) society, young lady paid a visit to relatives in this city. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mabel (Hobbs) Hunt of Congress street, Portland. They were enroute for North Adams.

— Master Stephen Bean, son of Hon. George F. Bean, is at Squam Lake, N. H., with about 50 lads in the care of a Boston gentleman who, for several years past, has taken a like company to the same place for a 10 weeks vacation at a stiff price per head, and given them a fine outing.

— Ephraim Cutter, M. D., L L D., and his son John A. Cutter, M. D., B. Sc., have an able and interesting article on "Food: Its Relation to Health and Disease" in the July number of "The Dietetic and Hygiene Gazette" of New York, for a copy of which we return thanks to those gentlemen.

— For information concerning the site for a government postoffice in this city read the communication of Sec. Shaw in this paper. Of course, as usual in such cases, considerable time will elapse before steps are actually taken towards erection of the building, the procurement of a site being the first one.

— The 86th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Almira Whittemore was observed at her home on Prospect street last Sunday. She was a native of Woburn, a member of the Thompson family, who were among the first settlers of the town, and a lady highly esteemed by everybody. Mrs. Whittemore is fairly well and active.

— Neither Mr. Frank C. Nichols of this city, or Brown & Gifford of Winchester, is a member of the "Soak'em Club," nor have they fears of prosecutions for unlawful combines to beat competition and the public. No complaint is heard of exorbitant prices demanded by them for ice, nor of short weight, or failure to deliver goods promptly.

— Charles H. Munroe of Warren avenue is in camp at North Wakefield, N. H.

— Organist Hood of First church goes to Thetford, Vt., one week from next Monday where he is to play two Sundays in a church; then visits Northfield, Mass., the Moody institution, and after filling an engagement of two Sundays there returns to Thetford, where the Blakes of this city are spending the summer. Mr. Hood will be away from his First church organ here about 6 weeks.

— Rev. Charles Anderson, former pastor of the North Congregational church, but for many years last past connected with Robert College at Constantinople, Turkey, and wife are expected to visit here this summer. Mr. Anderson was chiefly instrumental in building the fine North Congregational house of worship, and was respected and beloved not only by his parish, but by all the people of Woburn.

— Born on Kilby street in Woburn on July 8, 1812, Mrs. Harriet Wright Smith passed the 94th milestone of her life's journey, happily, at the home of her daughter Harriet, with whom she has lived many years, on Winn street, this city, last Sunday. She was visited, and given many tokens of love, by numerous relatives and friends, and was grateful for their kind memory of her on her birthday anniversary.

— We gather the information from a copy of the Laredo (Texas) *Daily Times*, kindly transmitted to this office by Mr. Fred H. Rogers, teller of the Woburn National Bank, that Lieut. Linwood E. Hanson, U. S. A., stationed at Laredo, is still in rifle practice, in which he is an expert, as he used to be here, and at Fort Worth. He is an ardent lover of target shooting, and remarkably successful with the rifle.

— The family of Mr. Charlie A. Jones went to York Beach last Monday where they are to spend the summer holidays. Mr. Jones generally goes down there on Friday or Saturday evenings and remains until the following Monday morning, when he returns to his post of duty in the Savings Bank. York Beach is one of the most popular and fashionable summer resorts on the Coast, and is greatly affected by Western and Southern people.

— The following newly elected officers of the South End Social Club, were installed in their respective positions last Monday night by Mr. Thomas Kearns who acted as installing officer: Daniel Foley, President; John O'Brien, Vice-President; John H. Garvey, Jr., Treasurer; Patrick Walsh, Recording Secretary; Joseph McGann, Financial Secretary. Refreshments and dancing followed, the feature of which was the music furnished, a drum, violin and a piano.

— A fine party of ladies and children went to the Salem Willows from here last Wednesday morning by the Reading electrics. They appeared to be as jolly a company, and we know for certain that they were as handsome and well behaved, as one would run across in more than a day's journeying. It took two cars to hold them all, and in anticipation of a delightful trolley ride through a beautiful country, and a fine fish dinner in prospect, they were likewise a happy crowd.

— Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby, wife and daughter Elizabeth are visiting in Maine. The Bixbys and Peets were early settlers of Norridgewock, a beautiful town on the Upper Kennebec, and very respectable people they were, too. "Parson Peet" was the village minister for 40 years, and the autocratic ruler of the town in temporal, as well as spiritual, affairs during that period. He was the grandfather of Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby of N. W., who, with his family, is visiting the old home of his ancestors.

— Committees of the First church are perfecting arrangements for the proper observance of Dr. March's reaching the 90th milestone of his life. It comes at a time when many people are away, but everybody who can join in the services of the day wants to do so. The observance comes on Sunday, July 22. A special program is in preparation, including an address by Rev. H. C. Parker. The children will have an important and impressive part in the service. The full program will be published next week.

— Assistant Librarian Pollard of the Woburn Public Library has handed us a report of the convention of the American Library Association held at Narragansett Pier lately, published by the Providence (R. I.) *Journal* on June 30, from which many facts were gathered. It was the 28th annual session of the Association, attended by over 1000 people connected with libraries. Addresses were made by distinguished library workers, and a deep interest in the proceedings was shown throughout the convention. The Woburn Public Library was well represented.

— Boston and vicinity never suffered a severer rain drenching, or witnessed a more brilliant electrical display in the shape of lightning, or had their ears shocked with louder thunder, than in the storm of Tuesday afternoon last. The people at the Hub called it a cloudburst, and so, likewise, it was termed in other places where the storm raged violently—where the rain poured in torrents, lightning struck and destroyed buildings and killed people, and the thunders rolled and crashed, and resounded fearfully over the land. The storm extended over a large area, and was particularly severe in Maine.

— It is rumored in trade and financial circles that the contemplated coal, ice and grain trust has come to naught. A failure to arrive at a satisfactory agreement among the originators and promoters of it resulted in an abandonment of the scheme to raise prices of the above commodities and maintain them at the expense, and to the material injury, of the public, so sudden and complete that they, in the words of the poet, were fain to exclaim; if our pet trust was to be so quickly done for what was it begun for? This community feel that they had a narrow escape, and are deeply grateful to kind Providence for having crushed the Octopus and Hydraheaded Monster in its infancy, and saved them from said monster's fell designs on their purses and peace of mind.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

— St. Charles C. T. A. S. take a trip to Revere Beach today.

— Mrs. Franklin Smith and son of Davis street are to make their vacation outing at East Derry, N. H.

— Miss Venice Shea of Portland, Me., is visiting her relatives in this city, Mr. John Shea of Stoddard street, and Mr. Edward Shea of Salem street.

— People can have their vacation addresses made known to the public by simply sending the same to the JOURNAL per P. C., or in any way preferred.

— North Shore is ablaze with big society guns this season. Beverly Farms and all along shore is alive with foreign Diplomats, Capitalists, Social and Official Lions, andsoforth.

— Mr. and Mrs. Alton Middleton—married at Lewiston, Maine, last Tuesday, are spending their honeymoon with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hewatt, 195 New Boston street.

— Dr. Eunice Kinney and others entertained the New England Woman's Press Association at Revere last Wednesday taking in "Wonderland." Hannah Hudson and Marian Hosmer were among the number.

— Effie C. Sweetser, who resides on Mishamum Road, is at Lake Winnipesaukee with the Massachusetts Appalachian Club, a famous mountain climbing and nature studying association with headquarters in Boston.

— Mr. E Gerry Barker, President of the Barker Lumber Co., discovered, a few days ago, another species of bug, different from anything yet reported or seen, on trees at his residence on Church street, and is watching them There are great numbers of them, and singular in appearance. Whether their advent is inimical to the trees, or are moth parasites, Mr. Barker has not yet determined.

— It is interesting, to say the least, to hear the lots named by different people for the government postoffice in this city. We have heard mentioned the Taylor-Littlefield property 23 Pleasant street; the Clough-Phinney lot adjoining the B. & M. station; a slice from the First Parish lawn next to City Hall; the estate corner of Main street and Montvale avenue; and so on to the end of the chapter. "And still there's more to follow."

— School Superintendent Clapp is whiling away his vacation days on the Coast of Maine and resting from his labors. His Secretary, Miss Ethel M. Bryant, remains here at home during the summer season and takes short outings to the beaches, groves, and watersides for recreation. Master Owen of the High School is at Monmouth, Me.; ex-Submaster Clark is a hotel clerk at Block Island. Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton school, is, also, resting from her labors; while other teachers are scattered abroad throughout this and foreign countries.

— Considerable business was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. The Finance Committee reported several orders which went to a second reading. Final action was taken on orders—edgestones and concrete on South street; $450 for collection of swill; loan of $1,500 for school house repairs; $2,000 to construct sewers on Montvale avenue and Wyers Court. Ald. Buchanan filed an order for a concrete walk on Warren avenue; Ald. Jaquith, for same on High street, and an order came in requesting the Finance Committee to report a loan of $57,000 for the new High school. All sent to the committee.

— Mr. James Durward is Rifle Inspector at the Springfield U. S. Arsenal, and likes the work. As a member of the Massachusetts Rifle Association he comes here every Friday evening to shoot with the boys at the Range on Saturday, and returns to Springfield at the close of the exercises. His position as Inspector of the U. S. Arsenal, won on merit, is an excellent one, for which he is admirably fitted by years of practice with the rifle, an arm with the mechanism of which he is perfectly familiar. Mr. Durward is also Rifle Marksman Champion of America, he having won that honor, with valuable trophies, in the National contest last year. James's appoinment is "during good behavior."

— The Woburn Machine Co. (Marrinan & O'Brien) have bought the land occupied by Eames & Carter for a coalyard, on which they propose to build an addition to their machineshop and an iron foundry. The purchase brings their real estate holding square up to the railroad tracks, and greatly increases their facilities for doing business. The Company's business is growing rapidly, and more room for it has become imperative. Thomas H Marrinan and Daniel P. O'Brien, the proprietors, are skilled machinists, and gentlemen and enjoy the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. Connecting with the railroad tracks they will be enabled to increase their operations, to which a foundry will be a material addition.

— The groves about here have been full of picnickers this week. Charming picnic weather has prevailed most of the time, and been taken advantage of by lovers of shady woods, and brooks, and things. The Lexington trolley line has been well patronized since the warm weather set in, for, besides the attractions at the Battleground of '75, there are many cool, pleasant spots among the trees between here and there, handy to the cars, and yet retired and delightfully secluded. On Wednesday morning, quite early, a crowd of feminity and juvenility boarded the Lexington trolleys, with baskets of food, jars of jellies, fruit, bottles of milk, etc., and they were all as merry as merry could be while bound for the umbrageous groves at the west of us.

— Mr. and Mrs. Elliot F. Trull will spend their vacation in Northern New York.

— Julius F. Ramsdell and family talk of making their summer home at Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

— The alarm from box 28 at 8.15 this morning was for a fire at Clark's patent leather factory caused by the boiling over of a japan kettle, severely burning Mr. Clark.

— A letter from Mr. Samuel W. Leathe of St. Louis, Mo., conveys the gratifying intelligence that he, a native and former townsman of Woburn, is in the land of the living, and flourishing, as he has flourished for many years. Mr. Leathe is a long time resident of St. Louis. He aided Fremont, the Pathfinder, there in setting out on his successful expedition across the Rocky Mountains, and was a prosperous merchant on the banks of the Father of Waters when there were not so many people on them as there are now.

— Information reaches the JOURNAL office to the effect that hotels, boarding-houses and cottages on the Maine Coast, and camps in the Maine woods, are now filled with more summer visitors than ever before, and that the Boston & Maine Railroad station in Boston daily and hourly swarms with people from the West, South and everywhere else with faces turned Maine-ward. The Boston & Maine Railroad Co. furnish elegant cars, with every modern equipment for the comfort and pleasure of their patrons, with swift drivers on the engines, courteous and obliging conductors and trainmen, and they never did such a rushing summer business in their lives as at the present time. Everybody who makes the least pretension to a knowledge of comfort in hot weather naturally seeks the seaside resorts, the forests and groves, and lakes and streams, of Maine, and the way to reach them in the pleasantest possible manner is by the Boston & Maine Railroad System —indeed, it is the only way to get to them; and, judging by the crowds at the Northern Station at the Hub, everybody seems to think so.

— A few days ago Ald. B. H. Nichols discovered on the trees surrounding his fine residence on Warren avenue hundreds of small black bugs which, he fears, are to become more destructive than the gypsy and browntail moths. Observing the singular appearance of the foliage he was led to investigate the cause, and doing so, found the small black bugs eating innumerable holes in the leaves, which caused him considerable alarm. Proceeding with his investigations, he raised the burlap which girdled one of the trees when, to his great amazement, he discovered myriads of the bugs comfortably ensconced beneath the folds of the cloth, probably preparing for a raid on the trees, or resting for digestion after a vigorous attack on them. Whether these bugs are the moth parasites imported by our wise and economical State moth authorities, or are an entirely new comer from somewhere, Ald. Nichols would not undertake to determine; but that they will prove as great, or greater, menace to the orchards and groves of this section of the State than the gypsy and browntail he greatly fears. Ald. Nichols is quite an entomologist, but this newly discovered bug, with a strong appetite for green leaves, is an entire stranger to him, and a recent immigrant which he is totally unable to classify.

### A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at McLaughlin & Dennison's, drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### The Ninetieth Birthday of Dr. March.

On the twenty-first of this month Rev. Daniel March, D. D, Pastor Emeritus of the First church, whose life during the past half century has been so closely identified with Woburn, will be ninety years old.

The church and community are interested in this fact. Not often does a man hold such place in a city as Dr. March holds here.

The service of Sunday morning, July 22, at the First church will be in the nature of a celebration of his birthday.

The people are invited to join in the expression of gratitude to God for the good and helpful lives of his servants on earth, and for the gracious ministry of this venerable servant among us.

Brief addresses will be made by the pastor of the church, by Rev. H. C. Parker, representing the ministry of the city, and by Dr. March.

Fuller notice of programme may be expected next week.

### Statement of Methods Employed by the Treasury Department in Securing Sites for Federal Buildings.

Whenever an Act of Congress authorizes the acquisition of a site for a proposed public building—whether by purchase or gift—the Treasury Department invites, through an advertisement inserted in a local newspaper, bids for the sale, or propositions of donations, and directs that the same be submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. The advertisement gives such information as to the approximate dimensions of the site required and the general conditions and requirements as will enable intelligent preparation and submission of bids or offers.

The bids and offers obtained in this way are opened at the Treasury Department in Washington at the time stated in the advertisement, and as soon thereafter as practicable an agent of the Department is sent to make a personal examination of the properties offered, and upon this report, together with representations in writing from other sources, the Department makes selection, conditioned, nevertheless, that the title to the property be approved by the Attorney-General. When the land is thus acquired on which buildings are situated which are reserved by the party selling, notice to remove the same is given after the land has been actually acquired and title approved.

Whenever the Department is unable to obtain an acceptable site at a reasonable price in the manner above outlined, it frequently makes selection and authorizes the Department of Justice to begin and prosecute condemnation proceedings in which the price to be paid is judicially determined.

As soon as practicable after the acquisition of the site, plans for the proposed building are prepared and a contract let for the construction thereof.

S. M. SHAW.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## Several Congressional Contests Are Likely This Fall.

## BOSTON AND THE SHIPPING BILL

### The Pony Express Bill and Its Probable Effects.

Now that the summer solstice and the Fourth of July are passed, the heated term is upon us. It might be expected that politics would be for a few weeks, at least, decidedly quiet. There are indications, however, that is is not to be the case.

There are several things which are likely to conspire to make this a remarkably active summer in a political way, for already there are abundant signs of activity in several directions. One of these directions is the office of the district attorney of Suffolk county, John B. Moran, who is already the nominee for governor of the cold-water people, although it has startled his friends to hear that he is a total abstainer, and he is vigorously pushing a campaign for the Democratic nomination for the head of the ticket.

Of course the Republican nominees for governor and lieutenant governor will be the same as they were last year. Governor Guild has done such splendid work as chief executive that the nomination will be given him with the most unbounded enthusiasm. Lieutenant Governor Draper has occupied his post with singular fidelity and acute business ability. There is no question about his renomination, although it has been hinted as a possibility that Eugene N. Foss of Roxbury might be in the field as his opponent for the nomination. There is, however, not the slightest grounds for making a change in the second place, and if Mr. Foss should run he can hardly hope to make very much of an impression in the caucuses or the convention. All other state officers below the first two places will unquestionably be renominated. There is not a whisper of any disposition to displace any of these men. They have generally filled their positions with careful attention to the interests of the commonwealth, and no names have been suggested in opposition to them.

#### Congressional Contests Likely.

There are several Republican congressmen who may be obliged to fight for a renomination. In the Fifth district, Congressman Ames is to be opposed by a prominent Republican of Lowell, Lawyer Dunbar, and a sharp contest is likely. The district is ordinarily Republican, and with good work will undoubtedly remain so in this election. Congressman Roberts of the Seventh district will be opposed by two candidates in Lynn, Lawyers Johnson and Allen. In the Thirteenth district there is a disposition to oppose a renomination for Congressman Lovering and it will require a considerable campaign to decide the nomination.

It is agreed on all sides that President Roosevelt has done a tremendous work in securing the enactment of legislation regulating rates on the railroads, requiring cleanliness and healthful conditions in the meat-packing industry, and official inspection, forcing through the denatured alcohol bill, and putting the consular service on a merit basis.

There are many other reforms which he hopes to be able to accomplish during the remaining two years of his term of office. He will be able to succeed in this if he has the assistance of a Republican congress. If the people do not see fit to return a Republican congress, his efforts in behalf of these reforms may be futile and his work in this direction count for nothing. The whole matter rests with the people of the United States. The voters of Massachusetts have a great responsibility in so far as the election of members of congress is concerned. It rests with them to say whether they will send Roosevelt Republicans to congress or whether they will return opposing Democrats.

#### The Shipping Measure.

One of the very important measures which he advocated was defeated owing to tremendous Democratic opposition. This was the merchant marine bill, by which it was expected that New England would be enabled once more to regain her supremacy as a shipping section. This measure was earnestly supported by every Republican representative and all the senators from the New England states. It was strenuously opposed by Democratic members from the south and from other sections of the country as being a measure in the interests of New England. Those members of congress far from the seaboard were unwilling to do anything that should aid in the upbuilding of New England, even though indirectly and strongly it might redound to the benefit of the entire country. That is one of the measures which the next congress may take up and push to enactment. If that congress is Republican the measure will undoubtedly be passed. In that event, Boston, and for that matter the entire New England coast, will be enormously benefited. Shipbuilding will receive an impetus which will give employment to many thousand skilled workmen permanently, and many other thousands will be kept busy on the new ships which this legislation will bring into existence.

Our commerce imperatively needs a large number of new American ocean lines between our principal ports and various important foreign ports. Today a great deal of our merchandise is of necessity shipped on foreign vessels by circuitous and indirect routes, taking a long time in transportation and costing heavily in freight charges. England and Germany both have their own direct lines of steamships to practically all the important foreign ports of the world. This gives their merchandise a great advantage over American goods, in that it insures the quick delivery of such goods, and that fact many times decides where the order shall be placed.

#### Lawyer Johnson and Moran.

Lawyer Melvin M. Johnson of Waltham, legislative counsel for the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society, of which ex-Governor John D. Long is president, and legislative counsel also for various other temperance organizations in the state, is not much struck with the public career of John B. Moran up to the present time.

Mr. Johnson has this to say about the district attorney: "Mr. Moran has made a big furor about enforcing the screen law in five of our best hotels. That same law has been violated by hundreds of saloons and other hotels, holding liquor licenses, which he has not prosecuted. Mr. Moran may say he stands for impartial enforcement of the law, but impartial enforcement should hit the high and low, the rich and poor, alike. I do not believe in enforcement against the poor and lowly and not against the rich and mighty. On the other hand, I don't believe Mr. Moran's enforcement is impartial when he proceeds only against such places as are well known, and not against those places where enforcement will fail to get him advertised in the newspapers.

"I must confess I was a little amused to see the chairman of the Prohibition state convention, who for years refused to buy his groceries at a Boston grocery store where liquors were sold, standing for the nomination for governor of an attorney who made a considerable income before his election as district attorney, from the defense in the courts of men charged with violation of the liquor laws. In the old days Mr. Moran was well known as a rumsellers' counsel."

When Mr. Johnson was asked about the pony express bill, so-called, enacted during the present session of the legislature for the purpose of wiping out saloons on wheels, he said: "For many years in no-license places anybody could conduct such a business. It was the custom of those who did it to drive into Boston, load up with packages of liquor, beer and ale, and transport them back to the town where they disposed of the stuff. These packages were labelled, and these expressmen would drive around through the city, and when they found someone who wanted beer or other liquors, they took off the label and address and sold them whatever amount they desired."

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder.

2 Packages make nearly a Gallon. Costs 25 Cents

JELL-O
ICE CREAM
POWDER
VANILLA

Stir the contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking or heating, no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add. Everything but the ice in package.

RECIPE BOOK FREE.

5 Flavors. 2 packages, enough for a gallon, 25 cts. at all grocers, or by mail if he hasn't it.
Approved by Pure Food Commissioners
The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Hathaway's Log Cabin Bread

(Malted), is the richest and most nourishing bread that could be made. It is the height of goodness. Look for the band around every loaf.

Price 10c. at the grocer's.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

### A Hard Lot

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blockaded bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

At the annual meeting of the Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held on July 6 inst. the following officers were elected: President, Charlie A. Jones; Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs; Clerk, A. Herbert Holland; Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston; Trustees, John Winn, William Beggs, Edward E. Thompson, George E. Fowle, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Charlie A. Jones, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Lewis W. Thompson, Elwyn G. Preston, Fred J. Brown, Luke W. Fowle, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Julius F. Ramsdell, Fred E. Cottle.

Subsequently the Board of Trustees elected the following Board of Investment: Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Julius F. Ramsdell; Treasurer, A. Herbert Holland.

The usual dividend of 3½ percent was declared.

### Base Ball.

The final game for the city prize of fifty dollars will be played tomorrow between the Woburn A. C. and the St. Charles.

As we predicted, Haley's team of Winchester, won the cup in the Patent Leather League last Wednesday afternoon, by defeating Murray's team of this city, both teams being tied for first place. Murray's team never had a "look in" in the game, while Haley's piled up 13 runs to Murray's 3.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail*. At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Buckien's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide, by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In this city, July 7, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Louis Berry Walther of Stoughton and Edith Durea Tufts of Woburn.

In this city, July 7, by Rev. G. Sigfred Swensson, John N. Johnson and Ligne C. Lundin, both of Woburn.

In Brockton, June 27, by Rev. Francis B. White, William Henry Stevenson of Woburn and Lydia Marie Hansen of Brockton.

In Winchester, July 3, by Rev. Daniel J. Keleher, Thomas Henry Matthews of Woburn and Rose Ella Hamilton of Winchester.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 3, John E. Lindburg, aged 4 years, 4 months, 5 days.

In this city, July 4, George A. Donahue, aged 2 years, 5 months.

In this city, July 6, Michael J. Clancy, aged 30 years, 4 months, 15 days.

In Burlington, July 10, H. H. Bryant of Somerville, aged 71 years.

In Billerica, July 12, Mrs. Mary E. Parker, aged 77 years, 10 months, 2 days. Funeral Saturday at 3 P. M., from 12 Page Place. Relatives and friends invited.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Best Clothing

for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

Fine Haberdashery

(TO ORDER ONLY)

Ladies' Tailored Costumes

Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.

Specialty—RIDING HABITS

400 Washington St.
BOSTON

Hammond & Son Co. WOBURN LYCEUM HALL

EVERY MAN Will Want

A STRAW HAT

Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of

Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

GOING AWAY TIME
Secure a supply of
FILMS OR A KODAK

Whitcher's PILL BOX
WILL FIT YOU OUT.

Woburn Panoram Post Cards and Swedish Post Cards sold.

Make your own Post Cards, Blue Print—Sepia—Velox.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

BUTTER
— IS —
Cheaper!

We have some very fine Fresh Made

Creamery Butter

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

GO TO BASS POINT
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot. Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
*Factory: Akron, O.*

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

# City Collector's Sale

— OF —

## Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 27, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 28, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

### WARD 3.

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1904, $12 74

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 12,197 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson, et al.; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al.; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1904, 19 60

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn, and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1904, 53 90

### WARD 4.

DOMA M. BASSETT.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, off Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Smith; easterly by land of Reardon; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Smith and land of Tidd.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

CATHERINE CARNEY.—About 12,358 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 80 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of the City of Woburn; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of Kelley.
Tax of 1904, 36 26
Street Watering for 1904, 1 61

DELIA M. MURRAY, ET AL.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 52, 54 and 56 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray, et al., easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 48 98
Street Watering for 1904, 2 00

THOMAS MURRAY.—About 18,218 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 74 Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Littlefield, Trustee; easterly by Walnut Court; southerly by Salem street; westerly by land now or late of Place; south westerly by a private way leading out of Salem street.
Tax of 1904, 68 60
Street Watering for 1904, 1 88

DELIA M. MURRAY.—About 32,833 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Montvale Avenue and Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Broad street; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Montvale Avenue, and by land of Barrett, and by land of Buss; westerly by land of Barrett, and land of Flagg.
Tax of 1904, 211 19
Street Watering for 1904, 7 24

FANNIE REMINGTON.—About 1,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on High street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of M. T. Allen; easterly by land of City of Woburn and land now or late of Lyman; southerly by High street; westerly by land of Hattie A. Kenney.
Tax of 1904, 23 52
Street Watering for 1904, 70

### Non-Residents.

HERBERT M. BEERS.—About 33,086 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9 B, on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly also by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southerly by Packard street; westerly by lot 8-A on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

PATRICK BRADLEY, 2D.—About 22,464 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 32 on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Zavisky; easterly by Chandler street; southerly by lot X on said plan; westerly by Joshua street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

F. W. GRINNELL, TRUSTEE FOR MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE CO.—About 7,260 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lot 69 shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lots 29, 30, on said plan; southerly by lots 68 on said plan; westerly by Middle street.
Tax of 1904, 98

JOHN MATTSON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Clifton street, being lot 133, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 134 on said plan; southerly by lot 138 on said plan; westerly by lot 132 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

MARGARET T. McDOUGALL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood ave., being lot 105, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Putnam street on said plan; easterly by lot 110 on said plan; southerly by lot 106 on said plan; westerly by Atwood avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 229, 230, 231, 232, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 214, 215, 216, 217 on said plan; easterly by lot 228 on said plan; southerly by Crosby street on said plan; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 13

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 18,480 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 205, 206, 207, 213, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Crosby street on said plan; easterly by lot 208 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Anderson; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 53

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 21,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Salem street; easterly by land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; southerly by other land of Tufts College and Boston University; westerly by land of Tufts College.
Tax of 1904, 41 16
Street Watering for 1904, 5 10

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 3 31-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, on Wade avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Tufts College and also by land of Tufts College and Boston University and land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Hannah Reddy; westerly by Wade avenue.
Tax of 1904, 98 00

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Putnam street, being lot 116, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1904, 78

### WARD 5.

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 8½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at northwesterly corner of premises, thence easterly by land of Samuel Abbott deceased; thence southerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jacob Ames; thence westerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jeremiah Clapp, deceased; thence northwesterly on cart path to point of beginning. Being 1st lot described in Deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by land of one Dewey; southerly by land now or formerly of Parmelia Smith and land of owners unknown; westerly by land formerly of Major Baldwin. Being 2nd lot described in deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 98

THOMAS CONNELL.—About 33,568 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 133 Washington street, being lots E and K, shown on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot L on said plan; easterly by Washington street; southerly by a proposed street and lots F and G, shown on said plan; westerly by lot J and F shown on said plan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 15 09

SARAH J. COVENEY HEIRS.—About 959 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Washington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land now or late of Sheeran; westerly by Washington street.
Tax of 1904, 49

BENJAMIN F. DOW.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 401 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by Montvale Road; southerly by lot 437 on said plan; westerly by lot 400 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CYNTHIA FREEMAN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 425 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 389 on said plan; easterly by lot 426 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 424 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

EDMUND FREEMAN.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 424, 388, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by lot 389 and 425 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 387 and lot 423 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 4,828 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 65, 66, shown on Plan A, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 34 on said plan; easterly by lot 67 on said plan; southerly by Bird street; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lot 3 on said plan; southerly by lot 2 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 98

CATHERINE KENNEY HEIRS.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Grape and Albany streets, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by Albany street and land of Cogan; southerly by land of said Cogan and by Grape street; westerly by other land of said Cogan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 10 12

KATE ROBINSON HEIRS.—About 15 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the southerly side of Mill street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Mill street and at land formerly of Barney Kelley; thence the line runs southerly by land of said Kelley as the fence stands, 72 rods 24½ links to a corner; thence westerly across the mill stream 44 rods 24 links to a stake, 1 rod easterly from basin of canal; thence northerly keeping 1 rod distant from basin of canal 64 3-10 rods to Washington street; thence northeasterly and easterly by said Washington street about 10 9-10 rods to a large willow tree; thence southeasterly 3½ rods to a post at the abutment of the bridge across said stream; thence southerly and southwesterly in center of said stream until it comes opposite the stake at southerly point of mill purchase on the easterly bank of said stream and 23½ links therefrom on a course S. 85° E.; thence northeasterly as the old wall stands 14 rods 23 links to a stake by the northerly side of an old oak tree; thence northeasterly 12 rods 18½ links to a stake; thence northerly 13° 45' W. 19 rods 2 links to a bar post at said Mill street; thence northeasterly as the wall stands, by said street about 19 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 33 32

MARY C. STEARNS.—About 12 acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Dragon Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston; easterly by land now or late of Matthews and land now or late of Abbott; southerly by land now or late of Charles Spear; westerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston and John Steele.
Tax of 1904, 27 44

MARTHA WEST.—About 15,264 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 Pine street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Salem street about 170 feet; southeasterly by Pine street about 201 feet; easterly on a crooked line by land now or late of Robert West. Being same premises conveyed to said Martha West by John W. Johnson by deed dated Sept. 9, 1891, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2116, Page 575.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 14 16

B. F. WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot A 36 on plan of Woburn Manufacturing and Agricultural Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Samson; southerly by land now or late of Moody; westerly by land of Alfred M. Wright.
Tax of 1904, 98

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; easterly by Central and Orange streets and by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; southerly by Montvale avenue; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 163 66

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Orange street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster; easterly by Orange street; southerly by other land of Whittemore; westerly by other land of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, 21 56

MARY ISABELLE WHITE.—About 10,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Central street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Utica street; westerly by Central street.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

### Non-Residents.

AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, TRUSTEES.—About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 451, 452, 453, 454, shown on plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Gregg street; easterly by lot 455 on said plan; southerly by lots 486, 488, 489 and 490 on said plan; westerly by lots 449 and 450 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 44 10

MARY A. DOLAN.—About 7,605 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Pine street, being lots 68 and 69 on plan of building lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 84, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 70 on said plan; easterly by Pine street; southerly by lot 68 on said plan; westerly by Hillside Place shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

LOUIS DORDINI.—About 3,717 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Eldridge street, being lot 10 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 94, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by Stoneham Branch Railroad, so-called; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; westerly by Eldridge street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ELLEN J. FITZPATRICK.—About 2,295 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Washington Avenue, so-called, being lot No. 30, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 98, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 17 and 18 on said plan; easterly by lot 31 on said plan; southerly by Washington Avenue; westerly by lot 29 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JAMES CAMPBELL.—About 2,763 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 580 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 583 on said plan; easterly by lot 581 on said plan; southerly by Montvale Road; westerly by lot 579 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 3,330 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Orange street, being Lot 6, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Foster street on said plan; easterly by Orange street; southerly by lot 5 on said plan; westerly by lot 13 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 4,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Foster street, being Lot 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tate; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Foster street on said plan; westerly by lot 16 in Block E on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

ROSE FOTHERINGHAM.—About 7,312 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 535, 536 and 537, Munroe avenue, shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Munroe avenue; easterly by lot No. 538 on said plan; southerly by lots 577, 578, 579 on said plan; westerly by lot 534 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 64,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 14 inclusive, Section D, shown on plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Foster street on said plan; northeasterly by Lakeview avenue on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; southerly by land now or late of Whittemore; westerly by land of said Whittemore and by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 6 56

CHARLES J. GORMLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 413, 414, shown on plan 2, Mishawum Addition, recorded with Assessors Plans 1, Plan 38, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lepingwell Road; easterly by lot 415 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 412 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

### Moths are Numerous.

Notwithstanding the large amount of work which has been done in this town, both by private owners and the shade tree department, many sections are completely covered with the moths. The gypsys appear to be the more numerous. In view of the large amount of money which has been expended, it would seem that Winchester should be in a large measure free from the pests, yet a walk about town reveals the moths crawling over everything, and in numbers they are millions. In the single instance of Mr. Edwin Ginn's estate, Rangeley, where they were fought at every step throughout the fall, winter and spring, almost every method of extermination being used, and at the present time every walk, tree and house is covered. It becomes a serious consideration as to whether the moths can ever in any way be exterminated with the present methods. With the heavily wooded hills on either side of the town, forming places of comparative safety for the pests, will it not be necessary for town and individuals to continue the expenditure of large amounts year after year and apparently indefinitely? Our foliage must be preserved, but it seems that it must be through the discovery of some parasite which will work more thoroughly than any human methods yet devised.—*Winchester Star.*

The Woburn JOURNAL has been saying for a dozen years that the moth cannot be exterminated by human efforts. Why, then, a State Commission? Why so much money wasted? More moths now than ever before.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Burlington.

The thunderstorm here last Tuesday was a severe one, but not much damage was done by it.

Our people are well pleased with the order from the Post Office Department allowing them to make their own letter-boxes, subject to the approval of the Post Master General, although this latter might just as well have been left to the decision of the supplying office at Woburn, the incumbent of which, from his proximity to the boxes, interest in the service, and ability to make personal inspection, is better able to judge of their sufficiency than the men in Washington. But we are glad of the order, anyhow.

The dead body found in the bushes on the Bedford road in this town by Lester B. Skelton early last Tuesday morning, and, by order of the Woburn police, removed by undertakers Tripp of Woburn, was that of Harry H. Bryant of Somerville, 71 years old, who, in a fit of melancholly caused by loss of property and fear of poverty, had committed suicide by cutting his throat and slashing his wrists, after drinking the contents of a bottle containing whiskey, laudanum and morphine which he bought at Somerville before starting out with suicidal intent. He was once a prosperous business man of Somerville, but lost his property in business enterprises that failed, and became despondent. His wife is a teacher in one of the Charlestown schools. The remains were taken to his home for burial.

### Literary Notices.

Patriotism breathes from both cover and contents of the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY. The front cover page is a reproduction of Willard's famous picture, The Spirit of 1776, the original painting of which is owned by the town of Marblehead and sacredly preserved in its public library. A person was recently prosecuted for surreptitiously taking a photograph of it. The A. B. for this month overflows with stories and other good things, and has nearly 100 fine pictures. $1 a year.

Summer Days in Rouen, is the leading feature of the contents of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for July. T. J. Dillon, who saw much of the late Michael Davitt, during his visits to America, contributes personal recollections of the Irish leader. The Rev. Hugh F. Blunt describes The Jesuates, and Rev. John Talbot Smith has a review of conditions on the stage After the Play. Catholic Royalties is a sketch of Prince Albert and the Princess Elizabeth of Belgium. The second instalment of The Desert and the Sown must quicken interest in Miss Minogue's serial. There are also some excellent short stories. Poems with much varied information in the departments, complete the midsummer number.

### WINCHESTER.

Our local papers are filled with the names of summer outers.

There were an unusual number of June weddings in this town last month.

Beggs & Cobb, tanners, are using a big steam truck. It weighs 6 tons.

There is to be a drinking fountain at the corner of Lebanon and Washington streets.

So many people have left here for vacation that our town seems dull and deserted.

Appearances indicate a lively building season here. Winchester is growing right along.

Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., filled the sacred desk at the Congregational church last Sunday.

Some of our citizens did not like it because the bells were silent on Independence Day. Tastes differ.

Whitfield Tuck favors the nomination of the Great Commoner, Bryan, for President. That settles it!

William Parkman Lodge of Masons have closed up business for the summer. The next meeting will be held in September.

Is not the late reduction of charges for electricity by the Edison Co. a tacit confession that they have been too high heretofore?

Muzzled dogs are soon to have their liberty restored. Nobody any longer has fears of hydrophobia. The dogs will rejoice to get rid of their nose-pieces once more.

It seems as though the moths were worse than ever this summer. Myriads of them cover forest and fruit trees everywhere, and all efforts to destroy them seem to be fruitless.

The Metropolitan Park Board of Commissioners have decided not to give this town any outdoor band concerts this summer. The appropriation for them is to be expended at the beaches.

HOW'S THIS?

Let us help you ease up on the trials and vexations of a hot day baking by supplying your table with CREAMALT BREAD, the oval loaf. Just think how this would lighten your burden when baking comes round, and besides, you will like Creamalt, it is really delicious. Fresh every day at your grocer's.

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
BOSTON.

Friction between the Selectmen and the Arlington Gas Co. has resulted in a refusal by the latter to extend their mains. It would appear to an outsider that the Selectmen ask only what is fair and right of the Co.

No wonder our people complain of being taxed several hundred dollars for the support of band concerts at the beaches and this town left out. We are as much entitled to the concerts as the beaches, and our taxes for them ought to count for something.

The controversy between our Selectmen and the Arlington Gas Co. seems to be as far from settlement as ever. The bone of contention does not appear to be a great or serious one, but it is claimed that principles are involved that should be settled in the right way.

It is expected that a hearing will be had this month on the petition of our citizens for cheaper electricity by the Gas Commission. The late reduction in charges for lighting by the Edison Co. may obviate the necessity for a hearing; but unless it is a substantial decrease the petition will be prosecuted before the Commissioners.

It is said that the McKay plant, recently vacated, has been sold to the Puffer Manufacturing Co. of Boston, makers of soda fountains, and will be occupied by them about July 20. The assessed value of the estate, exclusive of a large amount of machinery, is between $80,000 and $90,000. The Puffer Co. will employ in the neighborhood of 300 hands.

### Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 50c.

### English Settles.

The "genuine English settles" often offered in shops are viewed with discretion by travelers who have seen such belongings in old English farmhouses. On their native heath they are of solid oak, fully five feet high and running quite across the great kitchens. They are black with time and are apt to be well seasoned with ham fat. The duty of the settle is fourfold. It is the family seat, and, as the bench part can be raised, in the drawers beneath are kept the family rags for weaving. Above the seat is the family hat rack. The upright is double, and in the recess thus formed the family bacon is hung, doors opening from behind into this cupboard. The dainty affairs we know as English settles are toys compared to the actual thing.—New York Post.

### Destroying Money.

Paper money is nothing but a promise to pay so much coin. If you destroy a five dollar note, for instance, you simply release the government or the bank which issued the note from the payment of the $5 in gold which the note called for. Of course, therefore, you are not punishable in any manner for destroying the note if it is your own. There is no penalty for mutilating gold or silver coin if you keep it in your own possession, but as you have thereby destroyed a considerable part of its value you must not try to pass it at par after the mutilation.

### Too Suggestive.

In a small town in California a hospital was erected on Salsipuedes street, and the board of directors, in lieu of something better, suggested that the hospital bear the name of the street. One more cautious than the rest suggested that it would be well to know the meaning of such a name before making indiscriminate use of it, and it is to this man that the success of the hospital is due, for on finding that Salsipuedes meant "get out if you can," the name was hastily changed to something less suggestive of "who enters here, leaves hope behind."—Argonaut.

### Altered In Repairing.

A man in Chicago, says a writer in Judge, found himself in the chair of a strange barber, to whom his features, although unfamiliar, seemed to carry some reminiscent suggestion.

"Have you been here before?" asked the hair cutter.

"Once," said the man.

"Strange I do not recognize your face."

"Not at all," said the man. "It changed a good deal as it healed."

### To See Plainly.

The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one.—Ruskin.

### Nerve.

"You don't even dress me decently," she cried. "I'm going home to papa."

"All right," replied Doolits. "You might say to him also that I need a new suit myself."

### Tart.

Stella—He told me I looked sweet enough to eat.

Bella—He doubtless meant you were well preserved.—New York Sun.

Alfred de Musset once said, "None laugh better and oftener than a woman with fine teeth."

*To the Honorable the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex:—*

Your petitioner, the Winchester Rock and Brick Company, a corporation duly established by law, respectfully represents that the City Council of the City of Woburn in said County, have consented to the construction by your petitioner of a railroad for private use in the transportation of freight across and upon the way or travelled place in said Woburn known as Holton street at a point within one hundred freet from the Winchester town line and at the same level as said street; and further have consented that steam power be used on said road.

That the City Council of the City of Woburn by the provisions of Section 13 of Chapter 172 of the Laws of 1897 (City Charter) have all the powers of Boards of Aldermen under the general laws of the Commonwealth.

That a plan of the proposed location of said railroad is filed with this petition and made a part thereof; said plan being entitled "Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division, Track for Winchester Rock and Brick Company near Montvale Station, Woburn. Scale 1 in. 100 feet. Feb. 1906. R. H. Rich, N. B. 22 P. 36-109."

WHEREFORE your petitioner respectfully asks that your Honorable Board, after due notice to all persons interested and a hearing, adjudge that public necessity requires the crossing of said Holton street by said railroad for private use at the same level as said street; and also that your Honorable Board make a decree authorizing and requiring your petitioner to construct its road in such manner as shall be prescribed in the decree.

WINCHESTER ROCK AND BRICK CO.
By Henry E. Adams, Pres't

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the First Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1906.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioner gvie notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Winchester Highland Station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, Cross street, Winchester, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of July, next, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, by publishing a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least before said view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.
Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

### Notice of Co-partnership.

The undersigned members of the coal and wood firm of J. R. Carter & Co. and Eames & Carter have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Carter, Eames & Carter. All outstanding accounts of the individual firms may be settled at the office of the new firm, 335 Main street.

JOHN R. CARTER
HENRY M. EAMES
ALFRED T. CARTER
Woburn, July 9, 1906

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

### NOTICE

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, June 28, 1906.

Pursuant to the Rules of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts, notice is hereby given that W. Frederic Davis, Jr., of Woburn, in said district, has applied for admission as an Attorney and Counsellor of such Circuit Court.

ALEX. H. TROWBRIDGE, Clerk.
By L. C. Tucker, Deputy Clerk.

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You can help yourself make your vacation more pleasant by preventing tan, etc.

Our Almond Cream Lotion
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is the combination for keeping the face and hands soft and in healthy condition.

If you are already sunburned use Carbocea 20c. jar. It heals very quickly.

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Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
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Of all sorts are happily commemorated by a gift of silver. We have quantities of beautiful and useful articles in both sterling and long wearing plate.

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Fine Repairing in all it branches.

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is none too good for any of us on the day we celebrate. You can have that kind of a cut by buying your

Roasts for July 4th

from our market. Leave your order and we will book it and send at whatever hour you say.

It's a choice piece of meat we're going to send you, but prices will be no higher.

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406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

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Get Your Printing Done
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# "VIRGINIA of WASHINGTON"

By Eleanor Austin Harris

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

"Hasn't he nice blue eyes?" said Miss Dressel.

"Horrors, child! Don't you say such things out loud! What if he should understand English?"

"Impossible, Aunt Ellen. German blondness, reading a German paper, traveling in a German train with baggage marked 'A. von S., Bremen.'"

"Virginia! What does possess you? I never heard you talk so."

Miss Dressel laughed a hearty American laugh. "I am so glad to shake the dust of Europe off my feet that I can't keep it in. I'm so glad we're headed for Hamburg, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, America and Washington that—that—well, honestly I should like to kick the epaulets off the guard's gorgeous blue and gold uniform. Don't faint, Aunt Ellen. I'll stop and not say another word for an hour."

For an hour and five minutes Miss Dressel sat silent, ostensibly watching the valleys, the German gables, the green of meadows and forests, as they swept by. For an hour and five minutes their young German fellow traveler read his German paper, and for an hour and five minutes Miss Ellen Vanstrum enjoyed perfect peace of mind. Then Miss Dressel coughed, and Miss Vanstrum inwardly caught her breath.

"Aunt Ellen," said Miss Dressel, lazily waving her hand toward the scenery as if she were discussing it—"Aunt Ellen, do you know that young man has a dreadfully nice face, even if he is a German. Oh, don't look shocked. Just gaze out the window as if I were talking about the scenery, and he will never know the difference. I've been looking at him off and on for the last hour. Just see what a nice firm mouth he has. He's so well groomed too. Just look at his finger nails. Oh, Aunt Ellen, I wish you wouldn't gasp so. I like his looks better than any foreigner I have seen in the five years we have spent in Europe. Really, I shouldn't mind being married if I could get such a handsome, well groomed man as he is.

"Virginia, oh, Virginia!" groaned Mrs. Vanstrum. "It's—it's indecent to talk about a man like that when he can't understand."

"Don't jiggle your pompadour crooked, Aunt Ellen," said Miss Dressel calmly. "Don't worry. If he understood English he would have betrayed himself long ago. He might be a chunk of pink and white and yellow taffy for all he understands of the English language. Thank goodness, Aunt Ellen, here we are almost at Hamburg. Here, let me tie your veil. You are getting it on crooked. No, let me carry the suit case. It's a young house. Now for my last fee—almost—on foreign soil."

The train had hardly come to a long screeching stop in the great station at Hamburg when the door of the carriage was jerked violently open and a young man pulled the German out with a hearty grip, exclaiming in English:

"We're in luck. There was a stateroom unengaged on the Kaiser Wilhelm, and we can sail four days earlier than we expected. Good luck, man! Why don't you say something instead of looking at me like a dazed idiot?"

The German pulled himself together with a noticeable effort and began to stammer out something in German, when the other interrupted him impatiently.

"Aw, cut that out! You know perfectly well I can't understand a word of German. Never mind, come along!"

The young German flushed red, and with one appealing look straight into the eyes of the astonished Miss Dressel he picked up his suit case and was soon lost to view in the hurrying throng.

Miss Dressel silently picked up her luggage, carefully avoiding her aunt's eye, and for a minute after leaving the carriage she looked helplessly about her. Then the label "Berlin" on a carriage caught her eye, and without a word to her puzzled relative she took her by the arm, raced her across the station and pushed her in, stumbling in herself, just as the guard put his hand on the door to close it.

"Why—what—where"— said Miss Vanstrum.

"I don't know," said her niece desperately, "but most anywhere out of Hamburg."

"But our steamer!" gasped Miss Vanstrum.

"What's losing a steamer, Aunt Ellen, compared with my peace of mind? I'd no more sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm now than I'd fly. Aunt Ellen, you're a jewel not to say, 'I told you so,' nor even to look it."

"You haven't given me time," laughed Miss Vanstrum, "but I must say I certainly think it. There, I'm glad we're off at last. I don't think I myself care to come face to face with that young fellow again."

* * * * * * * *

It was the evening of the last musicale of the season at the White House, and an unwonted air of anticipation pervaded the brilliant throng as it gathered in the great east room.

"They say she has one of the finest voices ever heard off the stage," said the wife of a South American diplomat. "But the family is one of the kind they call here 'F. F. V.' and will not let her accept any of the offers she has had for grand opera. This is her only appearance in public since she returned from Europe. There's Anton von Stosch. Did you ever see any one so eager to go everywhere as that man is? He's simply crazy about meeting Americans."

"American women strangers, you should say," laughed a man wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor. "You can get Tony von Stosch to go anywhere just by hinting that some 'new girls' will be there."

"They say at the German legation that by actual count Tony von Stosch has met 800 'new girls' since the season opened. And he's still going."

As the ripple of merriment greeting this expression of the well known foible of the popular Anton von Stosch died away some one said: "Hush. The programme begins."

For some time Anton von Stosch watched the artists come and go, his face wearing an unwonted look of weariness and discouragement. For months he had sought diligently for the two American women who called Washington their home, who had been his fellow travelers from Berlin to Hamburg on that fateful August day. More than once he had followed a lithe, active girl with glinting chestnut hair, only to find it was a stranger instead of "Virginia of Washington," as he had come to call her. Day after day, night after night, he had followed the whirl of the social wheel, but never had he found a clew to their identity. He had spent hours poring over the city directory, but never a young Virginia nor an elderly Ellen proved to be the first bearers of the names he had met so oddly.

As a ripple of enthusiastic applause greeted the appearance of the star of the evening Anton von Stosch raised his eyes and then grew rigid as he saw "Virginia of Washington" in the flesh, smiling acknowledgment to the enthusiasm. One long look to assure himself it was really she, and Anton von Stosch sat back in his chair with folded arms and a look of content upon his face such as it had not worn in all the months since he had arrived at the German legation. No sooner was the programme ended than he made his way to the blue room where Miss Dressel was holding court and without delay sought an introduction.

"Oh!" said Miss Dressel, her hand poised halfway toward his. "Why—oh, I'm glad to meet you, I'm sure," she ended lamely as she saw her exclamation and gesture had attracted attention. Anton von Stosch looked straight into her eyes as he took her hand.

"I am glad to meet you—again," he said quietly. "I have hunted this town over to find you. May I call tomorrow?"

"I—I—oh, I really don't know," said Miss Dressel. Then she began to laugh almost hysterically. "It's all too absurd—and I can't talk about it now—and please don't get offended, but I was so surprised and"—

"I'll wait," said Anton von Stosch, quietly falling back. "It is quite enough to know that I have found you at last."

Though he spoke no more to her that evening, Miss Dressel was well aware that he followed her from group to group and from room to room, as if fearful of losing sight of her. As the door of her carriage was snapped shut his face appeared in the opening, and he said quietly, but firmly:

"I shall do myself the honor to call upon you tomorrow afternoon."

Had Anton von Stosch been less eager or determined he would have waited until the conventional hour of calling and possibly have missed Miss Dressel for his conventionality, but as it was he arrived so early and unexpectedly upon the scene that he was ushered into the library where she sat.

"I don't know how they do things in America," he said after the first greetings, "but I'm not going to lose any more time. I desire much that you should be my wife," he said simply, dropping unconsciously into the German idiom.

Miss Dressel had seen the night before just what the intentions of Anton von Stosch were, and she had been trying to make up her mind whether to let the affair run its course or to evade the issue by another flight. She was taken wholly unawares by the expeditiousness of his attack.

"But I've only seen you three times in my life!" she gasped. "I can't consider anything of the kind from a man I know so little as that."

"You don't love another?" said Anton von Stosch, growing pale.

"No," said Miss Dressel, "but"—

"Then I'll make my fight," said Anton von Stosch, "and I mean to win. It's life or death to me—and no man who is a man will give up his life without a struggle."

That was the beginning of one of the prettiest courtships that ever crossed the horizon of Washington life, and since Anton von Stosch was a gentleman as well as a man of promise in his chosen career the June wedding bells rang merrily over smiles and happiness and genuine good wishes.

### A Saving Scheme.

There was a struggling writer in the front studio and a struggling artist in the back. The struggling artist was very nice to the struggling writer for a time. He even helped her wash her windows once. Then it came about that one Friday he saw that she had a well filled envelope which contained some fives.

"I wish," said he, "that you would lend me one of those fives. I'm hard up this week. I will pay you back next."

The struggling writer knew all about those "next weeks" of the struggling artists.

"I would," said she, "but I am afraid I will lose your friendship if I do. Things like that have happened to me."

He looked at her sternly.

"You'll lose it if you don't," said he and set his teeth hard.

"Well, anyway," returned she, with a sigh, "I'll save my five."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Tropical Skies.

To northern eyes the intense brilliancy of the tropical and semitropical sky comes as a revelation. Sometimes at noon it is painfully dazzling, but the evening is a vision of prismatic light holding carnival in the air, wherein Milton's "twilight gray" has no part. Unless the sky is held in the relentless grip of a winter storm the orient holds no gray in its evening tones; these are translucent and glowing from the setting of the sun until the stars appear. In Greece we are dreamers in that subtle atmosphere, and in Egypt visionaries under the spell of an ethereal loveliness where the filigree patterning of white dome and minaret and interlacing palm and feathery pepper tree leaves little wonder in the mind that the ornamentation of their architecture is so ravishing in its tracery.—Century.

### The Scented Court.

"The scented court" was the name by which the court of Louis XV. was known throughout Europe, on account of the rage for perfumes which then prevailed in France. The expenditure of Mme. de Pompadour for this one branch of her toilet amounted to $100,000 annually. It became the fashion for the host or hostess of a great entertainment to signalize to their guests what particular perfume was to be employed for scenting their rooms on the night for which the invitations were issued, and they were expected to use no other, so that the delicate effect of a unity of odors might be produced. At court a different perfume was presented for each day of the week.

### Care of the Eyes.

On rising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water. Twenty passes are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading, etc., is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovably. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes warm water will soothe them of any inflammation.—Exchange.

## LACE BARK TREES.

### The Beautiful and Serviceable Dress Materials They Yield.

There are in all about half a dozen lace bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the Brusonetia papirifera, but it is not usually included among the real lace bark trees. In its natural state the real lace bark is of a delicate cream white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airily light. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like it is customary to piece two sheets of lace bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace bark if rolled into a thin string will all but resist human strength to break it.—New York World.

## UNCONGENIAL FLOWERS.

### Mignonette and Roses, For Instance, Will Not Mix.

The florist frowned as he took up an order for a table decoration. "That will never do," he muttered. After calling up the customer and suggesting a change, he told his new clerk a few things.

"You must never take an order that calls for a mixture of mignonette and roses," he said. "A centerpiece of those two flowers wouldn't last half through the luncheon. They simply wilt one another. I don't know why, but they can't get along together.

"It is true of many flowers. Pansies, for instance, last twice as long if they are not combined with any other flower, and the same may be said of violets. Jonquils and daffodils, on the other hand, seem to get a new lease of life if you combine considerable green with them. Carnations will go all to pieces if you combine them with roses, although the roses do not seem to be affected.

"It is more striking in combinations of green with flowers. If you try to use an entirely different type of foliage from what the flower is used to, it won't last so long. So I never put feathery foliage with lilies of the valley, for you know its natural foliage is a thick leaf. I never use thick leaves with carnations, for their foliage is of the feathery type. It isn't as though the flowers fought, but they seem to grieve at being misunderstood."—New York Press.

### A Lure For Cock Robin.

Two coins clinked together give so good an imitation of the robin's metallic note that this device has long been employed in England to attract the welcome "harbinger of spring." Formerly male robins were snared by the clinking of two copper pennies near a dummy bird. The dummy was perched on a twig smeared with bird lime, and cock robin, attracted by the sound and suspecting a rival, flew at him with blood in his eye. This is in violation of the bird laws in the United States, and no one who lives where robins make their home in confidence is likely to give the odd trick so unpleasant a finale. The clinking coppers serve a much more agreeable purpose as a means of rendering cock robin sociable.

### A Fortune In a Song.

Song writing is one of the most lucrative of occupations, provided one has the knack of appealing to the popular taste. The average writer stands a better chance of making money by producing pathetic rather than so called "comic" songs. "The Lost Chord" has made three or four fortunes. It has been the most lasting success on record, and for years Sir Arthur Sullivan, as composer, and Madam Antoinette Sterling, for whom it was specially written, received a royalty amounting to 12 cents each on every copy sold. It was a gold mine to the publishers too.

### Onion Soup and Fame.

Membership in the French academy, the hoped for reward of Gallic writers, was once closely associated with onion soup. During the restoration in France a club was formed under the title of "Diner de la Soupe a l'Onion." This organization contained twenty members. It met every three months, when the dinner was opened with an onion soup. The club was to endure until every associate was elected to the academy. This was accomplished in 1845, when the last banquet was held.

### Pat's Escape.

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, now, dear honey," said the other, "poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

### She Would.

"I'm going up to interview your wife," said the society reporter. "Do you suppose she'll talk?"

"Do I?" replied the husband. "Why, she'll be talking when your twenty-second edition comes out."

### A Vacancy Filled.

Gerald—I have a cold in my head.
Geraldine—Well, I suppose that is better than nothing.—New York Press.

### A Small Boy's Tears.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?"

"Boohoo! Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffen! Boohoo!"—Sporting Times.

### A Matter of Taste.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

### Dearer.

"George," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you as I was before we married?"

"I can't exactly tell," replied the husband absentmindedly. "I didn't keep any account of my expenses then."

We must be sure to give due weight to the good side of every event that has two sides.—Eliot.

## COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

### The Art Was Discovered Through the Merest Accident.

Every one has noticed on his visiting card the extremely delicate lines of his name, and almost every one knows that they are produced by printing from an engraved copperplate. Like many other things of use and beauty, this art of copperplate engraving was discovered through the merest accident by the goldsmiths of Florence in the fifteenth century. It is a historical fact, however, that one day an engraver on gold, wishing to take a proof of his work, made the usual sulphur cast and then filled up the lines with lampblack, thus enabling him to see exactly how his work looked. While occupied in doing this it occurred to him that possibly the same results could be obtained by filling up the original engraving with lampblack instead of making an impression of it and filling up that. Struck with the idea, he put it into practical use, and with a little damp paper succeeded in getting a fair impression from the engraving.

The discovery was communicated to other workers in the art, and they hailed it with joy, as it saved all the arduous trouble of making sulphur casts, but they never saw the full value of the discovery, and consequently the art of plate engraving lay for almost a century before its true import was discovered and brought out in all its great and beautiful results. Today collectors of plate engravings rave over the crude results of earlier times and search the world for examples of these early masters to add to their collections. Many of these collections have been presented to museums, where they may be seen and appreciated by the people.

## THE BEST SLEEP.

### It Is That Which One Cannot Avoid Without a Struggle.

When debating the question, How much sleep is needed? one must keep in mind that the best sleep, indeed, the only healthy kind, is that which one cannot avoid without a struggle. It is the sleep that always follows on weariness; it is not that which is obtained by difficulty. If a person slept for three hours right away and then awoke refreshed—that is, with no further inclination to sleep—he would not then be in need of it. His proper course would be to arise and engage in work. But he must be prepared to sleep at any time in the day when the longing occurs. To the latter rule there is one exception. Let us suppose that one has acquired the habit of sleeping half the night and lying half awake during the remaining half. Such a habit can be best broken by rising after the first sleep and refraining from a nap in the day. When the bed hour arrives the chances are that the victim of insomnia will be so sleep hungry that he will not wake until the proper hour for rising.

In any case it is a great mistake to turn over on the other side and remain in a half conscious state. Indeed, it is a more serious mistake than many would believe, says Home Notes. The brain is now in a peculiar state, more closely resembling the hypnotic than would be possible under any other normal conditions. Quite a lot might be written about the peculiar dangers and powers of this half waking state.

### Not to Be Found In the Reports.

A prominent Philadelphia lawyer was narrating to a younger advocate some of the delays and complications of a chancery suit in which he was engaged. "Bless me," said the junior advocate, "I never heard of anything parallel to that except Jarndyce versus Jarndyce." The other at once looked thoughtful and pretty soon, pleading an engagement, went off. The next morning he went into the younger man's office with an air of great vexation. "Look here!" he said. "Why can't you remember names accurately? Here I've spent the whole night trying to find that case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce that you mentioned, and there isn't any such case in the Pennsylvania law reports at all!"

### What "Paste" Is.

"Paste" from which imitation precious stones are made is widely known, but few are acquainted with the ingredients, though it is generally understood that the paste gains its brilliance from the lead it contains. Formulas vary for the paste, but all contain rock crystal, red lead, carbonate of potash, borax and white arsenic. It is required that these articles shall be of a high grade of purity, as there is a considerable waste, so that the gems made from "strass," as the composition is technically known, are by no means inexpensive. The lead gives to the strass its brilliancy, while the rock crystal contributes brilliancy. A paste diamond cannot scratch glass and is thus easily detected, but colored stones are made of crystal alone that are considerably harder than glass. In the making of these a crystal stone is hollowed out and filled with some colored liquid, the orifice being closed with a plug of crystal, which is ground down so that there is no trace of the junction.

### Why the Eggs Didn't Hatch.

A famous Michigan egg raiser occasionally sells some of his product to his grocer, and some smart town people who thought they could get his eggs for hatching cheaper by buying from the grocer were disappointed when they found that none of the store eggs hatched out. Some one told the old man about the disappointment, and he expressed no surprise. He only said: "They should come to me for their setting eggs. Whoever hear o' buying settin' eggs in a grocer shop? When I sell eggs for eatin' I just dip the ends in boiling water—kill the germ. Them was eatin' eggs the grocer had. If these people want settin' eggs they should come to me honest like."

### Eating Snails.

Four Britons ate snails at a French restaurant in Brighton, England, not long ago. Their experiences are described as follows: "In due course the plates appeared, each bearing half a dozen snail shells of a dingy white. A slender two pronged fork accompanied each dish. With this the snails were jerked out, their big black horns coming first, accompanied by a small eruption of gravy. One of the experimenters looked critically at the uninviting object at the end of his fork, then he shut his eyes and popped it into his mouth. His teeth met on something yielding, but tough, rather suggestive of india rubber. All four epicures manfully ate their six snails."

### Happens Sometimes.

A man and wife shouldn't take themselves too seriously. There's such a thing as falling out by sheer force of gravity.—Puck.

Gilding the whistle will not raise the steam.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 15.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke x, 25-37. Memory Verses, 33, 34—Golden Text, Matt. v, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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We are now to have six consecutive lessons in the gospel by Luke in matters recorded only by him. This first one is prefaced by the sending forth of the seventy, the record of their successful mission, their return and report of the same to the Lord, evidently with great surprise that even the demons were subject to them through His name. Our Lord's reply, "Rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven" (verse 20), shows what an all important thing this is in His sight. When we note that the lake of fire will be the portion of all whose names are not in that book of life (Rev. xx, 15), we may see how serious a matter it is. Jesus rejoiced in spirit and thanked His Father that these things were revealed only to babes, and told the disciples that they were blessed because they had seen these things (verses 21-24). Our lesson introduces us to one who was not a babe, but rather wise and prudent in his own estimation. Perhaps he had overheard or some one had told him of the saying about names written in heaven, and he may also have heard of the works wrought by the seventy and supposed that heaven was a reward for those works; hence his "What shall I do?" Not understanding (for how could he, being only a natural man, I Cor. ii, 14) that works approved by God can only be wrought by saved people having eternal life, he asks what he must do. A similar question was asked by the rich young ruler (Mark x, 17), and something very like it is found in John vi, 28. In each case the answer is suited to the questioner, for He knew all men and what was in man (John ii, 24, 25).

A lawyer was supposed to know the law, so Jesus asked him: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" (Verse 26.) What is written is the all important question, for since "the Lord hath spoken" (Deut. xxxii, 1; Isa. i, 2) there is nothing more to be said. There is only one correct way to read what is written (Neh. viii, 8), and to do this we must take all in its plain obvious sense. The lawyer answered right, giving a correct summary of the law, quoting from Deut. vi, 5; Lev. xix, 18, and our Lord commended his reply and applied it, saying, "This do and thou shalt live." Our Lord Himself gave the same summary of the law in reply to the question of another lawyer (Matt. xxii, 35-40). But there is no life by the law, for the law is absolutely perfect, and man is wholly sinful and cannot keep it, and all that the law can do is to show man his sin and bring him in guilty before God that he may plead guilty and be saved by grace (Gal. iii, 21, 22; Rom. iii, 19-24).

When the rich ruler had the law set before him, he did not feel condemned, but said, "All these have I kept from my youth up" (Luke xviii, 21; Mark x, 20). The man in our lesson did not say he had kept the law, but he did not feel like pleading guilty, so attempted to justify himself by inquiring, Who is my neighbor? We do one of two things always, either justify or condemn ourselves before God (Luke xvi, 15); the latter is the only right thing to do, and when our eyes are opened it is the one thing we will do. See Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5. It is the work of the spirit to convince of sin (John xvi, 8), and we should covet a deep conviction, for only then will we appreciate the Saviour and His great salvation. Patiently our Lord illustrates to the lawyer the meaning of neighbor by the story known as that of the good Samaritan, and, drawing from him an answer as to which of the three was a real neighbor, His application was, "Go and do thou likewise" (verse 37), for all commands to the unsaved to "do" are intended to show us our inability to obey and lead us to Him who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4). The only rest for sinner or saint is in ceasing from our own work to rest in His finished work, and then, being redeemed, let Him work His works and live His life in us (Heb. iv, 3, 10; Gal. ii, 20; Phil. ii, 13; Eph. ii, 10).

From Jersualem to Jericho is down grade, and many are on that road regardless of the leader of all thieves and robbers, the roaring lion who is ever seeking to devour and to destroy. Those who turn away from God's peace to man's pleasant city of palm trees are sure to fall into sore trouble and find few to pity or help. The priest and the Levite both suggest the law, which is powerless to help; the Samaritan is a despised person in the eyes of a Jew and suggests Him who is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief (Isa. liii, 3).

A study of each of the ten things said of the Samaritan in verses 33, 34, will prove most helpful and all suggestive of our blessed Lord and Saviour. He came where we were dead in our sins, did everything for us and puts us in His own place. He gives healing and joy and makes provision for us all the way. Then He is coming again (verse 35) and will reward all who, like Himself, have walked as He walked (Rev. xxii, 12; Luke xiv, 14). If we follow Him fully, being saved by His blood, we shall be despised as he was (Luke x, 16), but shall have abundant opportunity to prove that we are neighbors to those who need us, as in this lesson, or as in Ex. xii, 4, sharing the redemption Lamb with them, or as in Luke xv, 9, having them rejoice with us over the lost found.

### Jack Tar, Humorist.

There's never any telling what our bluejackets will do when "out for a lark." A number of them were in Londonderry a week or two ago, and a couple of them, walking along Foyle street, noticed a woman standing on the footpath with a baby in her arms. One of the "tars" in passing snatched the baby out of her arms and made off at full speed toward the Great Northern railway. For a moment the astonished mother stood in bewilderment. She then raised an alarm and ran screaming after the bluejacket. He was joined by others, who seemed to appreciate the joke immensely. The whole body rushed through street after street, the mother still pursuing. In Ferryquay street the "tars" halted, dashed into a shop, bought a perambulator, placed the child in it and retraced their steps at a rattling pace until they met the infuriated mother. They then pulled up, quieted her fears and handed her over her child in the handsome new perambulator, which she wheeled off in pride and triumph, the bluejackets meantime cheering.—London Answers.

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### Leather Breeches.

A hundred and fifty years ago the farm hands and house servants of England were clothed in leather. A good pair of leather breeches was said to pass from father to son as an heirloom. Then a boy went to school as well protected as an armored cruiser. The author of "Didisburye in the '45'" offers some observations upon these articles of common wear: The test of a good pair was to try if they would stand upright of themselves when nobody was in them. If they would do so they were good, strong stuff and likely to last for many years. My father remembered a prentice lad coming to his father, whose fond mother had provided him with such a pair, and they were the means of a "vast of fun" in a game that is unknown in these days—that is, for the boys to set the breeches upright and then jump into them without touching them with the hands. It was probably a pair of such leather breeches that the Windsor boy was wearing when George III. asked him if he did not know that the man before him was the king.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Then why don't you go on your knees, and you might kiss the king's hand," said the king.

"Because I'd spoil my breeches."

### An Ancient Dog Story.

A delightful dog story has been exhumed from the misty past and is now preserved in the records of an old court at Southampton, England. It dates from 1587 and must be told in the quaint terminology of the period: "Item we present yt at the tyme of our sytting ther hath ben complaynt made of another dogg, betwene a masty & a mungerell, of Peter Quoyte's which hath strong qualyties by himselfe, which goying lose abrode doth many times offend the neyghbors & wyll fetch out of ther howses whole peces of meate, as loynes of mutton & veal & such lyke & a pasty of venison or a whole pownde of candells at a tyme, & wyll not spoyle yt by the way but carry yt whole to his masters howse, which being a profytable dogg for his master, yet because he is offensyffe to many yt is not sufferable, wherfor his master hath forfeyt for every time 3 shillings 4 pence [83 cents]. And be yt comaunded to kepe him tyed or to putt him away upon payn to forfeyte for every tyme he shal be found in the streets 3 shillings 4 pence."

### Well Upholstered Furniture.

When Paradise Corner organized its woman's club it was determined that everything should be done in the most businesslike way. "My husband makes so much fun of women's meetings," said one of the youngest members. "He says women never remember to say 'Mrs. President' or speak of 'the chair' or 'the secretary'—that is, he says they are liable to forget at any time and mention names instead, but I told him we shouldn't, any of us.

"Why, as I told him, we are so particular that when we had that extra meeting at Miss Lowden's, and it was so hot and Miss Ransom looked about baked in her new coat, Miss Lowden feels so strongly that we mustn't ever run to careless ways of speech that she said, 'Wouldn't it be wiser for the chair to remove its coat, though it is so awfully becoming to it?' And it really did sound a little queer till you thought it over."—Youth's Companion.

### Social Dictionary.

"Society" is now a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may overeat themselves at the expense of their friends.—Life.

### Too Personal.

"What caused you to strike the customer?"

"He sets down, an' when I asts him what it'll be," explained the new waiter, "he sez, 'You ain't got no brains, have you?' an' then I soaked him one."

### A Change of Climate.

His Wife—John, dear, the doctor says I need a change of climate. Her Husband—All right. The weather prophet says it will be colder tomorrow.

Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish.—Quintilian.

### The Clyde at Glasgow.

There are magnificent harbors in the old world which have been dug out of shallow sloughs and sluggish ditches. The Elbe at Hamburg is a narrow and insignificant stream compared with the great rivers of this western world. Yet for some score of miles down the Elbe from Hamburg to the sea this river's shores are lined with the seagoing craft of all the maritime nations of the world. Where Glasgow is situated, on the Clyde, that stream was once what is known in America as "a creek." Yet the Clyde has been dredged out until today the leviathans of peace and war, the great sea monsters of the transatlantic lines, the creations of the great captains of the shipbuilding industry, are built and launched there month after month, year after year. So narrow is the Clyde at Glasgow that these ships, some of them five and six hundred feet in length, cannot be launched head to the stream, as is the custom, but are launched broadside on for fear they should run their bows into the opposite bank.—Argonaut.

### A Bride of Morocco.

Says an observer of conditions in modern Morocco: "The wife is bought in Morocco today, and the sum paid is agreed upon between her father and the would be husband. Sometimes a cow may be sufficient to procure a bride, at other times many cattle and several dollars are necessary for her purchase. The bride is, of course, dressed in suitable costume, but the most interesting part of her toilet to a stranger is the decoration of henna. The henna, pounded and mixed with lemon juice, is sometimes painted directly on to her face, arms, hands and legs. At other times a stencil pattern it put on her flesh and the perforated holes filled up with the henna. By the time this is completed she is tattooed with a dark design. Society women in more enlightened countries who wear lace blouses in a hot summer sun often find their arms and neck burned into a pattern which has much the same effect as the henna tattoo on the poor little Moorish maid."

### How the Burro Eats Thistles.

The Rocky mountain burro, one of the most sagacious of animals, seeks the thistle as a favorite food, and the pungent spines with which it protects its leaves at every angle are doubtless a recognition on its part of this fondness of grazing animals for it. Few experiences of frontier life are more amusing than to watch the donkey's attack upon a large bull thistle. He walks about it, seeking for a favorable opening, projects his lip gingerly against its spines and jerks back as he feels its pricks. He surveys it pensively for a moment or two and then slowly raises his foot and strikes it, pausing to watch the effect of the blow. He then perhaps strikes it from the other side and watches again. The blows become rapid, and at length it is broken down and thoroughly trampled, after which it is consumed to the last vestige.—Country Life In America.

### A Homiletical Repeater.

"It was in a small German congregation that I heard a preacher who when he had completed his introduction and first point said, 'I have come to the second head.' A man rose, rubbed his eyes, folded his arms across his breast and appeared ready for that head. When it was finished he had overcome the drowsiness and sat down. During the elucidation of the third head three other men stood up. At the close of his sermon the preacher found all his people asleep. As he stopped they all looked up and seemed greatly relieved. But the good man said, 'You have slept all through the sermon, and as this is a sermon you all ought to hear I will begin it anew.'"—Ecclesiastical Review.

### The Face.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, lining it at each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—Addison.

Business Cards.

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### The Price.

Whenever I have heard people railing at the vast fortunes of some of the California millionaires, says an English writer, I have always replied that no man became a millionaire in the early history of California who had not earned his money. Many of them had the courage to face. I remembered an old Irishman named Bill Dunphy bringing home the dangers which these pioneers had encountered when he told me how he and a companion had fared in a journey across the continent. The companion injured his leg. Dunphy had to cut it off with an ax and then, going forward through the dark untraced woods to search for the trail and for food, had to leave his friend behind by the side of a stream and with a single tin of biscuits to keep him up. I saw what the pioneers of 1849 had faced, and I never begrudged them such rewards, however great, as fortune had afterward bestowed upon them.

### Linen Makes Rice Paper.

The rice plant contributes nothing toward the manufacture of rice cigarette papers. Rice paper bought by the cigarette merchants of Egypt and Turkey is made only from perfectly new trimmings of linen and mostly comes from English and French mills. The celebrated Chinese rice paper is made from the pith of a tree about five feet high. A sharp knife pares the pith into cylinders of uniform thickness, which are then unrolled and pressed flat out into so called rice paper. By the way, Egyptian cigarettes contain no Egyptian tobacco, for since 1890 the cultivation of the tobacco plant has been forbidden in Egypt. The working and blending of the leaf that the Caireans are so justly celebrated for is done in Egypt, but the tobacco import comes entirely from Turkey.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 34.

## Business Cards.

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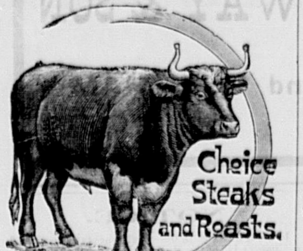

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

**Summer Arrangement.**
**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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## Senorita Rita

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"So you are going home, senor?" The girl looked straight ahead at the wide sweep of level prairie pasture, her red lips parted in a smile—a most tantalizing, annoying smile Carruthers thought as he caught a glimpse of it sideways.

"Perhaps," he returned moodily. "I have stayed too long already."

"You do not like Texas, senor?"

"You did not call me senor last week." He bent toward her slightly, but she did not turn her head. "You called me—Jack."

She laughed and flashed a hasty glance at him from her soft, dark eyes.

"That was a long time ago—last week—but I will call you it again if you wish, Mr. Jack."

Carruthers did not notice the concession or her gay scorn. He stared out to where the cattle browsed—a sea of still, brown waves, hundreds of them, motionless and peaceful in the morning sunrise. Here and there on the outskirts stood a figure of a horse with a silent rider watching the grazing herd. Carruthers' gaze swept over the mass until it rested on one herder at the extreme north. Even with the distance of nearly a mile between them he knew what the figure looked like, knew that it was watching them as he was watching it. It was not a pleasant knowledge.

"You have changed your mind, Senorita Rita," he said bitterly, "since Ramon came to the ranch. I was very happy—in Texas—until your old sweetheart appeared."

Rita laughed again, deliciously, warmly, with a full enjoyment of his mood.

"You are not tired of Texas, Mr. Jack," she said merrily. "You are tired of me—ah, yes, I say you are. You love me so madly, so entrancingly, until somebody else comes who also loves me so madly, so entrancingly, too; and then all at once you are jealous and distant and dissatisfied, and, presto, now, this minute, you say you will leave Texas, you will never, never come to the Fortuna ranch again. You are—what did you call me the day I cried when Pep broke his leg?—kid, that is it. You are a big, foolish kid, Mr. Jack. When a man loves he does not sulk and ride away. He stays and fights. See!" She held up her hand and snapped her small tanned fingers sharply in the air. "I would not give that for the silly kid lover who rides away. Ramon is a Mexican, but he is brave; he can fight. If I but let him know the least bit I loved him he would carry me off on his horse 'way, 'way south over there to Mexico. You would not carry me away to your home like that, would you, Mr. Jack?"

"I would carry you to the end of the world," retorted Carruthers.

"But not to your home?" she persisted.

"I have no home," said Carruthers. "When I came here to Texas I meant to stay even before I met you."

"But you are rich. Ramon says you could buy all of the Fortuna for a pastime if you cared for it. And the Fortuna is the richest ranch within a hundred miles of the border. There is no cattleman so rich as my father in Mexico."

She lifted her head with the little tilt of pride he knew well. Senorita Rita Riaz, heiress of the Fortuna, could well afford to lift her head a trifle higher than other girls. But to Carruthers the motion brought merely regret. He knew the truth about the Fortuna—knew what every Texan as far as San Antonio would know within a week—that old Diablo Riaz had squandered his wealth in gambling; that not a thing on the Fortuna was unmortgaged save his daughter, and even she, it was rumored, was pledged to Ramon Doranda in return for his promised assistance when the crash came.

Carruthers might have given the same assistance and claimed the same reward, but something within him revolted against making the hand of the girl he loved the stake in a transaction over old Riaz's gambling debts. If he could win her, if he could hold her promise freely from her own lips, then he felt free to buy up the whole Fortuna when the crash came and lay it at her feet. But she must be free to say yes or no. And she would say neither. She would only laugh.

"Have you told Ramon you would marry him?" he asked, with sudden curtness. The uncertainty was maddening to him.

"Why do you ask?" she answered teasingly.

"Rita," he pleaded, "be serious. If you do not"—

She raised her arm with a sudden, imperative gesture and pointed to the herd.

"Look!" she cried. "They are stampeding!"

Carruthers looked. The brown sea had suddenly stirred to life. Undulating, swaying, branching out loosely at the edges, it was lurching toward them. There seemed to be nothing rapid or swift about its coming. Carruthers thought, almost idly, of how it resembled the swing of a bunch of race horses rounding the end of the field, when the movement was so concerted, so deliberate, that it hardly seemed a movement. The herders were riding here and there in confusion. They seemed mere specks of helpless misdirection in the distance.

Rita's face had lost its color. She turned her horse about, the rein held short and tight in her clinched hand.

"We must race before them as they come," she said. "If the horses keep their strength they will not trample us."

But Carruthers had slipped from the saddle.

"It is sure death to try to ride with them," he answered. "Dismount and do as I tell you."

The stern masterfulness of his tone startled her. He had never spoken like that to her; no one had.

"Hold the horses," he ordered. She obeyed, watching him in breathless silence. The brown cloud on the prairie was becoming more and more distinct. There was a heavy, low rumble in the air like far off thunder. Carruthers drew a cigarette case from his pocket, and after hunting carefully he produced one match.

"That is the only one I have," he said. "Pray that it doesn't go out."

He struck it on the box. The faint flame wavered in the southeasterly breeze, caught the end of the cigarette and lit it. Before the match went out Carruthers smelled it and set fire to the grass. It was dry and yellow from the sun and caught the blaze with a snap. The wind fanned it, and a wavering line of thin smoke slid like a snake along the roots for several feet. The horses reared and kicked at the first whiff, and Carruthers seized the bridles from the girl.

"Take the cigarette," he said, handing it to her. "Keep it alight and set fire to the grass as far as you can reach in a straight line facing the north. The wind is from the southeast and will blow the fire toward the herd. It may turn them."

Holding the plunging, trembling horses, he watched her. There was no fear, no sign of weakness. She was alert and sure in her touch as she knelt here and there in the grass and fired it. As the cigarette failed she tore a bunch of grass, tied it with another wisp and set it blazing like a torch. In another minute a wall of smoke and smoldering flame closed them in from the rushing herd line.

"Come back," called Carruthers. The herd were not a quarter of a mile from them. He could see the leaders, heads down, and behind them line after line of tossing horns.

"Will they reach us?" whispered Rita as she stood close beside him, her face lifted to his.

"God knows; I don't," said Carruthers desperately. "It is all we can do."

"Jack, listen to me." There was a new light in her dark eyes, a new softened tone to her voice. "Ramon has done this. The herd has never stampeded before. He has done it for revenge upon you and me. Last night I told him no. I know about him and the claim he holds over the Fortuna and my father, but I would rather lose it all than"—

"Than what?" Carruthers let the bridles trail on the ground and held her close in his arms. The tremble of hundreds of hoofs shook the ground, the thunder grew louder, now and then there came a low, threatening bellow from some steer gored by its fellows in the onrush.

"Than lose you," Rita whispered as she closed her eyes to meet what might come.

The herd was on them, but as the leaders caught the first sickening whiff of smoke they hesitated and wavered. Low leaping tongues of flame flashed up before them and rolls of smoke curled upward.

The leaders swerved westward. After them plunged the frightened herd, maddened and scared at the smell of the fire. The two horses, loosened, joined them in the frantic gallop, and in less than three minutes the danger had passed, and on the blackened bit of land stood Carruthers and Rita alone.

"The river will stop them," said Rita. "Ramon—I know he has done this to harm you. You must leave the ranch. No one can say what he may do next."

Carruthers bent to pick up something from the ground. It was the stub of a cigarette. He placed it tenderly and carefully in his case before he spoke.

"I know what Ramon will do next, sweetheart. He will cross the border into his own land tonight or else land in the hands of the sheriff. I mean to stay in Texas, and there is not room for both of us."

"On the Fortuna?"

"On our ranch," he said. "I bought the Fortuna yesterday to make sure of Ramon and of my senorita."

### He Didn't Lie.

There is in the service of a Baltimore man an elderly darky who is much given to rebuking the mischievousness of his grandson, also in the employ of the Baltimorean. One day the latter chanced to overhear a conversation between the first and third generations, from which it was at once apparent that old Mose was scolding the boy for some trifling fault. The cross examination appeared unsatisfactory to old Mose, he suspecting the pickaninny of concealing something.

"Jackson Brown," said the grandfather sternly, "yo' is shore keepin' sumthin' back! 'Member what de good book says, chile!"

"Yassah," glibly responded the third generation; "I knows dat de Bible says yo' all mustn't lie, but it don't say yo' all got to tell de truf all de time!"—New York Times.

### Black Under the Eyes Explained.

"In the north country," so goes the story in "Sun Babies," by Cornelia Sorabja, "in the month of Kartik is worshiped by the women folks the great and terrible god Bhishma. Lighted lamps must be placed at the crossroads of the village, under the sacred fig tree, at the shrine of Shiva, and one little lighted lamp is sent adrift on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is good to rub the black from the wicks under the eyes. It keeps away the evil one. So that is the reason to this day we women put the black beneath the eyes."

### An Optimist Hotel Keeper.

Hotel Keeper—What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill? Waiter—Such monstrous prices he never saw. We were an abominable gang of thieves. Hotel Keeper—Good. So he didn't become abusive, then?—Fliegende Blatter.

### Why She Took Him.

Mother—Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention? Daughter—Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.

### Implicit Trust.

"Do you trust your husband implicitly in all things?"

"What a question! Of course I do—to a certain extent."—Stray Stories.

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**True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.**

## SPELLING REFORM.

### The Phonetic Phenomena of the Word "Phenix."

They were talking about spelling reform and the idiosyncrasies of English spelling in general.

"There's that very word 'phonetic,'" said one of the men. "That's a sample of English spelling. The reformers call their system the 'phonetic system,' and yet they have to spell 'phonetic' with a 'pho' in order to let people know what they mean. The very word that means 'spelled as pronounced' is as far from it as possible."

"Now, now!" drawled his friend. "You're too hard on the good old English speller. You ought to be proud of 'phonetic.' Why, that word is so trimmed down and sawed off and cut short that I wouldn't know it was English if I met it alone on a blank page. You ought to thank the language for that word. It is a beautiful word. That 'pho' might have been spelled like 'dough' and the 'net' like 'ette' in 'rosette' and the 'ic' like 'liq' in 'liquor.' That would be a good old style English word—phoughnetteiq. But it is coming! Phonetic spelling is coming! Look at the word 'phenix.' It is spelled 'phenix' everywhere now, and I remember it always used to be 'phoenix.' That 'o' has gone. That shows"—

"Nothing!" said the objector. "What does it show? That the phenix is a bird. Isn't the phenix a bird? Yes! Well, that round thing you say was an 'o' was an egg. That's all. 'Twas just an egg, and the phenix laid the egg. That's all."—Success Magazine.

## THE ESKIMO.

### He Has No Master and Is Absolutely Independent.

There are no chieftains in the Eskimo community. They all regard themselves as free men, with an equal right to hunt, fish, sleep and eat. Everybody shifts for himself. He is absolutely and unconditionally independent. His only ambition is to be a good hunter and to rear sons who will inherit his skill with lance and harpoon. He has helped himself against the elements for centuries, and the white man descending on his shores ostensibly to confer the blessings of civilization has never been able to improve his condition, but only to detract from the old time happiness and advantages of the aboriginal Eskimo community. The natural helpfulness of the Eskimo is the basis of the socialistic state in which he lives. He will risk his life to save that of another, even his enemy. He will share the spoils of the hunt with his neighbors. If his neighbor dies and his wife is left alone with children he will provide for her until she marries again. He does not slander or tell tales; he does not abuse any one, and he does not fight. He is a man of peace. He loves peace for its own sake, and his life is one long, laborious attempt at happiness for himself and his people.—Chicago Chronicle.

### How the Katydid Sings.

Everybody is familiar with the rasping notes known as the katydid's "song." It is the male only that is capable of emitting the well known sounds, and he does it in a most peculiar manner. His "vocal organs" are at the base of his wings and consist of two flat excrescences of thin, dry membrane. It is the rubbing of these two membranous plates together which produces the "song." If your shoulder blades were so loosely put together that one could be slipped under the other and the underside of one and the upper side of the other were so rough that the operation of slipping them past each other would cause a rasping sound you could imitate the katydid's musical efforts very nicely.

### Why There Are So Many Smiths.

At the time of the adoption of surnames every artisan whose work required the striking blows on metal was known as a smiter or smith, and the community therefore had its blacksmith, whitesmith, goldsmith, silversmith, arrowsmith and several others of the same character. The number of Smiths of the present day may therefore be readily accounted for when we remember that each of the different kinds of smiths was as much entitled to the use of his trade name for a cognomen as any other artisan. John the blacksmith and John the coppersmith were both known as John the smith, an appellation which naturally resolved itself into the family name of John Smith.

### A Charge of Cruelty.

From time to time unfounded charges of cruelty are made against nurses, especially those engaged in mental asylums. A striking instance occurred recently in the case of a nurse at a county asylum. She was on visiting room duty, and a newcomer was asking people who had been visitors for some time as to the treatment of the patients.

"Oh," was the reply, "they treats the poor souls cruel here. Why, they gives 'em a bath every week!"

### Cynical.

"Pa, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a person who believes he will actually see a time when the law will be no respecter of persons."

"Will he be president when he sees that time come, pa?"

"No, my child; he will be in an asylum."—Baltimore American.

### Will Never Spend It.

"Now that his father is dead I suppose Charlie will spend all his money."

"Oh, no; he gets married tomorrow."—New York Times.

### And There Were.

"There are others."

"Yes, that's what the Mormon said when his wife died."—New York Press.

### Modest French Salaries.

Figures recently showing the daily salaries of certain magistrates have astonished some of our readers. The judge of the Seine receives, in fact, 8,000 francs ($1,600) a year and the procurator of the republic 20,000 francs ($4,000). But in the small tribunals the salaries are as follows: Judge, 3,000 francs ($600); paid substitute, 1,500 francs ($300); substitute (juge suppleant), nothing.—Paris Figaro.

### A Perfect Flying Machine.

Gulls are masters in the air. I have watched by the hour birds similar to these following along in the wake of a steamer, but had never before had such chances with a camera. Often they poise, resting apparently motionless on outstretched wing. It is a difficult feat. A small bird can't do it. A sparrow hawk can only poise by the rapid beating of his wings. The gulls seem to hang perfectly still, yet there is never an instant when the wings and tail are not constantly adjusted to meet the different air currents. Just as in shooting the rapids in a canoe, the paddle must be adjusted every moment to meet the different eddies, currents and whirlpools, and it is never the same in two different instants. A gull by the perfect adjustment of its body, without a single flap of the wings, makes headway straight in the teeth of the wind. I saw one retain a perfect equilibrium in a stiff breeze, and at the same time reach forward and scratch his ear.—American Magazine.

### Kaffir Woman's Courage.

One of the first explorers of the interior of South Africa was William Cotton Oswell, a noted hunter and a friend of Livingstone, to whom he rendered important aid. In his biography the following story is given from one of his African letters: An incident highly creditable to Kaffir womanhood occurred just as we reached Mabotse. The women, as is their custom, were working in the fields, for they hoe and the men sew. A young man, standing by the edge of the bush, was chatting with them. A lioness sprang on him and was carrying him off, when one of the women ran after her, caught her by the tail and was dragged for some little distance. Hampered by the man in her mouth and the woman behind her, she slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back and hit her across the nose and head with a heavy short handled hoe until she dropped her prey and slunk to cover.

### The Conductor's Mistake.

A conductor on the St. Louis and Suburban railroad had such a good run of business Sunday afternoon that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many passengers who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations in payment of their fares. The conductor, however, managed to get along fairly well until a woman carrying a tiny infant boarded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a five dollar bill.

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at her baby and made this surprising reply. "Yes; I have been married only twelve months."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Men, Women and Fact.

Tact has always been considered the peculiar attribute of woman. "With a woman's tact," is one of the stock phrases of the novelist. But a writer in one of the American magazines—and his view is upheld by an English magazine which quotes him—upsets this tradition by declaring that men are more often tactful than women. Men, it is submitted, are swift to know when to speak and when not to speak—when it is wise to withhold even a look—and that is why a mediocre man will succeed when even a clever woman will fail, why men are greater in diplomacy, in all things that require finesse. Still it is a question whether men really succeed better in diplomacy. What about the woman who is the "power behind the throne?"

### How the Daisy Was Named.

Of all the flowers of the field the daisy is the most appropriately named. Probably not one person in a hundred understands the significance of this little flower. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago it got its name, and in all parts of the world the name means the same thing. The nature lover who named the daisy had in his study of the wild flower observed that it opened its eye with the opening of the day and closed it with the setting of the sun. So with the simplicity of the true artist he called it the eye of the day, the days-eye or, as we spell it today, the daisy.—New York Press.

### Regular Ostriches.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide, "is a real theatrical chop house. You will notice the signs on the wall, 'Watch your hat' and 'Keep an eye on your umbrella.'"

"Great gooseberries!" exclaimed the old farmer in the party. "I often heard tell that these here actor folks were half starved, but I didn't think they would eat hats and umbrellas."—Chicago News.

### Suspicious.

"Some men are so suspicious," said the pessimist, "that if they went into the organ grinding business they would compel all the monkeys to carry little cash registers."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

*My Hair Ran Away*

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

### "Old Bullion's" Arrogance.

"Thomas H. Benton was a most remarkable man," said the late Colonel Switzler, "in some respects the most remarkable I have ever known, but he could not begin a career at this time. The people would not tolerate him. He would impress even a stranger by his appearance. He walked as if he owned the earth. With head raised at an angle of 45 degrees and hands behind his back he would stalk with measured tread down the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left, recognizing no one. If he had an appointment to speak at 2 o'clock, promptly at 2 o'clock he would arrive. He would come in his carriage unattended. He would permit no one to introduce him, but, passing through the crowd, he would make his way to the rostrum and begin, 'Citizens.' Never did he say 'Fellow citizens.' Those before him were no fellows of his. And when he had concluded he would make his way back to the hotel without personally addressing a soul in the audience. No one dared interrupt him in his speech. He refused to recognize the right of any constituent to ask him how he stood on any subject."—Columbia Herald.

### How Much Air We Have.

One hundred and thirty-one miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Professor T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear, and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based on the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

### A French Verdict.

All juries have a way of tempering justice with mercy and strict logic with good or bad sense. French juries excel in these practices. A Mme. Canaby of Bordeaux was accused of having forged two prescriptions and of having thereby obtained large quantities of poison, some of which she administered to her husband, who nearly died and was only saved by his doctor, who suspected something wrong and took him away. The evidence was overwhelming, for the prisoner completely failed to give any plausible explanation as to why she wanted the poison—enough, as the chemist said, to kill two regiments. Nevertheless the jury found Mme. Canaby guilty of forging the prescriptions, but not guilty of attempting to poison her husband. Perhaps the jury thought the husband unpoisoned was punishment enough in himself for one crime.

### Inebriety and the Eating of Fruit.

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriety that ever afflicted a person. It will entirely destroy the taste for intoxicants and will make the drunkard return to the thoughts and tastes of his childhood. No person ever saw a man or woman who liked fruit and who had an appetite for drink. No person ever saw a man or woman with an appetite for drink who liked fruit. The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other, and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will surely destroy the other.—What to Eat.

### Old Saying With New Meaning.

The saying "Cast not a clout till May be out" has been understood to be a caution against laying aside winter clothing until the month of May has ended. A correspondent of London Notes and Queries says that an old gardener he knows gives a different turn to the proverb, affirming that after the may has come into bloom there is never any further danger of frost, and the saying is really a caution against throwing aside extra garments not until the month has come to an end, but until the may be out in blossom.

### A Horrible Custom.

Writing from Abyssinia, a correspondent says: "Quaint customs prevail in these parts. When a father is getting on in years the son bids him climb into a tree and jump down from the branches. If the old man staggers on landing the son spears him on the spot; his usefulness is over."

### Correct.

The New Waitress—Shall I say "Dinner is served" or "Dinner is ready," ma'am? Mistress—If that cook doesn't do any better, just say "Dinner is spoiled."—Harper's Bazar.

### Contracted Quarters.

The sort of conversation in which Martha Hackett often indulged was peculiarly trying to her cousin, Mr. Lane. "Martha's been here all the morning," said Mrs. Lane wearily at dinner one night. "She talked on and on about things that didn't amount to anything and were all disconnected. I endured it as well as I could, but it does seem sometimes as if she was wandering in her mind."

"Well, there's one thing," said Mr. Lane grimly, "you needn't ever worry about her going far if that's where she's wandering."—Youth's Companion.

### Costly, but Lasting.

Johnny—What! Only married a year and yet you are so downcast? Wally—Ah, my dear fellow, I never imagined that a wife would prove such a costly article. Johnny—Yes, a wife is a costly article, that's true, but then you must remember that she lasts a man a precious long time.

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**It is wise to save the first dollar that one makes in business, but wiser to save the last.**

## THE LOBSTER'S SHELL.

### A New One Is Grown Before the Old One Is Cast Off.

Odd as it may sound to say so, the lobster grows before, not after, he casts his old hard shell—that is to say, he makes new cells and tissues, which are not at once filled out, but which are intended to swell to their full dimensions as soon as he has got rid of his binding and confining external skeleton. When the critical moment at last arrives a new soft shell grows entire within the older and harder one, and the animal then withdraws himself, leg by leg, claw by claw and swimmeret by swimmeret, out of the enveloping coat of mail which covers him. The shedding of the old coat is complete and absolute. Not a fragment remains. Even the apparently internal hard portions are cast off with the rest, for the entire covering forms one cintinuous piece, the interior portions being really, so to speak, folds of the skin inserted inward.

An entirely new skeleton had already grown within the old one, but exceedingly soft and flexible in texture, and the body becomes so almost fluid or jellylike—not in structure, but in power of compression and extension—that even the big claws are drawn out through the narrower apertures of the joints in a perfectly marvelous manner. After a longer or shorter period of muscular paroxysm the soft lobster at last disengages itself entirely from the dead shell and emerges upon the world a new and defenseless fleshy creature. The whole cask skeleton, unruptured in any part, but disengaged by lifting up the body piece where it joins the tail, looks exactly like an entire dead lobster.

## A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

### The Result of Putting a Couple of Wires In Wrong Terminals.

A large number of the world's greatest inventions have been the result of some accidental union of forces the nature of which the person who started them neither understood nor suspected. The working of dynamos at long distances apart when properly connected was discovered by accident. A scientific journal says: "Soon after the opening of the Vienna exposition in 1873 a careless workman picked up the ends of a couple of wires which he found trailing along the ground. He fastened them in the terminals of a dynamo, to which he thought they belonged, while they were really attached to another dynamo that was running in another part of the grounds. The dynamo to which he fastened the wires was not running, but as soon as the wires were placed in its terminals it revolved as if a steam engine was driving it. The workman was amazed. The engineers and electricians were astonished by the discovery that a dynamo electric machine (turned by steam power) would turn another similar machine a long distance away if properly connected to it by electric wires. Thus originated one of the most revolutionary applications of electricity."

The fact that power can be transmitted for miles by electric wires is one of the most important factors in modern civil engineering achievements.

### The Hymn That Fitted.

On the evening of the first Sunday after their removal from their house in the suburbs, which was the only home the children had ever known, to the top floor of a seventh story apartment house, the family gathered around the piano for the usual hour of song, each member in turn, according to time honored custom, requesting a hymn of his choice. When ten-year-old Marjory's turn came she said, "I think the most appropriate hymn is:

> "I'm nearer my heavenly home today
> Than ever I've been before.

"I think of it every time I come up in the elevator."—New York Press.

### Fine Art In Show Windows.

It is a common error for dealers to put too many shoes in their window. In fact, some windows would lend the impression that the stock was in the window and the samples on the shelves. Said a shoe manufacturer who has traveled extensively: "One of the most impressive windows I ever saw contained but one shoe in each window. Each was a fine shoe, mounted on a standard in the center of the window. From this shoe red and white ribbons were draped in various directions, much like a sunburst. A small, neat sign told the story. Everybody stopped to look."—Shoe Retailer.

### English Humor.

The English brand of humor is sedate and stately. It is not intended to be laughed at. The man who would laugh at Punch would go into hysterics at a funeral. Punch's notion of humor is altogether too sublime for any place outside of an English drawing room.—Bobcaygeon Independent, Ontario.

### Humorists.

Humorists frequently have sad faces, but humorists are not sad because they are humorists. They are humorists because they are sad. Humor is born of acute sympathy.—Keble Howard in Sketch.

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**The trickster is always proud of his tact.**

### "Legging" a Canal Boat.

Throughout England there are a number of tunnels cut for canals where boats have to be pushed through by a laborious process called "legging." This is about the only work on the canal women do not do, and they used to do even this. One may see the process in operation near London at the Maida Hill tunnel, which is some 272 yards in length. Sometimes when the roof is low one man can "leg" an empty boat by lying down on his back on top of the cabin and pushing the roof with his feet. With a broad boat "legging" is performed by two men, one on each side of the boat, who lie down on the fore end and push against the tunnel sides with their feet. If the tunnel is too wide boards projecting over the boat's side, termed "wings," are brought into use for them to lie on. At tunnels where traffic is good professional "leggers" are in attendance.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906.

## *REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.*

By joining Woburn, Reading, North Reading, Wilmington and Burlington in one Representative District the County Commissioners have done the right thing.

An increase of the numbers of voters required to constitute a District necessitated an addition of precincts to the Woburn-Reading District, hence the annexation of North Reading, Wilmington and Burlington. It makes a safe Republican District.

☞ It is sincerely and earnestly hoped that the thousands of people now scattered over this broad land who abandoned New England homes in the years of early manhood and womanhood to better their fortunes, will carefully note and seriously take to heart these words of Governor Guild employed by him in his Old Home Week proclamation printed elsewhere in this paper: "BRIEF VISIT" (small caps ours). Evidently, while the Governor would give the returned wanderers a hearty welcome to the homes of their childhood and youth, he, in a spirit of good old New England economy and thrift, warns them not to wear their welcome out. Hence the excellent word "brief."

☞ The Press Associations of Virginia and North Carolina have been visiting Boston this week and enjoying a gay old time. In the large party was Rev. Leonard Cox, 86 years old, Editor of the Charlotte *Gazette* published at Charlotte Court House, Va. He was born and raised in Cambridge; learned to set type at the University Press, Cambridge, when 15 years old; graduated from Harvard in Class '43; was ordained a Baptist Minister in 1847, and accepted a pastorate at Woburn, where he preached several years. Just after the close of the Civil War he went to Virginia, and has lived there ever since. The First Baptist church of Woburn should make a note of this at their anniversary celebration next October.

☞ The gypsy and browntail moths might as well pack up their duds and varmose the ranche without further delay, for Dr. L. O. Howard, Director of the National Bureau of Entomology, has entered the list of eminent exterminators and the pestiferous creatures must go. The distinguished Doctor will have the invaluable assistance of Prof. A. H. Kirkland, Superintendent of the Massachusetts Moth Commission, at $5,000 a year, and, also, the aid of the Heads of the Moth Departments of New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. With these government forces in active operation there is absolutely no hope for the poor Moth.

☞ Writing of the elevation of the American Legation at Constantinople, Turkey, to an Embassy, the *Congregationalist* of July 4 said:

"The reappointment of Mr. Jay as Ambassador Lieshman's Chief Assistant, and the appointment of Charles W. Fowle as Assistant Interpreter and Clerk, to our Legation are hopeful signs of a determination by the Administration to keep this diplomatic post well equipped. Mr. Fowle knows the language used; while in Harvard he has prepared himself for a diplomatic career; and his loyalty to American interests in the Empire will never be questioned."

☞ A certain newspaper in Boston has unearthed a dastardly plot, hatched and nursed by Republicans of eminence and great respectability, to beat Gov. Guild this fall for re-election. The plot passed the embryonic state sometime before the Legislature adjourned, and is now all feathered out. The Legislature, it is said, had quite a hand in the incubation of the scheme to unhorse the Governor; but the clever brains of disappointed office seekers are given credit for being chiefly instrumental in originating and perfecting it. We haven't heard that Gov. Guild is losing any sleep over the Boston newspaper's maresnest.

☞ We opine that there may be considerable "figuring" over the selection of a Republican candidate in this new Senatorial District in about a month from now, which will end in an amicable settlement of the question of who shall be first, and how the succession shall run. Medford will probably present and urge the claims of Mr. Lawrence, an excellent gentleman; Wakefield will listen to no other name than Col. C. W. Woodward; Representative H. S. Riley is likely to be a candidate; and as for Winchester, that town is full of statesmen, and her woods abound in Senatorial timber.

☞ Democratic politics is redhot in Boston, with John B. Moran acting in the capacity of storm centre. The Bourbon machine and wheelhorses are scared. The Moran Gubernatorial boom is sweeping everything before it and Quincy, Whitney, Fitzgerald, and others of that high and pure grade of politicians don't know what to do. Moran defies the Bourbons. He is sure of the Democratic nomination, and courts opposition from the machine. He has the Bourbons on the run.

☞ Today the Peace Envoys of Guatemala Salvador and Honduras meet on the U. S. cruiser Marblehead in neutral waters off the coast of Guatemala for the purpose of settling the troubles existing between those three South American States. The Washington dispatch making the above announcement states that American Minister Merry and Charge d' Affairs, Phil M. Brown will also be on the vessel to use their good offices and to endeavor to bring the warring nations together.

☞ Governor Guild is determined to enforce the Pure Food law to the limit in this state. He said as much in a letter to the State Board of Health the other day, and what he says he'll do, he will. It is by this habit of looking after and promoting the best interests of the people that Gov. Guild holds so high a place in the good graces of the public.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

A. E. Gage—Citation.
City—Sealer of W. & M.
F. C. S. Bank—Statement.

— George N. Parker is taking his at New Boston, N. H.

— Judge Johnson admires Cape Ann for a summer residence.

— The new street signs are to be furnished by C. E. Smith.

— Florence Eaton prefers Southport, Maine, for a vacation resort.

— May Buel is resting quietly and comfortably at Bangor, Maine.

— Mrs. Helen E. Patten is visiting relatives and friends at Taunton.

— The Assessors find 2,769 men in this city in legal trim for military duty.

— Last Sunday was a hot one, and the days following were far from being frigid.

— Bertha Smith spends her vacation at Southport, Maine, a popular seaside resort.

— Maud G., Walter and Herman West are visiting relatives in Nova Scotia.

— Crovo's Rocky Ford melons go like hot cakes. They are fine, and no mistake.

— Take notice of what Mr. Hosmer, Sealer of Weights and Measures, says in this paper.

— The North Woburn baseball team is to play the Winchesters at Winchester tomorrow.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club took a trolley ride to Revere Beach last Wednesday.

— Mrs. W. W. Welch of Court street and her daughter Bessie are vacating at Portland, Maine.

— Mabel M. Patten, teacher in the Rumford school, is passing a pleasant vacation at Manchester, N. H.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis and grandchildren took a delightful auto trip to New Hampshire the other day.

— The National Band are to give a concert on the Common this evening. They are playing fine music this season.

— Patent leather making is picking up again in great shape. Woburn is the New England centre of the industry.

— In the art of sign painting W. H. Slater can give the Boston brush handlers odds and beat them every time.

— Mr. and Mrs. N. Simonds went to North Weare, N. H., last Tuesday to visit their daughter Minnie and husband.

— The local Editor of the *News* appeared out in a new suit of clothes last Monday. He said he thought it was about time.

— The North Congregational church will attend the Dr. March birthday anniversary celebration in full force next Sunday.

— New apples are on the market; the sale of Jamaica ginger is increasing at the drugstores; and the doctors are smiling all over.

— Misses Abby and Minnie McSweeney are taking a fortnight's vacation at the seaside, and at last accounts greatly enjoying themselves.

— May Langill, May Armstrong, Lottie Rollins, and Jeanette McClellan are to tour Nova Scotia, and perhaps "The Land of Evangeline."

— Clerk of Committees Gray (a good one, too) hasn't fully made up his mind just what course to pursue to get through the vacation season.

— City Solicitor A. F. Converse, Esq., and family prefer the State of Maine to any other seaport place whereat to spend their vacation.

— George Durward furnishes, at reasonable prices, as good meat and vegetable eating as can be found in any market in Middlesex County.

— Everybody is looking forward with pleasure to Dr. March's birthday celebration at First church next Sunday. The real birthday is July 21.

— Thanks for a copy of the June number of the *Tri-State Tourist*, published by the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. It is as neat as a pin.

— Lawyer Arthur E. Gage, City Assessor, and clerk of the Fourth District Court, and family are to pass the last two weeks of August in Vermont.

— The openair Band concerts draw big crowds of people this season. With many couples retired and quiet streets are popular while the music is going on.

— Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw and Marion, her fair daughter, are summering at Marblehead Neck, one of the fairest and most popular seaside resorts in the state.

— Spiritual sustenance is to be supplied to, at least, three of the local folds by Sheperds of different religious denominations during the month of August.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Woburns won the $50 prize from the St. Charles baseball team last Saturday, and pocketed the money on Monday. According to all accounts, it was a great game.

— Mrs. L. A. Sylvester and her gifted daughter Helen, and Miss Irene Foster, daughter of Mr. Alvah G. Foster of Church avenue, are spending the summer at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

— Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division of the B. & N. Street Railroad is receiving much well merited praise for the excellent manner he provided cars for the Park baseball people.

— It is expected that Hon. Levi Gould, Chairman of the Middlesex County Board of Commissioners, will attend the Dr. March celebration here next Sunday. He is a great admirer of the venerable Doctor of Divinity.

— Co. G, divided into two platoons, fought a fierce sham battle on the city (Dow) farm last Monday evening. It was in the nature of exercise and practice for duty at the general muster in August.

— Miss Carrie Sullivan of Main street has returned from Falmouth Heights.

— The Chemical Company are erecting additional buildings at their North Woburn Works.

— Joseph W. Field has been entertaining his niece, Mrs. Lois A. Clapp of Cambridge.

— Lodge 197, Danish Brotherhood of America, less than two years old, has 60 members.

— Yesterday was another hot one. A feeble east wind ameliorated but slightly the distress of the people.

— Attention is called to the display of home neccessities in the window of McLaughlin & Dennison's drugstore.

— Desiring to attend the Dr. March celebration, there will be no morning services at Trinity church next Sunday.

— On Sunday evening at Trinity church Master Harrison Dockham, the leading boy soprano of Trinity Choir, will sing a solo.

— Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Blye and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brown are at Parker Head on the Lower Kennebec River, Maine.

— In a long article published last Wednesday, the Boston *Herald* gave the Chicago Stockyards butchers and packers their money's worth.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the Ice Baron, and family are to pass the month of August on Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, Maine, of which he is the chief proprietor.

— Mrs. E. N. Blake returned from Thetford, Vt., last Tuesday and is now taking comfort at the seashore. Later she goes to Nashua, N. H., to visit her daughter and family.

— A fine shower on Tuesday evening brought about 10 degrees of relief from the intense heat of the day—from 90 to 95 in the shade. The heft of the shower, however went to the east and south.

— Miss Susan M. Frye of the Parker school, one of the very best of Woburn's large corps of teachers, passes her vacation at the Moody religious and educational settlement at Northfield.

— Dogdays will put in an appearance next Thursday, July 25, according to the almanac, but, according to the weather, they arrived here some time ago. They last 40 days, or until Sept. 5.

— A prominent citizen of pessimistic turn of mind takes a gloomy view of the future character of Woburn's population; at least, he so expressed himself to a JOURNAL representative a few mornings ago.

— Gateman Callahan's thermometer marked 95 in the shade at the Church avenue B. & M. crossing last Tuesday, and yet, just as likely as not, the government weather maker in Boston said it wasn't hot!

— Please note what G. R. Gage & Co. have to say about a reduction sale of light weight goods. They have some as fine fabrics as were ever woven, and the prices are away down to bedrock.

— In his weekly report ending July 16, Section Director J. W. Smith of the U. S. Climatological Service says: "Generally seasonable weather prevailed during the week in nearly all parts of the section."

— Ald. B. H. Nichols and wife are on their farm at Hope, Maine, where a few weeks are to be spent by them Hope is a pleasant agricultural town near the Penobscot Bay, and the ancestral home of Mrs. Nichols.

— Engineer Chase and wife of Church avenue start out early next week to attend a Locomotive Engineers' convention at St. Thomas, Ontario, a visit to Niagara Falls, and a cruise down the St. Lawrence and through Canada.

— Mr. Marcus H. Cotton of the Alpine Quartet, Mrs. Cotton and the little Cottons, and Bertha Cutler of Plympton streeet, all fine people, are to spend a couple of early August weeks at Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay, Portland, Maine.

— Bids for the government post-office site must be in by July 27, one week from to-day. The public mind has reduced the choice of sites to two—the Littlefield property on Pleasant street, and the Auditorium lot owned by the Messrs. J. W. & E. F. Johnson.

— Albion J. Nowell, who carried on a photograph gallery on Main street, this city, several years ago, died recently in Arizona of consumption. For years he fought a hard battle against the disease, but was conquered at last. He was 40 years old and had many friends here.

— Mrs. Flora Nichols, who has been book-keeper for John R. Carter & Co. for several years past, is retained, to serve in the same capacity, by the new firm of Carter, Eames & Carter. She is an accurate accountant, a good business woman, and a pleasant office incumbent.

— The Massachusetts Civil Service Commission will hold an examination of applicants for the office of Inspector of Steam Boilers in Room 152, State House, on July 30 and 31; and for Fire and Detective forces, on Aug. 3. Take due notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

— Mrs. Helen Craven of Woburn, while working at the home of Mrs. H. L. White of 120 Forest street, fell down three stairs and broke her arm Tuesday. It is a sad case as Mrs. Craven is the mother of five children. She was removed to her home in Woburn.—*Winchester Star.*

— By a formal and unanimous vote the Methodist church have agreed to attend the Dr. March birthday celebration at the First Congregational church at 10 30 next Sunday morning. Just like them—the Methodist brethren are a juicy hearted people, never backward in good words and works.

— To enable the Minister and members to attend the Dr. March birthday anniversary observance next Sunday, the First Baptist church unanimously agreed to hold no religious exercises on the forenoon of that day at their house of worship. And thus do the churches fall in to honor Dr. March.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
**Scott's Emulsion**
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

— Miss Jessie Dibble of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a guest of the Hollands on Middlesex street.

— Mrs. Dr. Benj. Lewis of Cleveland ave. is spending the summer at Dighton, Mass and Newport, R. I.

— Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park Boyce of New York City spent a few hours in Woburn yesterday. Mrs. Boyce was formerly Mrs. McDonald of the Woburn Hotel. They go to Naples, Maine, on their vacation trip.

— Some of the local newspaper men are exercising their abilities just now in the line of organizing a Press Club here. The *Times* and *News* quilldrivers are especially active in the matter. Such a Club might possibly be a good thing, if some way could be discovered to enable the members to pay their dues and roomrent without distressing their families.

— Deputy Sheriff Joseph H. Buck and Mr. Daniel Hammond Richards are lonely widowers. The spouse of each left here last Friday for Littleton, N. H., the former home of Mrs. Richards. The gentlemen are worrying along the best they can under the trying circumstances, but they are having a disconsolate time of it, and are not enthusiastic advocates of summer vacations in New Hampshire.

— For some seasons past Capt. John P. Crane of Academy Hill, a Veteran of the Civil War, a gentleman of leisure, and one of our best citizens, has resorted to Poland Springs down on the Androscoggin in the good State of Maine, for summer comfort, and about August 1st it is his present intention to repeat a visit and prolonged tarry there. He deserves a large share of all the comfort there is going.

— Work on the High School building is progressing in the most satisfactory manner. The walls are nearly completed and will soon be ready for the roof and as ever that is on interior work will begin. It is the intent of all hands concerned that the building shall be finished and ready to move into by Jan. 1, 1907, and if nothing splits, their expectations will be realized. It is to be a fine, handsome structure. People visit it daily, but more especially on Sundays.

— The population of this city is pretty thoroughly thinned out at the present time. If search were made, a large share of our people would be found at the beaches, some in the mountains, and others in quiet retreats among the hills scattered all over New England. August will witness a still farther thinning out, and the seashore of Maine, and its primeval forests, will be alive with Massachusetts visiting comfort seekers. It would take an active pen and tireless legs to record all the departures of Woburnites to summer resorts.

— Mrs. McGarey is matron at Winning Farm again this summer, and is attending to a houseful of Boston children there with her usual success. The Trustees who, instead of the Rev. Dr. Perrin of the Everyday church, are conducting the affairs of the Farm this season, employed Mrs. McGarey to take charge, and she is fulfilling the trust in the best possible manner, There are 18 children there now, which number will, no doubt, be considerably increased in August. As Matron, Mrs McGarrey has been highly popular at the Farm for several years.

— To observe the 90th birthday anniversary of Daniel March, D. D., and to show their appreciation of his great worth as a man, a citizen and a Christian minister, and to honor him, the two Grand Army Posts of this city will attend the exercises to be held in the First Congregational church next Sunday. Commander Thomas Moore of Post 33, and Commander Joseph W. Fields of Post 161, promptly and cordially fell into the plans of the anniversary committee and presented the subject to the Comrades of each, who, to a man, approved of appearing at First church at 10.30 next Sunday morning, and joining in the celebration. So, it was ordered by the Posts, and the Vets will be promptly on hand, in uniform, to pay their respects to, and show their esteem for, Rev. Doctor March.

— Trolley trips into the country is a sensible mode adopted by many people for a day's vacation outing, and one that is growing in popular favor. The trolley, too, is preferred for visits to the beaches, for, riding on an open electric car, one is able to enjoy, in the most comfortable manner, the enchanting beauties of the rural districts through which one passes, which is a rare treat; is safely landed on the sands in season for the shore dinner; and returns by some other trolley line, if preferred, through other charming scenery, to ones home, rested, refreshed by ocean and country breezes, and happy. A family outing of this character is delightful. The good wife and mother prepares, the evening before, an abundant luncheon of broiled chicken, neat's tongue, slices of roasted lamb, flaky biscuits, pickles, cheese, fruit, sweetcakes and cookies, jellies, bottles of coffee and cans of milk, which, in the morning, are placed, with great care, wrapped in snow-white napkins, within capacious baskets, and confided to the husband and father for safe keeping and carriage. Thus amply equipped, with bright and joyous anticipations, the family board the trolley and hie themselves to the grassy banks of some pond, or lake, or sparkling stream, or cool shady grove, or green browed hill, and there while away the sweet summer hours until the signal for home again is heard. This is reached after another splendid trolley ride, in the cool of the evening, and at the close of one of the happiest vacation days the family ever enjoyed.

### Dr. March's Birthday.

Next Sunday promises to be a notable occasion at the First Church when the 90th birthday of Rev Dr. March is to be celebrated. Public interest in the event, is very great, as was bound to be the case in view of the universal regard in which Dr. March is held.

There will be no morning services at the Baptist, Methodist or North Woburn churches, these congregations gladly signifying their interest by this action. Rev. Mr. Parker of the Unitarian church will speak for the community at the service and Dr. March himself, with mental powers alert as ever, will give an address. A procession of girls and young ladies bearing a tribute of love will be a feature of the service. Special music has been prepared by the choir and Organist Hood. Both G. A. R. Posts will be present, marching from their respective headquarters.

A Committe has special charge of conveying the elderly or infirm to and from the church and any such wishing to attend are urged to send their names to either Mr. E. E. Thompson or Everett P. Fox.

### A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at McLaughlin & Dennison's, drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Mary E. Parker passed away Thursday, July 12, at the home of Mr. Josiah Wright in Billerica, where she had gone to visit.

Mrs. Parker was born in Malden, Sept. 10, 1828, the daughter of James and Deborah Hill Waitte. Here she passed her childhood days. Later the family removed to Woburn, and occupied what was afterwards known as the Cragin place on Bedford street. In 1846 she married Benjamin Parker, and resided at 30 Kilby (formerly Bedford street.

After the death of Mr. Parker, which occured in 1889, she gave up the home, and lived with her children.

Mrs. Parker leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was of a genial, kind, and affectionate nature, endearing herself to all with whom she came in contact. "Aunt Mary" as she was familiary known, loved to gather her friends about her and dispense hospitality with a lavish hand. In sickness and in trouble she was a warm and sympathetic friend, and many a sad heart has been cheered and comforted by her deeds of kindness.

Among those who will sadly miss her presence and mourn her loss are five children, Mrs. E. F. Ellard and H. W. Parker Lynn; B. Frank Parker and Mrs. S. E. Crowell of this city, and L. A. Boutwell of Billerica.

The funeral took place at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Crowell, at 12 Page Place, Saturday at three p.m.

Among the floral tributes were: large spray of pinks from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Litch, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Monball, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Macomber and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Green of Lynn; spray of purple asters from Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wallace and Mrs. Carling; spray of white sweet peas, Mrs. Godkin and daughters; spray of lavender sweet peas, Mrs. Maria Fox and Miss Clara M. Fox: spray of pinks, roses and sweet peas, Miss Helen C. Gray; spray of roses and peas, Mrs. F. Connor of Lynn; large spray of pinks, Mrs. L. R. Waitte and Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Jenkins of Stoneham; bouquet of lavender sweet peas, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Robinson; spray of white and purple sweet peas, Mrs. Rix and family; large spray of pink roses and asparagus vine, Mrs. H. N. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rundlett and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hastings of Lynn; spray of pinks and pansies, Miss Gertrude D. Hurtsell of Randolph, spray of pinks, Mrs. Emela H. Parker; spray of roses, Mrs. Susan Winship; spray of pink rose buds, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fox; spray white pinks, Mr. E. P. Fox; spray purple asters, Woburn W. R. C. 161; spray of white roses, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Linnell; spray of pinks, F. H. and W. E. Cummings; boquet of white and lavender sweet peas, Miss Ida Reed; boquet of white and purple sweet peas, Charles Kimball; large boquet of white sweet peas, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Blanchard; pinks, Miss Weeman; pillow of white pinks from grandchildren; cross and anchor from children.

### Dr. Charles Henry Young.

Since he was seven years old this talented young gentleman's home has been in Woburn, where he is favorably known and has a wide circle of friends. He graduated from the Woburn High School, and after leaving it, by industry, perseverance and hard work at Tuft's and elsewhere, won the honorable and responsible professional position now occupied by him.

On April 26, 1906, Dr. C. Irving Fisher, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, and from 1883 to 1892, Superintendent of the Tewksbury State Hospital wrote to Dr. John M. Harlow of this city stating that he was looking for an Assistant Superintendent, and considering the application of Dr. Charles H. Young of Woburn, a graduate of Tufts College, and at that time studying at the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Portland, Maine. He said he liked the appearance of Dr. Young, and would be grateful to Dr. Harlow, in whose judgment he had full confidence, for any information concerning his qualifications and antecedents. Dr. Fisher applied to the right person for light on the subject, for Dr. Harlow knew Dr. Young and took a lively interest in his welfare, and was well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Copp of Woburn, his foster parents. Dr. Harlow was, also, for several years a member of the Board of Trustees, and is still a liberal patron, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and therefore knows the needs of such an institution.

Previous to this, on April 7, Dr. Herbert B. Howard of the Mass. General Hospital wrote to Dr. Fisher in behalf of the appointment of Dr. Young, advising him to consult Dr. Harlow respecting the business; and later, on May 4, addressed a personal note to Dr. Harlow on the same subject. In reply to the several letters received Dr. Harlow earnestly recommended Dr. Young for the important office of Assistant to Dr. Fisher. He was induced to do this by his knowledge of Dr. Young's medical attainments, and high respect for Mr. and Mrs. Copp, who reared and educated the young man.

The outcome of the correspondence was the appointment of Dr Charles Henry Young of Woburn Assistant Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, who entered on his duties there about the middle of last May.

In a letter written at Portland to Dr. Harlow on May 8, announcing his appointment, Dr. Young warmly thanked the Doctor for the interest manifested by him in his quest for the office, and the valuable services rendered in his behalf.

### A Card.

We wish to extend thanks to all who were kind and helpful in our late bereavement.

MRS. ELIZABETH F. ELLARD,
MRS. S. EMMA CROWELL,
MRS. L. AUGUSTA BOUTWELL,
MR. B. FRANK PARKER,
MR. HERBERT W. PARKER.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,**

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### North Woburn.

Mr. John W. Clark, ex-Alderman, who was severely burned in a fire at his patent leather factory in this village on the morning of July 13, died at the Mass. Gen. Hospital last Tuesday night. He was 55 years old, an Englishman by birth, and went to Canada with his family when a child. He came to the United States when a young man and was engaged in several pursuits in Colorado, Illinois, etc., and finally settled in this part of Woburn and engaged in the coffee business with Mr. Alden several years ago. He was highly esteemed in this community.

### Old Home Week.

Gov. Curtis Guild Jr., issued the following statement calling attention to the observance of Old-Home week:

"The institution of Old-Home week, established but a few years since, has become a well beloved anniversary. This year the home coming season is set for the week beginning July 29 and ending August 4.

"Massachusetts extends a hearty invitation to her wandering sons and daughters to return in the vacation season for a brief visit to the old home, with all its associations of history and sentiment. The commonwealth was never more prosperous, nor have the ancient landmarks of its history lessened in inspiration as the years have gone by.

"During the year one of our most important monuments, the Old State house, has been preserved from further utilization for commercial purposes and is henceforth to be devoted to historic uses.

"From the sea to the mountains, Massachusetts extends a welcome home.
"CURTIS GUILD, Jr."

### Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists. Price 50c.

### "Sparks."

There is more joy in a newspaper office over one sinner who pays in advance and abuses the Editor on every occasion, than over ninety and nine who borrow the paper and sing its praises without ever contributing a cent to keep it out of sheriff's hands.

The little town of Burlington claims to be the centre of the earth, ball bearing, and one of the few towns in the State that gets there and is at the same time noiseless.

Woburn is now in full bloom. Lilacs, pansies, geraniums, and numerous other flowers decorate every dooryard, hill and valley, and scatter their intermingled fragrance everywhere. Thank God for flowers.

Daily papers and magazines reach the city people. The country people read and are influenced by their local papers.

The next thing to expect to happen in Cummingsville is that by next week we may reasonably know what next to expect.

Everybody knows everything that takes place in a country town. Nothing is lost in the local paper; every line is read—ads and all.

Local news: Our Mayor has a new straw hat. C. B. L.

### WINCHESTER.

The new Episcopal organ is a great and gratifying success.

Wonderful internal changes and improvements are to be made in the Y. M. C. A. building. It will make a fine home for the Association.

Chase of this town won the championship of the Mystic Valley Tennis Association last Friday by beating Frost at Milton. He is very proud of the laurels he won.

Chief of Police McIntosh and his men are sharp after the auto violators of the speed law, who are sure to come to grief if they don't mind their ps and qs when driving through this town.

The officers of the Beggs and Cobb corporation are: William Beggs, President; Elisha W. Cobb, Treasurer; Daniel R. Beggs, Vice-President; Donald H. Smith, Secretary. It is a Maine corporation. The firm of Beggs & Cobb, tanners, had been in existence 25 years. They are the largest leather manufacturers in New England.

The Mystic Valley Trolley Club comes up smiling this season and although venerable as to years, is as bright and lively as ever. Of course, Judge G. S. Littlefield, founder of the Club, is at the helm again this year, and an excellent skipper he makes, to be sure. A series of trolley trips have been planned, from which great pleasure is anticipated by the Club members.

The assessment on this town for building the Somerville-Medford bridge over Mystic River and maintenance of the same, is an outrage—a piece of legislation that the enactors ought to be ashamed of. The assessment on this town is $96.16, and for maintenance, $23, for 40 years, and the same proportion for 37 other towns and cities which are erroneously supposed to have some interest in the bridge, which cost $184,261.62, one half of which is assessed to the Metropolitan Park Commission.

**1¢ A Plate**

For the most delicious
ICE CREAM
is cheap enough, isn't it? That is all it costs when made with
**Jell-O Ice Cream Powder**
and it can be made and frozen in 10 minutes.
Simply stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking, heating or fussing; no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add, as everything but the ice and milk is contained in the package, and approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Five kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry and Unflavored.
If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. to us for two packages. Illustrated Recipe Book Mailed Free.
The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**Keep Cool and Save Fuel by Using**

**Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread.**

Home-made Bread is sometimes not up to the mark, but Hathaway's is always the same uniformly good bread that for years has pleased the housekeepers of this district. You can get a fresh loaf any time at your grocer's. Price 10c.

Try our Winner Bread for 5c.

**C. F. HATHAWAY & SON**
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

### A Hard Lot

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blockaded bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide, by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Trinity. 10.30 A. M., Dr. March's anniversary service at Congregational Church.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Solo by Master Harrison Dockham.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In this city, July 11, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, George Frederick Temple of Woburn, and Lula (Conway) Stratton of Reading.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 16, J. Victor Gustafson, age 12 years, 4 months, 16 days.

In this city, July 17, Daniel McMahon, age 75 years.

In this city, July 12, Annie Quigley, age 47 years, 9 months, 16 days.

In Boston, July 17, John W. Clark of Woburn, age 56 years, 8 months, 8 days.

In this city, July 9, Hezekiah H. Bryant, age 70 years, 8 months, 20 days.

In Billerica, July 12, Mary Elizabeth Parker, age 77 years, 10 months, 2 days.

**Macullar Parker Company**
Makers and Retailers of
**Best Clothing**
for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.
**Fine Haberdashery**
(TO ORDER ONLY)
**Ladies' Tailored Costumes**
Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.
Specialty—RIDING HABITS
400 Washington St.
BOSTON

### CITY OF WOBURN.

### Dept. of Weights and Measures.

The office hours of the Sealer of Weights and Measures will be discontinued until further notice.

All orders left in the order box at the door of the City Clerk's office or sent by mail to the residence of the sealer 350 Salem street, will receive prompt attention.

G. F. HOSMER, Sealer.
July 18, 1906.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET-
Street Floor.

**To Let.**
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

### NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation. July 6, 1906.

| | |
|---|---|
| William T. Grammer | Everett P. Fox |
| Samuel Cook | Luke W. Fowle |
| John R. Carter | Julius F. Ramsdell |
| Charlie A. Jones | Elwyn G. Preston |
| Edward D. Hayden | Herbert B. Dow |
| John Winn | Henry M. Aldrich |
| John W. Johnson | Daniel W. Bond |
| Fred J. Brown | Joseph F. DeLoriea |
| George E. Fowle | Winthrop Hammond |
| Edward J. Gregory | John Maloney |
| William Beggs | Fred E. Cottle |
| Lewis W. Thompson | William P. Chute |
| Edward E. Thompson | Henry H. Leathe |
| Squire B. Goddard | Frank B. Richardson |

Attest:
A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 20, 1906.

### NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held July 6, 1906, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials:—

PRESIDENT,
Charlie A. Jones

VICE PRESIDENTS,
John Winn John R. Carter William Beggs

CLERK,
A. Herbert Holland

AUDITORS,
Fred J. Brown Elwyn G. Preston

TRUSTEES.

| | |
|---|---|
| John Winn | John W. Johnson |
| William Beggs | Lewis W. Thompson |
| Edward E. Thompson | Elwyn G. Preston |
| George E. Fowle | Fred J. Brown |
| Squire B. Goddard | Luke W. Fowle |
| Herbert B. Dow | Joseph F. DeLoriea |
| Henry M. Aldrich | Julius F. Ramsdell |
| Charlie A. Jones | Fred E. Cottle |
| John R. Carter | |

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank at a meeting held July 6, 1906, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law:—

BOARD OF INVESTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Charlie A. Jones | Squire B. Goddard |
| John Winn | Herbert B. Dow |
| John R. Carter | Luke W. Fowle |
| William Beggs | Julius F. Ramsdell |
| Lewis W. Thompson | |

TREASURER,
A. Herbert Holland

Attest:
A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 20, 1906.

EVERY MAN Will Want
A STRAW HAT
Lightweight Clothing. Seasonable Furnishings of all kinds in Men's wear. We are headquarters for everything in this line. A large stock of
Vacation Trunks and Bags $3.00 up
Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth Sentner late of Bayard in the State of West Virginia, deceased:

WHEREAS Alice J. Plumer (Now Sentner) the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

**Whitcher's PILL BOX**

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

**CIGARETTES**

in our tobacco department.

All Leading Brands

**Whitcher's Mystery 5c. CIGAR**

BEST IN WOBURN

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**BUTTER**

— IS —

**Cheaper!**

We have some very fine Fresh Made

**Creamery Butter**

in Tubs, 5-lb. Boxes and Prints.

**Boston Branch**
**Tea and Grocery House**
**351 Main Street.**
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

**Have You Met THELMA?**

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

GO TO **BASS POINT**

IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING

BY **BOAT** FROM **LYNN**

FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**Drill Wells for Your Neighbors**

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

**STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.**
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
*Factory: Akron, O.*

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 27, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 28, 1906**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

#### WARD 3.

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1904, $12 74

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 12,197 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42 Park street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of E. E. Thompson, et al.; easterly by Park street; southerly by land of Mary A. Carr et al.; westerly by land of McDonough and land of Foster.
Tax of 1904, 19 60

EDIA A. WOOD.—About 9,349 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 10, 12, 14 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Richardson; easterly by Morse street; southerly by land of City of Woburn, and land of Bacon; westerly by land now or late of Bacon.
Tax of 1904, 53 90

#### WARD 4.

DOMA M. BASSETT.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, off Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Smith; easterly by land of Reardon; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Smith and land of Tidd.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

CATHERINE CARNEY.—About 12,358 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 80 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of the City of Woburn; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of Kelley.
Tax of 1904, 36 26
Street Watering for 1904, 1 61

DELIA M. MURRAY, ET AL.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, Nos. 52, 54 and 56 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray, et al., easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 48 98
Street Watering for 1904, 2 00

THOMAS MURRAY.—About 18,218 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 74 Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Littlefield, Trustee; easterly by Walnut Court; southerly by Salem street; westerly by land now or late of Place; south westerly by a private way leading out of Salem street.
Tax of 1904, 68 60
Street Watering for 1904, 1 88

DELIA M. MURRAY.—About 32,833 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Montvale Avenue and Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Broad street; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Montvale Avenue, and by land of Barrett, and by land of Buss; westerly by land of Barrett, and land of Flagg.
Tax of 1904, 211 19
Street Watering for 1904, 7 24

FANNIE REMINGTON.—About 1,960 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on High street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of M. T. Allen; easterly by land of City of Woburn and land now or late of Lyman; southerly by High street; westerly by land of Hattie A. Kenney.
Tax of 1904, 23 52
Street Watering for 1904, 70

#### Non-Residents.

HERBERT M. BEERS.—About 33,086 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9 B, on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly also by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southerly by Packard street; westerly by lot 8-A on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

PATRICK BRADLEY, 2D.—About 22,464 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 32 on plan of Converse Lots, so-called, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Zavisky; easterly by Chandler street; southerly by lot X on said plan; westerly by Joshua street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

F. W. GRINNELL, TRUSTEE FOR MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE CO.—About 7,260 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lot 69 shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lots 29, 30, on said plan; southerly by lots 68 on said plan; westerly by Middle street.
Tax of 1904, 98

JOHN MATTSON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Clifton street, being lot 133, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 134 on said plan; southerly by lot 138 on said plan; westerly by lot 132 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

MARGARET T. McDOUGALL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood ave, being lot 105, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Putnam street on said plan; easterly by lot 110 on said plan; southerly by lot 106 on said plan; westerly by Atwood avenue on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 229, 230, 231, 232, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 214, 215, 216, 217 on said plan; easterly by lot 228 on said plan; southerly by Crosby street on said plan; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 13

JOHN McKENZIE.—About 18,480 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 205, 206, 207, 213, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Crosby street on said plan; easterly by lot 208 on said plan; southerly by land now or late of Anderson; westerly by State street on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 3 53

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 21,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Salem street; easterly by land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; southerly by other land of Tufts College and Boston University; westerly by land of Tufts College.
Tax of 1904, 41 16
Street Watering for 1904, 5 10

TUFTS COLLEGE AND BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—About 3 31-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, on Wade avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Tufts College and also by land of Tufts College and Boston University and land of East Middlesex Street R'y Co.; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Hannah Reddy; westerly by Wade avenue.
Tax of 1904, 98 00

HARLOW H. ROGERS.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Putnam street, being lot 116, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1904, 78

#### WARD 5.

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 8½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at northwesterly corner of premises, thence easterly by land of Samuel Abbott deceased; thence southerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jacob Ames; thence westerly by land formerly of Heirs of Jeremiah Clapp, deceased; thence northwesterly on cart path to point of beginning. Being 1st lot described in Deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by land of one Dewey; southerly by land now or formerly of Parmelia Smith and land of owners unknown; westerly by land formerly of Major Baldwin. Being 2nd lot described in deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2112, Page 567.
Tax of 1904, 98

THOMAS CONNELL.—About 33,568 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 133 Washington street, being lots E and K, shown on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot L on said plan; easterly by Washington street; southerly by a proposed street and lots F and G, shown on said plan; westerly by lot J and F shown on said plan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 15 09

SARAH J. COVENEY HEIRS.—About 959 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Washington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by land now or late of Sheeran; westerly by Washington street.
Tax of 1904, 49

BENJAMIN F. DOW.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 401 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by Montvale Road; southerly by lot 437 on said plan; westerly by lot 400 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CYNTHIA FREEMAN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 425 shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 389 on said plan; easterly by lot 426 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 424 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

EDMUND FREEMAN.—About 4,900 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 424, 388, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Felton street; easterly by lot 389 and 425 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 387 and lot 423 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 4,828 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 65, 66, shown on Plan A, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 34 on said plan; easterly by lot 67 on said plan; southerly by Bird street; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

SARAH E. GREENWOOD.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by lot 3 on said plan; southerly by lot 2 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 98

CATHERINE KENNEY HEIRS.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Grape and Albany streets, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly by Albany street and land of Cogan; southerly by land of said Cogan and by Grape street; westerly by other land of said Cogan.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 10 12

KATE ROBINSON HEIRS.—About 15 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the southerly side of Mill street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Mill street and at land formerly of Barney Kelley; thence the line runs southerly by land of said Kelley as the fence stands, 72 rods 24½ links to a corner; thence westerly across the mill stream 44 rods 24 links to a stake, 1 rod easterly from basin of canal; thence northerly keeping 1 rod distant from basin of canal 64 3-10 rods to Washington street; thence northeasterly and easterly by said Washington street about 10 9-10 rods to a large willow tree; thence southeasterly 3¼ rods to a post at the abutment of the bridge across said stream; thence southerly and southwesterly in center of said stream until it comes opposite the stake at southerly point of mill purchase on the easterly bank of said stream and 23½ links therefrom on a course S. 85° E.; thence northeasterly as the old wall stands 14 rods 23 links to a stake by the northerly side of an old oak tree; thence northeasterly 12 rods 18½ links to a stake; thence northerly 13° 45′ W. 19 rods 2 links to a bar post at said Mill street; thence northeasterly as the wall stands, by said street about 19 rods to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1904, 33 32

MARY C. STEARNS.—About 12 acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Dragon Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston; easterly by land now or late of of Matthews and land now or late of Abbott; southerly by land now or late of Charles Spear; westerly by land now or late of Reuben Weston and John Steele.
Tax of 1904, 27 44

MARTHA WEST.—About 15,264 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 Pine street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by Salem street about 170 feet; southeasterly by Pine street about 201 feet; easterly on a crooked line by land now or late of Robert West. Being same premises conveyed to said Martha West by John W. Johnson by deed dated Sept. 9, 1891, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2116, Page 575.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 14 16

B. F. WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being part of lot A 26 on plan of Woburn Manufacturing and Agricultural Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by land of Samson; southerly by land now or late of Moody; westerly by land of Alfred M. Wright.
Tax of 1904, 98

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; easterly by Central and Orange streets and by land formerly of Foster and other land of Whittemore; southerly by Montvale avenue; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 163 66

M. DORA WHITTEMORE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Orange street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Foster; easterly by Orange street; southerly by other land of Whittemore; westerly by other land of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, 21 56

MARY ISABELLE WHITE.—About 10,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Central street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Buckman; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by Utica street; westerly by Central street.
Tax of 1904, 17 64

#### Non-Residents.

AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, TRUSTEES.—About 9,800 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 451, 452, 453, 454, shown on plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Gregg street; easterly by lot 455 on said plan; southerly by lots 486, 488, 489 and 490 on said plan; westerly by lots 449 and 450 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 44 10

MARY A. DOLAN.—About 7,605 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Pine street, being lots 68 and 69 on plan of building lots at Walnut Hill, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 84, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 70 on said plan; easterly by Pine street; southerly by lot 68 on said plan; westerly by Hillside Place shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

LOUIS DORDINI.—About 3,717 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Eldridge street, being lot 10 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 94, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 11 on said plan; easterly by Stoneham Branch Railroad, so-called; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; westerly by Eldridge street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ELLEN J. FITZPATRICK.—About 2,295 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Washington Avenue, so-called, being lot No. 30, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 98, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by lots 17 and 18 on said plan; easterly by lot 31 on said plan; southerly by Washington Avenue; westerly by lot 29 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 78

JAMES CAMPBELL.—About 2,763 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 580 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 583 on said plan; easterly by lot 581 on said plan; southerly by Montvale Road; westerly by lot 579 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 3,330 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Orange street, being Lot 6, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by Foster street on said plan; easterly by Orange street; southerly by lot 5 on said plan; westerly by lot 13 ons aid plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

CHARLES CONKLIN.—About 4,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Foster street, being Lot 15, Section B, shown on Plan of Park District Improvement Association in Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Tate; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Foster street on said plan; westerly by lot 16 in Block E on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

ROSE FOTHERINGHAM.—About 7,312 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 535, 536 and 537, Munroe avenue, shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Munroe avenue; easterly by lot No. 538 on said plan; southerly by lots 577, 578, 579 on said plan; westerly by lot 534 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 2 94

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 64,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 14 inclusive, Section D, shown on plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 83, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Foster street on said plan; northeasterly by Lakeview avenue on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; southerly by land now or late of Whittemore; westerly by land of said Whittemore and by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

CHARLES J. GORMLEY.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 413, 414, shown on plan 2, Mishawum Addition, recorded with Assessors Plans 1, Plan 38, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lepingwell Road; easterly by lot 415 on said plan; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by lot 412 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

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# BOSTON LETTER

## Democrats Do Not Want Moran, but Fear Him.

## BARTLETT WILL NOT RUN AGAIN.

### Paint Bills In City Hall Have Been Cut Down Greatly.

There is a rather remarkable condition existing in Democratic politics in this state. There is every indication today that District Attorney John B. Moran of Boston will be the Democratic nominee for governor, and yet none of the Democratic leaders want him or would consent to his nomination if they dared do otherwise.

A number of weeks ago a leading Massachusetts Democrat declared that Mayor Fitzgerald would under no circumstances support the nomination of Moran or consent to it in any way whatever. This Democrat made the emphatic declaration that if it were necessary in order to prevent the nomination of Moran for governor, John F. Fitzgerald would not hesitate to go into the caucuses himself as a candidate and make a campaign from one end of the state to the other.

This man was clearly mistaken. He had an entirely wrong conception of the stuff composing the make-up of John F. Fitzgerald. When he stated that Fitzgerald was not afraid of any man that lived, he gave evidence of the fact that there were some things in the character of the mayor of which he was not at that time aware.

#### Fitzgerald on the Fence

Today Fitzgerald is teetering on the fence, uncertain whether to go over to Moran or drop off on the other side. Those Moran men who claimed some time ago that Moran was holding a club over Fitzgerald and that the latter would be compelled to support the district attorney for the gubernatorial nomination, are now patting themselves on the back and assuring themselves that they were not such bad prophets as some thought. Is Fitzgerald afraid of Moran? It certainly looks very much that way. Has the district attorney gone further into the McNary charges against the mayor and discovered that there is a substantial basis to those charges which would make it uncomfortable for somebody in case the probe was pushed and an investigation forced?

It is perfectly clear that something has caused Fitzgerald to waver in his determination to oppose the candidacy of Mr. Moran. The other day when it was announced in a Boston paper that Mr. Fitzgerald had been in consultation with former Governor Douglas for the purpose of urging him to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, the mayor lost no time in making frantic denials that he had done anything of the sort. He acted like a man in abject fear of being struck by lightning.

#### Others Also In Tight Place

Moran men say that some of the other Democratic leaders are in as tight places as that occupied by the mayor. It has been known for several years that Colonel William A. Gaston is in control of the whole Democratic state machine, and a good many prominent Democrats who believe that Moran is unfit to be governor have urged him to take off his coat and prevent his nomination. Thus far there have been no visible signs that Colonel Gaston will undertake anything of the sort. He has not yet announced his adherence to the Moran candidacy, but no one has heard him say anything in public in opposition to the nomination of the district attorney. There are some wise politicians who infer that Colonel Gaston will not care to antagonize Mr. Moran.

When Mr. Moran started out as a candidate for district attorney, among the planks of his platform was one which pledged him to hale before the grand jury the Boston Elevated Railway company, and he pledged himself that he would go into the subject of legislative expenditures to the fullest extent. Since then he has done nothing in that direction. It is intimated that he is holding this matter over the heads of certain men in order that they may not be disposed to oppose his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. A number of the Democratic leaders in Massachusetts have large interests in this corporation.

There is also a suspicion that the Democratic state committee will not be very strenuous in its opposition to Moran, notwithstanding the fact that nine-tenths of its membership would be extremely glad to consign him to Tophet if they were able by mere volition to do so. But they too do not care to be interrogated by the district attorney before the grand jury.

#### Some Other Reasons Given.

There are other reasons why many of the Boston Democrats who have no great regard for Moran are not tearing their clothes in an effort to prevent his nomination. When Moran built his platform last fall he incorporated a plank pledging him to investigate the padded payrolls at city hall. He has not taken a single step in that direction so far as anyone knows. A good many prominent Democrats are hoping and praying that he will not do so. They would be willing to support him for president if he would refrain, as he may in case they swear allegiance to his candidacy.

These are some of the reasons said to exist, offered as accounting for the non-resistance of the Boston machine to the self-originated and self-conducted candidacy of John B. Moran for governor. Today if one were to travel about the city, he would find very few leading Democrats who would privately give their assent to Moran's nomination, but not one of them has the sand or the courage to stand up in public and say what he actually thinks of Moran and his candidacy.

Such a situation has not been known in this state in 25 years. There are some of these Democrats who say they would prefer to have Moran in the governor's chair, notwithstanding the fact that they have absolutely no use for him whatever, than to see him remain in the office of district attorney where he is in a position to make trouble for them at any moment. They seem to forget that if he were nominated for governor, and by any chance elected, he would still be district attorney until his inauguration into office at the state house, and that after taking his oath of office there it would be his privilege and his duty and doubtless his great pleasure to nominate his own successor as district attorney of Suffolk county.

Colonel Charles W. Bartlett of Boston, who led the Democratic forces to defeat last year as a candidate for governor, declines to be used by the Boston Democrats in their effort to prevent the nomination of John B. Moran. Mr. Bartlett knows well that the Boston Democrats could probably prevent Mr. Moran's nomination if they were not afraid to set about it. For that reason he does not wish to be a stool pigeon for such an aggregation of weak-kneed Democrats. If the defeat of Moran depends upon Colonel Bartlett, it will not be accomplished.

#### Publicity Did Some Good.

Some months ago six offices in city hall were painted under the direction of Mayor Fitzgerald. When the bills came in they were for the amount of $3500. When the newspapers got hold of the bills there was considerable criticism of the amount, it being stated that it cost about one-fourth as much to do practically the same work at the state house.

City hall Democrats, however, defended the bills as being moderate and reasonable and they were paid. The mayor was very much disturbed and there was much talk of having an expert painter come in, look over the work, and justify the expenditure. No reputable painter, however, could be induced to act as an expert in this connection, and consequently the plan fell through. Now, however, it has become very evident from recent events that the publicity given this painting graft has worked some good to taxpayers. Some 15 rooms in city hall have recently been painted and the total bill was but $1902.25. These rooms were nearly as large as those included in the original contract, and from the fact that they average but slightly over $100 each, it is plainly evident that there was very little graft in the contract for anybody; for it cost two-thirds as much to paint the mayor's private office last February as it did to paint the entire 15 rooms just now painted. The very fact that the bills for the recent painting were brought down to a reasonable limit is convincing evidence that there was a gigantic steal in the first job.

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## HOG MONEY.

### Origin of the Curious Old Brass Coins of Bermuda.

"Hog money" is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1650 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that period. These old coins are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treacherous coast got from Spanish and English alike the name of Devil's Land? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in brilliancy Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda.

Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange noises which mariners heard coming from this island, and which they did not then know were produced by hogs, caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it.—Pearson's.

## PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

### Money Wisely Expended Is Safely and Profitably Expended.

Beautified utility is never too costly. Over and over again the cost benefits of public improvements have been proved, defined, established. It is true of public betterments of a sanitary character; it is true of public betterments that look to commercial advancement; it is true of public betterments that have primarily an art value. The practical and the ornamental betterment are alike in this—that money wisely expended for good purposes is safely and profitably invested.

The limitations of expenditures for civic betterment are of course very obvious. The work undertaken must be good in itself and serve some good purpose. Money expended for a worthless filtration plant, for example, is money worse than wasted. Money spent for bad art is not always considered as so completely lost as money that might be wasted for worthless sanitary apparatus. The statue causes no ill health and may be avoided by passing down the next street, while an impure water supply brings death and destruction to many helpless persons.—Homes and Garden.

## THE ISLAMIC WORLD.

### Its Two Divisions and Its Attitude Toward the Sultan.

The Islamic world is divided into two great divisions—the Sunni Mohammedans, who occupy the Turkish empire, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli, Afghanistan, Egypt and the Sudan, and the Khanates of central Asia, and the Shiah Mohammedans, who occupy Persia and are scattered all over the Mohammedan world, some 5,000,000 of them being in India. By the doctrine of the latter the caliph must be a lineal descendant of the prophet. The Sunnis, on the other hand, do not insist on this, but it is an article of necessary faith in Sunni theology and law that the caliph must be an Arab of pure blood belonging to Mohammed's tribe. On this point there is absolutely no difference in the Mohammedan world, barring one or two insignificant sects out of the hundreds of sects into which Mohammedanism is divided.

One proof test is the Friday prayer. In no country out of Turkey is prayer offered up for the sultan of Turkey. To do so would be an act of sedition and treated as such. I would not give much for the life of the mollah who dared to offer up prayers for the sultan in any mosque in Afghanistan or Persia. The Arabs repudiate with scorn the idea of the sultan being caliph; nor, indeed, has he ever dared formally to appeal to the Mohammedan world in that character. He was never acknowledged as caliph in India, and if he publicly claimed the title formally even in Constantinople it is probable that he would find himself deposed by a fetva of the Sheikh ul Islam.—London Times.

## ANCIENT ARTISTS.

### Wonderful and Lasting Work of the Greco-Egyptian Painters.

The methods of the artists of ancient Greece and Egypt were totally different from those of the present day and were evidently vastly more durable. Panels of wood were used to paint on —sycamore and cypress—also panels or papier mache, and occasionally they were formed by gluing three thicknesses of canvas together. These panels were usually about fourteen inches long by seven inches wide. The artist used liquid wax instead of oil to mix the colors, which were made, not from vegetable, but from mineral substances, and were of marvelous brilliancy and permanence—blue powdered lapis lazuli, green malachite, red oxide of iron, etc. The colors were laid on in patches, somewhat after the fashion of a mosaic, and afterward blended with an instrument called the cestrum, which appears to have been a lancet shaped spatula, long handled, with at one end a curved point, at the other a finely dentated edge. With the toothed edge the wax could be equalized and smoothed, while the point was used for placing high lights, marking lips, eyebrows, etc.

The final process, which gives the name encaustic to this kind of painting, was the burning in of the colors. This was done by the application of a heated surface to the panel, though in Egypt the heat of the sun was probably all that was needed to complete the artist's work.

#### Each Man's Share of the Globe.

There is no immediate prospect that the landed surface of the globe will be divided up and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, but if such a time ever does come it will be found that each will get a little truck farm of 23½ acres. The landed surface of the globe contains, as near as it is possible for the geographers to ascertain, 33,600,000,000 acres, which, divided among the 1,500,000,000 inhabitants which the world contains, roughly speaking, would give each of them a tract of land of the area mentioned above. Taking the entire population of the world into consideration, there are almost exactly twenty-eight inhabitants to each square mile.

#### A Startling Motto.

A traveling salesman died very suddenly in Pittsburg. His relatives telegraphed the undertaker to make a wreath; the ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription, "Rest in peace," on both sides, and if there is room, "We shall meet in heaven." The undertaker was out of town and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription, "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

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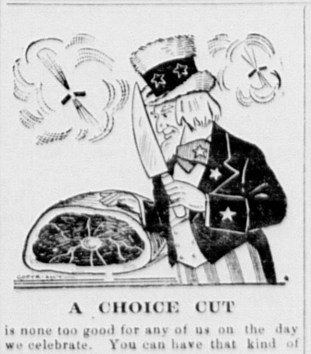

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# TAKEN AT HER WORD

By JOANNA SINGLE

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John Mason did not slam the gate simply because he knew that this manifestation of rage would surely delight Rosalie. She was watching his departure from the window, and he was angrily conscious that she knew he would, as usual, return in a few days, although she had said she hoped she would be rid of him for awhile. She was so young and so beautiful—and so provoking!

At the entrance to the little park, already growing green in the April sun, he met her sister. He did not know Anne very well—he had been too busy with Rosalie. He wished now that he had made friends with her; her blue eyes were so like and still so unlike Rosalie's. Anne stepped in front of him and stopped him unceremoniously.

"Been trampled upon again!" she observed. "John Mason, for so clever a man generally you're sometimes an awful—fool!" She submitted this thoughtfully, in a voice too gentle to be insulting.

"Then you and Rosalie are agreed, and I suppose you are expert testimony. May I turn and walk with you?"

She nodded and then asked a matter of fact question. "How many times has she refused you?"

"I had not thought to keep count. Rosalie just now informed me that this was the last time. I didn't know I had been the same sort of a—fool so often. But don't you think she ought to give me credit for my persistence? Not every man proposes so many times—to the same girl."

Anne laughed dryly as he continued: "I would have given up long ago if I were not unexplainably sure that she does—care for me. In fact, she never has said directly that she does not. She simply says she won't marry me. What's the matter with me? Am I too rich? I can give away the stuff if she likes. Am I too successful? I might lose a case to please her. Should I be as ugly as Satan? Perhaps she would like a Beauty and the Beast effect! What does she want? I've said and done everything under heaven, and she walks on me—she trails me!"

"Precisely! That's why I called you—what I did. A girl likes to trail a man, but hates the man that will be trailed. Not logical, is it? To use her own words, you are always around underfoot. You give her no time to want you or miss you or think about you. She's too sure of you. She knows just where you'll be. You never let her want anything bad enough to appreciate it when it comes. She has always had her own way. She needs to be a bit afraid of you. She needs to be bullied!"

He frowned. "I am not a brute. That is not my way."

"No? Well, what has your way accomplished?"

He tried to laugh. "Oh, I'll take you advice. I'll do anything you say. It can't be worse than it is now."

"Well, I hate the responsibility. If you get her you'll fight; if you don't, you'll both be miserable anyhow. You must get her—and then work out your own salvation. In the first place, you must give her a shock. Write her a note and accept your dismissal. Tell her you begin to see that she is right and that you wish to be friendly with her and the family. Then call sometimes—on the father or on me. Don't stay away. Absences of that sort are flattering; you must be quite unaffected by her presence."

"You know that is impossible. You know how the sight of her"—

"You've got to do it! And you must take another girl out occasionally. Being naturally modest, I dislike to suggest that you send me flowers sometimes and come for a walk with me. That will bring things home to her. A girl hates to have an admirer transfer himself bodily to any one, but especially to her sister."

When they had planned their campaign and he left Anne at the gate she had him laughing. Rosalie saw them and shrugged her shoulders. While removing her hat in the hall Anne remarked to her sister:

"Well, dear, John tells me that you have dismissed him for good. You know I never would have interfered if you had wanted him, but I am glad you do not. Now you may find time for your music. Your talent is too marked to be neglected. It will be a relief for you to have him out of the way awhile. You're too young to leave father and me, and, after all, I think you're right about his not being the right man for you."

Rosalie shrugged her shoulders.

The next day Rosalie, without comment, handed Anne this note:

> Dear Miss Carleton—I want to thank you for your frankness of yesterday, and I assure you that I shall not annoy you again as I have in the past. Can you forgive me for having troubled you so much and so long? You are probably right in deciding that I could not make you happy, as I hoped to be able to do. May I hope to continue my present friendly relations with you and the rest of the family? If I may, I will not again trespass on your kindness. It will be, as you said, the last time you shall have the pain of refusing. Yours sincerely,
>
> JOHN MASON.

"Well, I like a man to know when he's had enough," remarked Anne. Again Rosalie shrugged her shoulders and made a wry little face.

For a week Rosalie was blithe and busy with her music. The second week Anne observed that the gayety was a bit forced and that during the third she moped a little. John had somehow kept the other men of her set away from her, and flowers and drives and theaters were less frequent. She had no time to miss him.

In the fourth week he called—while she was out. Of course she could not know that Anne had phoned him to come. He was leaving just as Rosalie entered and shook hands with her cordially. He did not look broken hearted, and he seemed to be on very good terms with Anne, to whom next morning he sent some violets. Rosalie saw him out walking with Mary Dye. Then he took Anne driving. She began to realize that Anne was very pretty if she was a year or two older than John.

Rosalie's irritation reached its climax one morning at the breakfast table when her younger brother Ted remarked in a teasing drawl:

"John seems to be taking his medicine like a man, Rosy! He's all right, and I am glad Anne seems inclined to keep him in the family. He probably appreciates being treated like a human being after the way you always walked on him. The fellows say he's the best young lawyer in town. But I should think you'd hate to have him take his punishment so cheerfully, Rosy!"

By this time Rosalie had reached the limit of endurance. She sprang up and, before any one could interfere, had boxed Ted's ears soundly and fled to her room. No one made comment on the scene save that Mr. Carleton amusedly met the laughter in Anne's eyes and told Ted that he would have no more of his teasing. Rosalie's capricious treatment of John had long been disapproved of by her family, and, while they were all sorry for her, they thought it time she should come to her senses.

Time had been slow and torturing to John. He wanted to tell Rosalie that he loved her and her only. He wanted to send her flowers, to give her every desire of her heart, and he found it a misery to see her or not to see her. Meantime he was very attentive to Anne, who was becoming vastly bored with his raptures and sorrows and was longing for him to win his Rosalie and let her go back to her old peaceful ways.

At last one night Anne waked and heard Rosalie sobbing to herself. In the morning she pleaded headache and stayed in her room till nearly evening. Anne had a long conference by telephone with John and took pains to have her father and Ted spend the evening elsewhere.

After dinner she went to Rosalie's room and pleaded being tired. She coaxed Rosalie to arrange her pretty hair and don a pretty gown so she could go down if any one should come. While Rosalie was sulkily doing as her sister wished, Anne heard the bell and slipped down to answer it. She came back saying it was some one for her father and asked Rosalie if she would mind going to the library and bringing the book she had left on the table.

Rosalie, in her trailing blue dress, went downstairs and through the hall into the library. She had half crossed the room before she saw John sitting in a great chair in the dim firelight. She wanted to flee from him, but somehow her feet would not move, nor did she find a word to say. Then to her dismay she knew that a slow tear was falling down her cheek. John came quickly toward her. It seemed very comfortable to be leaning against him. After awhile he held her off and looked at her. She tried to smile.

"Well," he questioned, "how shall it be? You know you said you hoped you would never have to refuse me again. I hope you will not. Just for variety, suppose you—take me."

After the little minutes had cunningly slipped away and it was time that he should leave her, Rosalie exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, Anne's book! She will be waiting for it."

"I hardly think so," John asserted dryly. "Your sister Anne is wise. She knew better than to expect you in a moment when she sent you down to me!"

"Sent me to you!" Rosalie echoed.

"Yes, my lady! Do you imagine your sister has been trailing me about for her pleasure? She is more glad to be rid of me than—ever you were!"

"Then—it—was not—Anne—ever?"

John laughed and bade her good night.

"If you were not perfectly sure that it was 'not—Anne—ever,' you would never, never have asked me!" which both of them knew to be true.

And Anne went to bed and slept the sleep of one who has successfully performed an arduous duty.

### Separations.

Why do we grieve at separations? Why do everlasting farewells chill our hearts, and the fading away of lost joys fill us with bitterness?

"Be not the slave of words," says Carlyle. "Is not the distant, the dead, while I love it and long for it and mourn for it, here in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on?"

And are not all good experiences thus forever a part of our lives? Can we therefore regret or mourn any past joy, any lost friend? Nothing is lost or gone from us that we have the spirit and capacity to appropriate and make our own forever. It is not the touch of body that makes presence. Have we not all known times when presence in the flesh brought no nearness, and again when the absent one seemed unspeakably near in spirit? So not to be within the actual physical sense, but to be able to appreciate and love the spirit of another, is the true association and communion. Hence our friends need never die, nor need we ever be parted from them.

Further, in order to realize them truly we need to be separated from them in the flesh at times. Else we shall grow to think them all body and forget that diviner, intangible, unnamable essence—the living spirit, the real self.—Exchange.

### A Peculiarity of the Crow.

Most birds cannot carry anything which their mouths are too small to contain. The crow is an exception at times. In Vermont, near Manchester, five crows were seen to come down into an apple orchard. They came daily and after a time the owner discovered that they were taking apples from a tree bearing the mellowest fruit. Each crow jammed its closed bill into an apple, raised its head and flew to a tall pine tree, where the fruit was eaten. More remarkable still is the fact that crows will sometimes carry turkey and hen eggs from a nest in the same manner.

### Proper Kind of Window.

Every window in a house should be as high as the ceiling, but a paneled top that can be opened in the summer and closed in the winter. If ceilings were only six feet high and every occupant of a house stood seventy inches the accumulation of fetid odors against the ceiling would soon kill.

### Wouldn't Be Low.

"I understand that Mrs. De Style is a great stickler for having everything of the most exclusive kind."

"Yes; she discharged her doctor because he told her that her temperature was too low."—Exchange.

### Learning.

Learning hath its infancy, when it is almost childish; then its youth, when luxurious and juvenile; then its strength of years, when solid, and, lastly, its old age, when dry and exhaust.—Bacon.

### Made a Bad Job of It.

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening is a self made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.

### Not Much Doin'.

Simkins—Old Skinner is considered pretty well to do, isn't he? Timkins—Yes; also pretty hard to do.—Chicago News.

### It Generally Cures.

Jones—What's good for the toothache? Smith—Walk about halfway to the nearest dentist's.

### Send Down Grace.

A little Portland miss, whose first name is Grace, had never attended church, being too little and too lively to be trusted there, according to the Kennebec Journal. But at last her mother permitted her to accompany an elder sister, giving her grave warnings beforehand. The rector of the church was a frequent caller at Grace's home, and her mother feared that on this account she might take liberties.

"You must sit still," she said, "and you must not say one word, but let Mr. Hammond do the talking. Now, remember."

Gracie behaved very well in meeting. As soon as she reached home she reported:

"Oh, mamma, I did keep still—real still, and when Mr. Hammond called me right out in meeting I never stirred to go to him."

"Called you? Why, child, he never called you in meeting."

"Yes, but he did, mamma. He said three or four times, 'Send down Grace,' but I sat as still as a mouse."

### The Meaning of "Bridge."

The story goes that years ago, long before bridge was known in London clubs, two families who played the game under the name of "Russian whist" were living in neighboring houses at or near Great Dalby in Leicestershire. The only road of communication lay over a somewhat dangerous bridge. It was a frequent occurrence for the departing guests to say to their hosts: "Thank goodness, it is your 'bridge' tomorrow," meaning that the other party would have to cross the dangerous bridge the next night; hence is said to have arisen the title of "bridge." We give this story for what it is worth, but in our own mind we have little doubt that the modern name of "bridge" is merely a very easy corruption of the old title of "biritch." The two words "biritch" and "bridge" have absolutely the same sound when spoken quickly, so that it is easy to imagine how the change came to pass.—London Saturday Review.

### The Deer's Tracks.

A deer if walking always places its feet firmly closed upon the ground, and consequently the track is sharply drawn—that is, the hoof is not spread to any appreciable extent. Exceptions are sometimes the track of deer that are heavy with fawns, during spring and early summer, and those of old bucks during the rutting season. But even then the heels of their tracks are considerably closer than in tracks made by a hog or a sheep. The hoofs of the latter two animals are always rounder at the toe than those of deer, making the tracks they leave easily distinguishable, and if the difference is not discernible in frozen snow the fact that the trail made by hogs or sheep does not register should settle all doubts for the tracker. A deer if not wounded will always step with its hind foot in the track made by the front foot.—Field and Stream.

### Some Puritan Names.

One of the customs practiced by our Puritan forefathers was that of inflicting ludicrous and terrifying names upon their children. One Puritan damsel, when asked her baptismal name, answered, "Through-Much-Tribulation-We-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven, but for short they call me Tribby." Another unfortunate maiden bore the name The-Gift-of-God Stringer. A sickly boy was christened Faint-Not Hewitt. Another labored under Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White. A little girl who had a propensity for crying was at the age of eight christened Weep-Not Billing. There also were Thunder Goldsmith, The-Work-of-God Farmer, Search-the-Scriptures Morton, Be-Courteous Cole and, worst of all, Kill-Sin Pimple.

### The Way He Viewed It.

"Good news!" cried the lawyer, waving a paper above his head. "I've secured a reprieve for you!"

"A reprieve?" replied the convicted murderer indifferently.

"Why, yes. Don't you see you ought to be happy"—

"Ah," replied the prisoner gloomily, "that simply means a delay, and I've always been taught that delays are dangerous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### The Lava Lake of Hawaii.

One of the large volcanoes in Hawaii has a large lake of liquid lava in its crater or hollow. This seething, boiling mass looks like redhot bottle glass to the naked eye, but under the microscope pieces of the original rocks of very minute size may be detected. Where it has cooled in curious festoons along the "coast" it resembles slag from some mammoth furnace.

### The Cantankerous Member.

Elder Keepalong—When we hear of these terrible calamities happening in other parts of the world, deacon, we ought to be exceedingly thankful that our lot is cast in a favored land.

Deacon Ironside—On the contrary, elder, I feel like resenting it. What right have we got, I'd like to know, to be better off than other people?—Chicago Tribune.

### Not So Easy.

"Dibble, don't you think a man ought to save at least half the money he makes?"

"Yes, but how can he, with his creditors howling for it all the time?"

### An Instance.

Hewitt—I was once kicked by a donkey. Jewett—We often hear of people kicking themselves.—New York Press.

### Wanted to Be In Time.

A wealthy Parisian, tired of supporting his nephew, determined to get him married off and settled. He called upon a matrimonial agent and looked over his album of candidates for husbands. To his horror he found the picture of his own pretty young wife. He reproached her and demanded an explanation. "I do not deny it," she said, "but it was last year, when, as you know, dearest, you had been given up by all the doctors."

### Willing, But—

Theatrical Manager—What are you going to do with all that wall paper? Green Hand—Why, when you hired me you said you wanted me to make myself generally useful, and I heard you say yesterday that you would have to paper the house tomorrow, so I thought I would get you these samples to look at.—New York Press.

### Lots of Chatter.

"What is he playing?"

"Oh, Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"Hm! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—London Bystander.

The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.—Hindoo Maxim.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 22.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke xi, 1-13. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Luke xi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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We could not pray a better prayer than the request of the disciples in the first verse of our lesson, "Lord, teach us to pray," for by prayer all things are accomplished that can be accomplished, and when we recall such words as these—"What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (Mark xi, 24; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7)—where is there a real Christian whose heart does not cry, Oh, that I knew how to do it; how to take hold of God and prevail, as Jacob did, as the centurion did, as the Syro-Phoenician woman did, and so many others? The texts just quoted read simply enough, but notice the abiding and asking in His name and that God may be glorified, and keep these in mind as we meditate.

Prayer is real access to God in matters concerning His kingdom and His people. The Lord Jesus was here wholly for Him, never in anything seeking His own will or His own glory, and He could say to His Father, "I know that thou hearest me always" (John xi, 42). If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him (I John v, 14, 15). Oh, it is wonderful! "Lord, teach us to pray." Consider in Luke iii, 21; v, 16; vi, 12; ix, 28, and elsewhere how much Jesus gave Himself to prayer. He knew the reality of heaven, from whence He had come, and of the Father who sent Him and of the angels, and He lived more in heaven than on earth, and thus He was able to live on earth as God's man, the God-man, God manifested in the flesh. We may study, with the greatest profit, the prayers recorded in Scripture, such as those of Abraham, Eliezer, Nehemiah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Jabez, Daniel and others, but nothing can compare with our Lord's prayer in John xvii. As a prayer for ourselves the one in our lesson, which was also given on another occasion (Matt. vi, 9-13), is the epitome of all prayer, the sum and substance of all we can desire. It is a prayer for disciples; to them He was speaking, and none but those who have become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus can truly say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Compare John i, 12; viii, 44.

That all people are children of God, but many do not know it, or that infant baptism makes such infants children of God, is the teaching of man, but not of God. All are by nature children of wrath and must be born again in order to become children of God (Eph. ii, 3; John iii, 3, 5, 7). We have in this prayer seven petitions, divided, like all sevens, into three and four or four and three. The first three are Godward—Thy name, Thy kingdom, Thy will. The other four concern the believer—our bread, our sins, lead us not, deliver us. Their parallel with the beatitudes is most interesting and instructive. Only the poor in spirit truly hallow His name; others are like Gen. xi, 4, and seek to make themselves a name. The true child of God, considering how the name he so loves is dishonored and how the curse still prevails, cannot but mourn because of it and long for the coming of the kingdom when Rev. xi, 15, shall be fulfilled. The blessed meek, who are to inherit the earth and who now love to be guided (Ps. xxv, 9), seek to know and do His will and long for the time when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Hungering for the righteousness of the kingdom (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17) and waiting for it we live day by day, trusting Him for our daily portion in all things (II Kings xxv, 30; Jer. lii, 34). Having experienced so much of God's mercy and forgiveness we freely forgive others, even to the seventy times seven. Seeing something of God and desiring to see more of Him we covet the purity of heart necessary thereto, and, fearing lest anything should come between us, we pray, Lead us not into temptation. Recognizing the great adversary as the great peace breaker and desiring the peace of God to rule, we pray, Deliver us from the evil one.

Our emptiness in all things is set forth in the words, "I have nothing to set before Him" (verse 6), for truly we are nothing but sinners and have nothing but self and sin, and we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God (II Cor. iii, 5). Having, as empty, helpless sinners, received the Lord Jesus we at once become rich and possess all things in Him (II Cor. vi, 10). Our Father does not put all things in our actual possession, but they are ours (I Cor. iii, 21-23), and we may draw as needed for His glory. One who asks and does not await or expect an answer will not probably receive, but one who sees or feels the need and persists in asking will receive because of his importunity (verse 8). Compare chapter xviii, 1-8. There is an asking, a seeking and a knocking which obtains, but it must be on the principle of Jer. xxix, 13, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart." Parents do not give to their children stones for bread, serpents instead of fishes, scorpions instead of eggs. How much less will our Father in heaven give anything evil to any of His children.

### Honors Easy.

"This silver dollar," began the cashier of the restaurant as he scrutinized the coin—

"Is bad, eh?" interrupted the sour looking patron.

"Well, it doesn't look very good."

"That so? Just bite it, and if it's anything like the dinner I had it'll taste even worse than it looks."—Philadelphia Press.

### Immense.

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

"See those two girls across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one—she's a sight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Dim Past.

Professor (lecturing)—Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago, when— Student—What did they do before it was discovered, professor?

### Ancestral Memory.

As I walk along a dark, lonely road my ears are on the alert. I glance to right and left. I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory disk giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused I find my hands clinch, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together and sprang upon his enemy to rend him with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word "offensive" it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still haunted by that piece of very offensive carrion which my primitive ancestor with a prejudice for raw meat found too strong for him, so strong that his nose rejected it at once.—Nineteenth Century.

### How to Learn a Foreign Language.

One may begin the attempts of free expression, and thus an independent use of the language, with a comparatively small vocabulary. Conscientious reading and well conducted conversations will then quickly enlarge the vocabulary and develop the facility of expression. But I cannot lay too much stress upon the fact that the free and exact rendering of one's own thought in writing is the most efficient exercise in acquiring a language. In mere conversation we are apt to slip over difficulties by permitting ourselves vagueness and inaccuracies of expression which would sternly demand correction—and correction, too, easily kept in mind—when the written words look us in the face. To quicken the efficacy of this exercise requires, of course, a teacher able not only to pound grammatical rules into the head of the pupil, but also to stir up in the study of the language a mentally active interest in the subjects spoken or written about.—Carl Schurz's Reminiscences in McClure's.

### Sailors on Strike.

That English soldiers or sailors should strike for more pay in a way such as we are accustomed to in trades sounds impossible, but such things have occurred, the last time being in April, 1797, when the sailors demanded higher wages and literally struck, otherwise mutinying. The admiralty agreed to meet their demands, but, not doing so at once, the sailors aboard the London struck or mutinied again, and for ordering the marines to fire, thereby killing some men, Admiral Colpoys and his captain were made prisoners by the sailors. On May 10 a special act was passed granting the increased pay, and the king pardoned the mutineers.—London Telegraph.

### Natural Spectacles.

Many birds are provided with natural spectacles, a transparent membrane called the third eyelid. This third eyelid when not in use lies folded in the inner corner of the eye. Two muscles work it, spreading it over the cornea or folding it up again much more cleverly than a man can put on or take off his spectacles. But for its third eyelid the eagle could not look at the sun. The spectacled bear belongs to Chile. Its Latin name is Ursus ornatus. It is black, and around its eyes pale rings are drawn which have exactly the appearance of a pair of goggles.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Wind Velocity.

The average velocity of the wind is low, in most places between five and ten miles an hour, corresponding respectively to wind pressure of from two ounces to eight ounces a square foot. During portions of nearly every day, however, somewhat higher velocities are recorded, since the averages contain considerable periods of very light breezes occurring often within a few hours before and after sunrise and sunset. There are few days without periods of brisk breezes of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

### Rather Caustic.

"Did you tell your father I was a humorist?" asked the tall young man with long hair.

"I did," replied the pretty girl, "and he laughed."

"Laughed? Why, I thought he used to say writing jokes was hard on the brain."

"So he did; but he says he never heard of your writing any jokes."—Chicago News.

### The Very Thing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the salesman, "an establishment like ours has its own literary staff. Here, for example, is an 'Ode to Our Furniture Polish,' written by our own poet and set to music by our own musician."

"An ode to furniture polish!" exclaimed Miss Peekay-Booh. "Why, that would be just the thing to take home and try on the piano!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Gladstone as a "Supe."

A reference to "The Corsican Brothers" recalls an amusing story of Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Lyceum when Irving was playing in this drama. Mr. Gladstone at the time was not burdened by the cares of office, and one evening he dropped in at the Lyceum, where he was occasionally accommodated with a chair at the "wings." On this night, however, when the stage was set for the opera ball in "The Corsican Brothers" his curiosity led him into one of the boxes for spectators in the scene. Up went the curtain; Mr. Gladstone was at once descried by the pit and greeted with shouts of joy which caused him hastily to withdraw. "This," says Mr. Austin, "was his first and only appearance in the drama outside of the dear old 'legitimate' at Westminster."—Westminster Gazette.

### The Wife's Reproach.

In an address to a temperance society a lecturer told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier. In the course of the sad story he said:

"Sometimes, after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas, the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises. And one night, when he was getting to be an old man, a prematurely old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red rimmed eyes, he said to his wife sadly:

"'You're a clever woman, Jenny, a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear.'

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he had once been, she answered in a quiet voice:

"'I did, James.'"

Action from youth, advice from middle age, prayers from the aged.—Hesiod.

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## KEEP THE LIVER CLEAN.

### Don't Overwork It and Give It a Rest Once In Awhile.

A man of common sense and a doctor at that said: "The liver is misunderstood and underestimated in its functions. If it can be kept clean and active there is no reason why we should ever be ill a day, and we should live to be 150 or 200 years old. It is not necessary to rip this organ all to pieces with ten grains of calomel to get it stirred up. The best thing to do is to shut off your food supply for two or three days, drop your whisky and claret, your tea and coffee, and give your liver a chance to rest. This should be done once a month."

It is well known, of course, that in olden times the liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. Friends when they met in the morning did not salute each other with "How's your health?" but with "How's your liver?" Men take horseback exercise principally for their livers. A good shaking up every morning drives away the cirrhotic biliary encroachment. It is an error to assume that whisky alone produces cirrhosis. Overfeeding is more often the cause. If the digestive organs would organize a union and work only eight hours a day all of us would be healthy and long lived. The trouble is we require the liver, stomach, bowels, heart, brain, muscles, nerves, kidneys, spleen, etc., to work all the time and overtime. Wrong. Give them a rest.—New York Press.

## MINING FOR RUBIES.

### The Primitive Methods That Are Still In Use In Burma.

The system practiced for obtaining rubies in the mining districts in Burma is of the most primitive description, says the Searchlight. The mining shafts are simply holes about two feet square sunk to a depth varying up to fifty or sixty feet. The shoring up of the walls of the shaft is most crude, the sides being supported by posts at the corners and branches of small trees secured carefully against the sides by means of stout sticks.

The miner carries a tin pot similar in shape to a blunt edged cone on his head. He squats down in one corner and digs between his knees in the opposite corner. The earth, or byon, as the ruby bearing earth is called, is conveyed to the top as fast as it is excavated in small buckets let down from above.

The apparatus for raising and lowering the buckets is simple in the extreme. A stout bamboo post about twenty feet high, called a maungdine, is fixed upright in the ground at a convenient distance from the pit, or dwin, and a long, thinner bamboo pivoted horizontally into the upper end of it so as to project an eighth from the mine and the long arm toward the mine.

### Telling Age and Sex by Pulse.

"The female pulse always beats faster than the male," said a physician, "and from birth to death the pulse speed steadily decreases. I have no doubt that by the pulse alone I could tell readily a healthy person's age and sex. Babes at birth have a pulse that beats 160 times a minute in the case of girls and 150 times a minute in the case of boys. At the age of four or five the pulse beats will have fallen respectively to 110 and 100. Maidens' and youths' pulses average ninety-five and ninety; mature women's and men's average eighty and seventy-five; elderly women's and men's average sixty and fifty. An old woman's pulse rarely if ever sinks below fifty, but among old men a pulse under fifty is fairly common."

### A Cask's Capacity.

Should you wish to get the capacity of a cask you can do so in the following manner: Take the measurements from the bunghole to the bottom of each end of the cask in inches. Average the two measurements. Multiply this figure by itself twice. Then multiply the product by .002266, and the remainder is the number of gallons. Example: 31 inches, 29 inches (average 30 inches). 30×30×30=27,000, which, multiplied by .002266, = 61.182. The contents, therefore, are 61 gallons and a fraction.

### Modest Greatness.

One day a letter was received at the postoffice in Paris bearing the following inscription: "To the Greatest French Poet." The letter carrier was instructed to deliver it to Victor Hugo, who refused to receive it and sent it to Lamartine. This genius also declined to accept the letter and passed it on to Alfred De Musset. The latter, equally modest, re-sent it to Victor Hugo, who finally accepted it. The letter had reached its destination.—Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Wasp's Nest.

One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the trees so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which in those regions have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even a hornet's nest.

### Shortening the Visit.

"It is a great comfort to have a child about the house," said the man of domestic tastes.

"Yes," answered the unfeeling wretch, "when company comes that you don't care for you can make the child recite."

### Her Possessions.

"I have two lovely little puppies," said Mrs. Tawkley.

"I have met your husband," replied the man. "Who is the other one?"—Judge.

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

### A Wonderful Grasshopper.

The number of astonishing and often absurd blunders perpetrated by translators is without limit. The first man to translate Cooper's novel "The Spy" into French made numerous errors, among which are these: When the translator came to the word "Locusts," which was the name of the Whartons' residence in the story, he turned to his dictionary and found the rendering of the word to be "Les Sauterelles" (the grasshoppers). He was a trifle puzzled later when he came to the passage in which a dragoon was represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn. He had never been in America; but, taking it for granted that the grasshoppers of that country must be of tremendous size, he solemnly informed his readers that the trooper fastened his horse by the bridle to a grasshopper which was standing near the door of the house.

### The Last Prize Fight.

Prize fighting, as distinguished from the glove contests of today, has long been banned by law, though it once had aristocratic support. Fights took place to a finish in a roped ring twenty-four feet square pitched on turf in the open. The men stripped to the waist, using bare knuckles, and wrestling was allowed. The last fight for the championship of the world under these London prize ring rules was when John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain in seventy-five rounds July 8, 1889, outside New Orleans, the stakes being $10,000 a side, a side bet of $1,000 a side and the championship belt.—London Answers.

### Franklin's Kite Experiment.

Commenting on Benjamin Franklin's kite experiment, which proved that lightning and electricity are the same, a scientist says: "It was one of the most brilliant examples of luck yet recorded. To attempt the extraction of lightning flashes from a lowering sky was almost suicidal. Even at this late day timid persons occasionally fly to feather beds, sit on glass legged chairs or find refuge in rubber boots during thunderstorms. A repetition of Franklin's experiment cost his immediate imitator his life."

### New York's First Street Cleaner.

The Dutch housewives of old New York, ever noted for their housekeeping qualities, created the agitation which resulted in the appointment of the first public street cleaner in New York in 1692. He was Laurens Van der Speigle, a baker. His daughter married Rip Van Dam, who afterward became governor of New York, an illustration of the democracy of that day.

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### A Woman and $10.

You give a woman $10 and then borrow 72 cents from her and see what will happen. Two days later you casually inquire what has become of the $10. She tells you she has not had $10. You waive the question whether she ever had $10 and ask her if she has $10 now, and finally get a reluctant admission that she is penniless. Then you follow up the inquiry and discover that she has bought nothing. Then you are ready with the final charge, "What, then, did you do with the $10?" and that blessed woman will come back at you like this, "You gave me $10 and then borrowed it back." That is the way your 72 cents becomes a boomerang that smashes you and your $10 to smithereens. And yet, in spite of all, that same woman will hang on to 99 cents and get more things and spread it round over more clothes and keep it simmering like a bubbling spring—in short, take her all in all, a woman is the master financier of the world.—Judge.

### Chinese Dialects.

"It is absolutely impossible," writes a traveler recently returned from a tour of China, "to conceive of a nation speaking as many dialects as you will find in China. A foreigner's ability to speak Chinese is a practically worthless acquirement, as about every twenty-five miles the dialect changes to such an extent as to be practically another language, and even if you are speaking the best mandarin—the court language—you are quite apt to be told that your honorable foreign language is not understood. Even the governors of the provinces have to employ interpreters to communicate with the people they govern.

"It is a common joke among foreigners in China that the natives always indicate by signs that they intend to converse about before beginning to talk, and this is a joke with quite a grain of truth in it."—Harper's Weekly.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 35.

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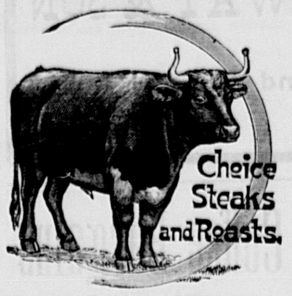

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

**Summer Arrangement.**
**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
**SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.
**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.
The 9.09 P. M. train to Boston will not run before June 25th.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 149 Main St., Woburn.

## How Joan Took the Country

By BELLE MANIATES

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When Joan Williams, who had taken first prize in the school of photography, and her friend, Lucile King, stepped from the platform of the little station near the farm where they intended to spend the summer, they at first saw no one waiting for them.

Joan's quickly moving eyes covered the whole scene in appreciation. The colliding and jostling of incoming and outgoing passengers, the frantic haste of belated travelers contrasting with the exasperating leisure of the ticket agent, the jogging pace of the man behind the baggage truck, the vociferous voiced driver of the bus, besieging passengers to ride to the Pullet House; the passive miened driver of the one shabby hack, formed a series of most realistic pictures which made Joan touch the button many times.

A peculiarly fashioned horse attached to a two seated democrat now drove up. Joan was somewhat in doubt at first as to the genuineness of the animal, which seemed to her to have a homemade aspect. The driver was gazing into space, with no manifest interest in the arrival of the train.

Again she touched the button, while Lucile, who had spent the summers of two years in this vicinity, went quickly up to the newcomer.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Bates? This is my friend, Miss Williams."

The girls occupied the back seat of the vehicle. Mr. Bates uttered a mild "Geed-ap!" and the horse made a forward movement, tearing away in clumsy gallop across the long bridge, at the end of which he settled down into a nippy little gait.

"Old Hundred didn't omit his usual bridge sprint," observed Lucile.

"Old Hundred! He doesn't deserve such a cognomen," observed Joan.

"You will think so. He hasn't settled down into his snallest pace yet."

"Geed-ap!" reiterated Mr. Bates, roused to effort by this insinuation and smartly slapping the reins across the steed's ample back.

"He doesn't 'geed-ap' very fast," commented Joan.

"Do you earn your own living, too?" asked the old man, turning to her quickly.

"I hope to," she replied modestly. "I take pictures. I expect to take your whole country."

"I hope it brings you more than writing poetry," he said, with a glance at Lucile. "The Hedgeton Gazette only pays for it in subscriptions and trade."

Joan gave an ecstatic laugh.

"But Lucile writes for big magazines. She is paid by the word."

"You don't tell me! She must be awful rich."

"But sometimes I sit for hours and can't think of a word," confessed Lucile.

"Words are plenty enough," he declared scornfully. "You can get them out of a dictionary."

"I never thought of that," she replied naively.

At nearly every farmhouse en route Mr. Bates "whoaed" to deliver purchases. Now it was the farmer's wife who came out to the wagon and again it was a bashful boy or a giggling girl. In every instance Joan's camera was active.

The last commission was not delivered at house or in person. Mr. Bates stopped in front of a barn near the roadside and there deposited a suspicious looking package. Farther on they met a farmer who looked at them inquiringly.

"Put it in the barn, Fred," said Mr. Bates significantly.

"All right." Bestowing a knowing wink upon his purchasing agent, Fred hastened forward.

"How are the Locke girls?" asked Lucile. "And do you all help them as much as you did?"

Mr. Bates then related a pathetic story of the misfortunes of the Locke "girls," who had lived together for seventy odd years in the little tumble down house with its sparse garden patch. The mortgage had been foreclosed. Roxy's sight had failed her, and she was unable to do the "piecing" and quilting by which they had helped eke out their living.

The poorhouse was looming up in their horoscope, though the neighbors were preparing to give a harvest ball and bestow the proceeds therefrom to the averting of this calamity.

By the time this narrative was finished they had reached the farmhouse of the Bates household, and Mrs. Bates came out to greet the "city folks," who were shown to their "bedroom off the sitting room."

"The live stock seem to be making a grand entrance," said Joan presently, parting the curtain. "Through the hole in the screen door some chickens are entering. On the stairs are a multitude of cats, and a stray sheep—I think it is a sheep—bleats on the back steps. Mrs. Bates is sending the dog for the cows. Will he bring them into the house?"

Her thought was still of a menagerie when she awoke the next morning, conscious of a slight motion of the house, accompanied by a most peculiar sound. She awoke Lucile, who sat up to listen.

"It's an earthquake!" asserted Joan. "Unless the house is portable. I should not be surprised if we were all en route to the barn to do the chores."

"Mrs. Bates!" called Lucile. "What ails the house?"

Mrs. Bates answered the summons.

"The house isn't boarded up, you know, and the hogs go under it when they get out of their pens. They scratch their backs on the floor, and it rocks the house a little, but it's safe."

"Lucile," said Joan gravely when their hostess had returned to the kitchen precincts, "I had thought of naming this delightful place Noah's Ark, but now I think the Hogs' Back will be more appropriate."

At breakfast Mrs. Bates gave more particulars of the disasters that had attacked the Locke household and asked to enlist their help in the forthcoming ball. Joan appeared abstracted and offered no suggestions. Lucile proposed a fair in connection with the dance and began to ply her needle in the fashioning of sofa pillows.

The next few days were devoted by Joan to long solitary rambles, in which she always carried her camera.

"I think I have took the whole country," she announced one day. "I am going to send the plates to the city for development, as I haven't the facilities here."

The day before that set for the fair and dance a huge express package was brought to Joan, but she refused to show the contents to any one.

On the momentous evening she went to the big barn where the dance was to be held an hour in advance of the time set. When the Bates household arrived they saw her seated demurely at a table surrounded by a group of eager, chattering folks. An artistically lettered sign read:

"Would you see yourself as others see you? Come and find yourself! If not here, faces made to order at future date."

Lucile and the Bates family hastened to the table, which was covered with photographs of all styles and sizes, snapshots of the country folks in and about Hedgeton caught in unpremeditated poses—Farmer Lange hooking up the team, Mrs. Lapps feeding chickens, Bessie Graves churning, Jed Strackhom milking, the little Blatchfords going blackberrying, Lane's Carlo bringing home the cows, etc. No one was overlooked.

Also there were pictures of home, barns, cattle, the church, the cemetery, schoolhouse, sawmill and many old landmarks, all on sale, not to mention pictures of the Locke girls.

The news spread, and every newcomer hastened up to see if his likeness was there. Ardent swains secured pictures long denied them by coy damsels. At the close of the evening her hand bag was well filled with coin.

"This," she said, extending the money to Mrs. Bates, "is my contribution toward the Locke estate."

As she suspected, she was besieged for many days by people from miles around who heard they had been "took." If by chance one had been overlooked, the omission was remedied.

"I think," remarked Joan meditatively as she looked a last farewell from the car window on her return to the city, "that the country and I are now on intimate terms, and with the sale of pictures and proceeds of the dance, not to mention contributions from the neighbors, I can see at least two years of prosperity for the Locke girls."

### The Farmer's Individualism.

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organization in other business. In a time of extreme organization and subordination of the individual the farmer still retains his traditional individualism and economic separateness. His entire scheme of life rests on intrinsic earning by means of his own efforts. The scheme in most other businesses is to make profits, and these profits are often nonintrinsic and fictitious, as, for example, in the habit of gambling in stocks, in which the speculator by mere shrewdness turns over his money to advantage, but earns nothing in the process and contributes nothing to civilization in the effort. If the farmer steps outside his own realm he is met on one side by organized capital and on the other by organized labor. He is confronted by fixed earnings. What he himself secures is a remainder left at the end of a year's business.—Century.

### The Alps Will Be Washed Away.

The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. The Welsh hills, though, comparatively speaking, insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountains for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Rigi or the Pilatus were deposited. Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Helvellyn. They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of strata have been already removed. Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated.—Pearson's Weekly.

### What It Cost.

In a little town in England not long ago the entire family had been at church and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given. "It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money." "Do you have any idea how much?" "I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine." "No, it didn't," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost 14s. 10d." "Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?" "Because, mamma, it says at the bottom of the window, 'Job 14, 10.'"

### English and Scotch Precedence.

At the coronation of Charles I., the kingdoms of England and Scotland having been united during the reign of his father, considerable friction took place with regard to the order of precedence of the English and Scottish noblemen. An arrangement satisfactory to all parties was finally concluded, in virtue of which English peers while in England took precedence of Scottish peers of the same rank, while in Scotland this order was reversed, and the Scottish peers went first.

### The Shepherd's Crook.

Although most people have seen a shepherd's crook, many do not know the use of it. Some people think that all the shepherd carries it for is to use it as a walking stick when he tramps to and from the fold. But the crooked end itself serves a purpose. It enables a shepherd to catch refractory sheep. If a sheep shows signs of running away the crooked end has only to be placed round his leg, and he is a captive.—London Standard.

## WOMEN HOTEL CLERKS.

### How Those In Europe Impressed a Woman Traveler.

In most European hotels in the smaller places the visitor is met at the desk by a woman instead of by the perfunctory clerk so familiar to Americans at home. I think this is because a woman can be more successful in the art of common, everyday robbery. One doesn't like to argue about the prices with a sweet, smiling little lady, who seems to be exerting herself to an extreme degree to secure one's comfort and happiness, but if one happens to be making short stops here and there it is wise to put away suavity for the time being to the extent at least of an occasional mild protestation.

When madame smiles benignly and tells you that the room you have chosen, with everything included, will be 20 francs a day it is well to remember that "everything included" doesn't include everything by any means. There are a hundred and one little "extras," like tea, after dinner coffee, coffee and rolls in your room in the morning and such like luxuries, to say nothing of service, which must be paid for first hand if it is to be enjoyed at all. So at 20 francs madame is probably taking chances against a protest and will be enormously pleased with herself if none is forthcoming. It is the same all up and down the scale of prices, but I suppose those who can afford to go up the scale never care particularly.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

## SOURCE OF SHELLAC.

### The East India Insects That Produce the Resinous Substance.

India is the home of the Coccus lacca, the insects that produce the resinous substance known as shellac. The females puncture the twigs of several different kinds of trees, among them the bo, the bihar and the butea, and the twigs become incrusted with a hard, nearly transparent, reddish, resinous substance that serves the double purpose of protecting the eggs and finally furnishing food for the young insects.

The incrusted twigs are broken from the trees before the young insects escape and are thoroughly dried in the sun. These dried twigs are called "stick-lac," and from them shellac and a dye analogous to cochineal are prepared. "Seed-lac" is the resinous concretion separated from the twigs, coarsely pounded and triturated with water in a mortar, by which nearly all of the coloring matter is removed.

To prepare shellac the seed-lac is put into oblong cotton cloth bags and warmed over a charcoal fire. When the rosin begins to melt the bags are twisted, and the pure, clear rosin is allowed to flow over fig wood planks or the smooth stems of the banyan tree and cools in the thin plates or shells which constitute shellac.

Pure shellac is very valuable. It is much harder than colophony and is easily soluble in alcohol.

## FIGHTING FISH.

### Peculiar Animals That Are Found Only In Siamese Waters.

A favorite recreation in Siam is watching the fighting fish, a species of fish found in the waters of no other country. The fish cannot live in unity, and if two are placed in a bowl they will instantly engage in a struggle "to the death."

It is no unusual thing to see in the streets of Siam crowds of natives chattering and gesticulating around a bowl containing a number of these fish, which they bet on in the same way as more civilized people do on race horses. Intense excitement reigns among the natives as they watch the fish fighting within the bowl.

These peculiarly quarrelsome fish are very similar to the common pike in appearance, with the exception that they are not in the possession of gills. Their fins, too, are remarkably sharp, and these they use with terrible effect upon one another. Blood oozes from their sides, and yet they persist in fighting until perhaps only two are left alive, and then the survivors turn on one another until only one is left out of perhaps a dozen placed in the tub.

Although the fighting fish are exceptionally good to eat, the majority of natives esteem them only for their fighting propensities, which affords them amusement and excitement every day.

### London's Last Public Hanging.

The grewsome spectacle of a public execution in England is happily a thing of the past. The scaffold used to be erected in the roadway outside the prison, and crowds would assemble to witness the sight, the last time a man was hanged in public being when Michael Barrett suffered the extreme penalty in May, 1868, in Old Bailey, outside Newgate prison, for exploding a cask of gunpowder under the walls of Clerkenwell prison to release the Fenian prisoners Burke and Casey, a mad act that killed several and injured still more.—London Graphic.

### Why He Liked It.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have lived in this out of the way place for ten years?"

"That's right, stranger. Just ten years."

"I'm surprised. I can't see what you find here to keep you busy."

"I can't find anything. That's the reason I like it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Only In Chemistry.

Tommy—Paw, doesn't precipitation mean the same as settling? Mr. Figg—It does in chemistry, but in business you'll find that most men in settling don't show any precipitation at all.

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Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

### Made Him Tired.

Affectionate Wife—George, dear, sit down and rest in your elegant new chair. Worried Husband—How can I rest in that chair, Emily, when I know that the man is likely to come in at any moment to collect an installment on it?—Chicago Tribune.

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"Young married people," says a Chinese proverb, "should have their house built round so discontent can find no corner in it."

## JOY OF HOUSE BOATING.

### Complete Freedom In Nature's Romantic Retreats.

He who would live the simple nomadic life in complete freedom and independence in the very heart of nature's most romantic retreats must live in a house boat. I mean, of course, a roomy craft that possesses its own motive power, that will go wherever the will of its owner directs, that will be small enough and sufficiently light of draft to explore the secret passages, the inmost lagoons of the watery wilderness, where nature most royally entertains her guests.

What an idle, lazy, luxurious, romantic life this is, to be sure! It is impossible to enthuse too strongly on the merits of such an unfettered existence. A camping launch big enough to accommodate one's family and a man of all work, a combination of guide, cook and pilot, is the ideal craft and crew for the majority. It provides a comfortable habitation, a tight roof and a dry bed in all weathers and carries all the supplies needed for an extended journey in the wilds.

There are those who prefer the joys of tramping through woods and over mountains, carrying their tents, canoes and supplies on their backs, but their labors are very much greater than those who are luxuriously carried about in their floating camp. Its very restfulness is the sedative required by the man of strenuous life. Reclining in deck chair or hammock, he sails among the most beautiful vistas of shimmering water and woodland scenery, changing his surroundings every hour if need be.—Outdoors.

## THE CAMEL.

### He Has a Dangerous Temper, and His Bite Is Vicious.

The camel is a dangerous animal to ride—a much more dangerous animal than the horse—for the reason that, with his serpentine neck, he can reach round when annoyed and bite his rider.

Camels are not at all the patient, quiet, kindly creatures they are painted. They have nasty tempers. A caravan crossing the desert is always noisy. The loud and angry snarls of the camels make the waste places resound.

A camel's bite is a serious matter. The strong teeth lock in the wound and a circular motion is given to the jaw, around and then back, before the teeth are withdrawn again. The wound is a horrible one. There are few camel drivers without camel scars.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, once said to a youth who expressed a sentimental desire to cross the Sahara on camel back:

"Young man, I'll tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel in an African desert is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible and put it along with a savage dog into a wagon without any springs. Then seat yourself on the stool and have it driven over uneven and rocky ground during the hottest parts of July and August, being careful not to eat or drink more than once every two days and letting the dog bite you every four hours. This will give you a faint idea of the exquisite poetry of camel riding in the Sahara."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The King's Page of Honor.

The post of page of honor to the sovereign does not carry with it, as it used to do, the right to a commission in the guards without examination of any kind, but it is still a coveted office, with privileges attached to it which are much appreciated by the sprigs of noble houses who are lucky enough to receive the appointment. It is not, for example, an unpleasant experience for a fourth form boy at Eton or Harrow to be summoned up to London on a "whole school day" for a court at Buckingham palace or other state pageant while his schoolfellows are toiling at their books. Such summonses are, of course, of the nature of royal commands, which must be obeyed.—London Modern Society.

### Persian Tears.

The Persians still believe that human tears are a remedy for certain chronic diseases. At every funeral the bottling of mourners' tears is one of the chief features of the ceremonies. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop off his face and eyes, and after the burial they are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles, which he keeps. This custom is one of the oldest known in the east and has probably been practiced by the Persians for thousands of years. Mention is made of it in the Old Testament.

### Beautiful Pearls.

The pearls found on the gulf coast of Lower California are said to exhibit a greater variety of colors than those of any other part of the world, and the business of pearl fishing there is growing. The chief colors are black, gray, red, bluish green and yellowish. The red pearls rank among the most valuable. They possess a fine luster, and many of them are large and of the most perfect shape. They are, however, found only occasionally.

*My Hair is Extra Long*

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## GUIMARD, THE SPIDER.

### The Great Dancer of the Great Days of the Ballet.

The elder Vestris, who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century, called himself the "god of dancing" and declared in all sincerity and without rebuke that his century had produced but three supreme men—himself, Frederick the Great and Voltaire. On one occasion when reproving his son Augustus for refusing to dance before the king of Sweden at the request of the king of France he said that he would not tolerate any misunderstanding between the houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which had lived hitherto upon the most friendly terms.

Madeleine Guimard made her debut when she was thirteen years of age and for nearly thirty years kept all Paris worshiping at her feet. This was a success of art and not of beauty, for Guimard was so aggressively thin that she was known as "the spider." She discovered the great painter David, who helped Fragonard to adorn her house with frescoes. Indeed, Fragonard, for whose paintings today fabulous sums have been paid, lost his commission because he dared to fall in love with his patron. Guimard had a theater in her own house, and her entertainments there were deemed extravagant in an age of luxury. Paris could not spare her to London until she was past her fortieth year. She was a sort of boudoir adviser to Marie Antoinette, and so great was the esteem in which she was held that one of the most distinguished sculptors of the day molded her foot, and when her arm was broken in a stage accident a mass for her speedy recovery was celebrated at Notre Dame. — Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE BLACK BASS.

### A Marine Butcher That Kills For the Pleasure of Slaughter.

The bass is like a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour. I have seen a good sized specimen get into a school of minnows and eat and stuff until he could not get any more into his capacious insides, then go off by himself, throw up what he had eaten and begin over again, after which he would keep on killing the poor innocent minnows, apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. Very young bass will attack minute water life which flourishes on water plants and get away with every one in sight, adopting the same method as their elders. To illustrate the extent of the cannibalism of the black bass here is the experience of a superintendent of one of the fish hatcheries in Pennsylvania:

"The superintendent made an actual count of 20,000 young bass about an inch long and placed them in a fry pond by themselves. He gave them food six times a day, and, according to his statement, each fish ate on an average three times its own weight of the prepared food every twenty-four hours. They were placed in a pond on the 1st of July, and on Oct. 1, when they were taken out, there were only 11,000, and the record showed that less than 200 died from sickness. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that in addition to the food given them by the superintendent there were about 9,000 bass devoured by their stronger and more fortunate companions."—W. E. Meehan in Field and Stream.

### Caring For the Teeth.

Without good teeth there cannot be thorough mastication. Without thorough mastication there cannot be perfect digestion, and consequently poor health results; hence the paramount importance of sound teeth. Clean teeth do not decay. The teeth should not be brushed from side to side. If this is done the points of the gums will be injured and the teeth loosened. The upper teeth should be brushed from the top downward (from the gums to the ends of the teeth), the lower teeth from the bottom upward, also from the gums to the extremity of the teeth. It is essential to wash the teeth at night and wise to wash them also in the morning. Rinse the mouth after each meal.

### Swiss Enterprise.

There is a weekly journal published at Zurich, Switzerland, called the Engaged Couples' Advertiser, which has agents at work all over Switzerland ascertaining the name of every girl who is engaged to be married and that of her prospective husband. These names are printed in the paper, with the addresses of the sweethearts and a description of their social position. Soon after the announcement of her engagement a girl finds herself almost in a position to start a shop, so numerous are the samples she receives from firms anxious to sell their goods to her.

### Gun Barrels.

To brown gun barrels wet a piece of rag with chloride of antimony, dip it into olive oil and rub the barrel over. In forty-eight hours it will be covered with a fine coat of rust. Then rub the barrel with a fine steel scratch brush and wipe with a rag dipped in boiled linseed oil. To rebrown remove the old coating with oil and emery paper, then remove the grease with caustic potash.

### Sitting on Chairs.

Does sitting on chairs tend to make people stiff and awkward? Orientals can sit on their heels however fat and elderly they may be, while many English people after middle age can rarely rise from their chairs without assistance.—London Graphic.

### Nose For News.

"That man is an inveterate gossip, and he has a perfect genius for smelling out squally times in families."

"Then his is something of a storm scenter."—Baltimore American.

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It is easy to be brave when you know the enemy has only blank cartridges.

### A Peculiar Tree.

A singular maple tree on the left bank of the Oder, in Germany, is at least a century old and has been twisted and cut into a kind of circular house of two stories. A firm, leafy floor has been formed by causing the branches to become gradually woven together. Above this is a smaller second floor, similarly formed, and the ends of the branches have been woven into solid walls, in which eight windows on each story have been cut.

## CURIOUS LAND LAW.

### Owners In Belgium Do Not Control Beyond a Certain Depth.

One of the curious phases of the land law in Belgium is that the earth of a landowner beyond a certain depth does not belong to him. Should the owner of the surface discover a coal or gold deposit underlying his property he must first obtain a government concession before he can begin mining operations. The land beyond the prescribed depth in which wealth in the raw has been discovered may be conceded to a person other than the surface owner, who may operate under certain government regulations, one of which is that the owner of the surface is entitled to 3 per cent of the value extracted.

The mine pays to the government an amount determined by the value and importance of the concession, after which it must pay to the government a sum proportioned to the value of the total extraction. The government names the conditions under which the mines as well as other industrial establishments shall be operated and protects and safeguards the health and lives of the workmen as well as provides for the public safety.

The minister of industry and labor appoints a state board of mining engineers, authorized to regulate the working of all mines and all establishments considered dangerous or insanitary, whether shaft or open mines, quarries, factories, coke oven plants or briquette works.—Boston Globe.

## A ZULU LEGEND.

### Odd Story of the Origin of This Savage People.

The Zulus account for their origin, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman (English), by a story of a talking elephant who fed upon children. He met a woman laden with an ax and bundle of fagots, accompanied by her child. Seeing the elephant, she guessed his intention and pleaded, "Spare my child, oh, elephant!" The elephant refused. "Then," said the mother, "if this evil must happen swallow me, too, oh, elephant!" So the elephant swallowed mother and child, and they found themselves with all the other children who were eaten previously. By and by the child grew hungry, and the mother lit a fire with her fagots. She then with her ax cut away the elephant's flesh, cooked it, and they all ate. As the fire burned, its great heat filled the elephant with pain, and he ran and ran and ran till they felt the thunder of his hoofs racing over hill and valley. At length, exhausted, he dropped down dead. Using her ax, the mother chopped and chopped until she made an opening in the elephant's side. After this they crept out and became a new nation in a new country.

### Bees as Ventilators.

It is not generally known, but most beekeepers will inform you that such is the case, that each beehive has a corps of what could properly be termed "ventilating bees." During the hot seasons these ventilators station themselves at the entrance of the hive and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. These ventilating corps are usually in relays of from four to a half dozen, and they are relieved at short intervals by fresh workers who keep up the fanning process. They are kept at work by a sort of patrol of bees, which insures incessant activity on the part of the fanners during the time they are at work. This story may sound strange to those who know but little concerning the wonderful intelligence of bees, but it is a scientific fact that has often been authenticated.

### Diet and Sickness.

It is a broad rule that boiled milk and puddings made with milk agree more frequently than anything to restore a sick person. When beginning to restore a sick person to more ordinary diet begin with white fish, boiled. Plaice or sole boiled in milk is excellent. Never give potatoes when the digestion is bad. In place of bread give toast. Often there is a craving for acids. In such cases give lemon juice diluted with water and sweetened with sugar when allowable or with saccharin in diabetes. A craving for green stuffs should always be satisfied. Nature herself is crying out. Give water cress, but withhold radishes, as they are difficult to digest.

### The Fishing Fleets.

In many localities off the Scotch coasts and the coasts of Norway the fishing grounds lie at some distance from the shore and the start must be made with the ebb tide, sometimes in the middle of the night. All the boats of a single locality generally start together, and to one unaccustomed to the sight the spectacle of 200 to 300 fishing boats putting off from a harbor like Yarmouth is a sight never to be forgotten.—London Graphic.

### Bonus.

"Bonus" ought to be "bonum," since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing" and therefore should be neuter, not masculine. The word is found as early as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it, though conjecture assigns it to the London Stock Exchange.

### A Strange Feast.

A curious feast is observed by the Mohammedan inhabitants of India, in which the origin of the custom known as painting the town red may possibly be traced. It is called the Holi and consists chiefly in the plentiful sprinkling upon all and sundry of a certain red preparation called holi powder. It stains the white clothes of the natives with an ugly, dirty looking red that conjures up before timid eyes dread visions of bloody fights and ghastly mutinies. The powder is made in two shades—the one vermilion, the other rose red—and both are used impartially by the observers of the ceremony, who delight in bedaubing their faces with the powders until they look like strange and hideous denizens of hades come up, still glowing with the fires of that region. Among the better classes this festival is falling into disfavor, for it leads to many unpleasant excesses and had its origin in some decidedly dissipated scene in ancient heathen history.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1906.

## *MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF LIGHTING.*

At a meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening a special committee, consisting of Ald. James H. Connolly, George W. Buchanan and C. H. Jaquith, appointed to consider, investigate and report on public, or municipal, ownership of a lighting plant for this city, submitted a report, which was, of course, accepted.

The report, which was written by Chairman Connolly of the committee, covered 18 pages of type written statements, the conclusion being that ownership of a lighting plant by the city would promote the interest of the taxpayers by a material reduction of expense in operating the same, and be highly advantageous to consumers.

The first two pages of the report were devoted to a discussion of the general subject of municipal ownership of utilities, which Ald. Connolly handled fairly and ably, his objective point being to demonstrate and emphasize the universal tendency, created by trusts and their abuses, of the public mind everywhere towards such ownership. The prefatory pages of the report are worthy of careful study; they constitute a sound piece of writing.

The balance of the report is given to the financial aspect and advantages of the subject, and comparisons of cost of furnishing light by public and private ownership. The figures, without exception, are in favor of the former. Ald. Connolly's report sheds all the light necessary to a complete understanding of the subject, and it now stands in hand for the City Council to act.

## *A GOOD REPUBLICAN.*

Channing Smith, Esq., a member of the Republican State Committee, when the Committee made up their slate for the State convention last week, opposed the selection of Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., of Woburn for a member of the Committee on Resolutions, and subsequently gave reasons for his opposition. He said to a reporter:

"Mr. Preston was formerly Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and would advocate more radical principles of reciprocity."

Mr. Smith added that he was a firm Republican and therefore was not in favor of giving such men as Mr. Preston control. He said that tariff revision talk in Massachusetts should not be tolerated. "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us in Massachusetts today," he concluded.

## *REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.*

The Republican State Committee had a meeting last week at which it was decided to hold the State convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 6, next.

Honorable Ex-Gov. John L Bates was selected to preside over the convention.

The Committee on Resolutions were, also, designated, to consist of U. S. Attorney General Moody, who will be the Chairman and write the resolutions, Frank Gerrett, Henry Parkman, Elwyn G. Preston, who will represent the Reciprocity idea, and George Wallace.

## *FEENEY AT THE HELM.*

Hon. John P. Feeney of Boston, whilom of Woburn and its Mayor four terms, is Chairman of the Moran Gubernatorial Campaign Committee, and has established headquarters in the Pemberton Building at the Hub. Now look out for a lively campaign.

Lawyer Feeney did a good thing to start with when he put a quietus to the senseless scheme to hitch up Tom Lawson with Moran on the ticket. To have done otherwise would have rendered his campaign at the Moran movement a farce.

☞ By the exercise of diligence and perseverance, and working full hours daily, the Board of Assessors have got well along in their task, and were able to give out the following and other figures a few days ago: Amount to be raised by taxation, $202,177.12; rate per $1,000, $18 or $1 less than last year; polls, 4,136. They found a loss of taxable property from last year of $56,610. All things considered, the Board did well not to face a larger shrinkage in taxable personal and real estate.

☞ The Middlesex County Commissioners will meet at the Court House in Cambridge at 10 o'clock A.M. on the First Tuesday of August, to wit., Aug. 7, 1906, and divide said county of Middlesex into 48 Representative Districts, according to the Constitution of Massachusetts in such case made and provided, and the order of the Commissioners. The population of the county is 608,499.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

City—Tax List.
M. J. Mulkeen—SS. Agency.
Mrs. E. H. Smith—Dressmaking.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. DeLoriea are in N. H.

— Policeman Edward Fountain is enjoying his vacation comfort at Malone, N. Y.

— Dr. Benjamin Lewis goes to Newport, R. I., tomorrow for a fortnight's outing.

— Joseph Cronin, who has been laid up recently with a broken arm, is out and around again.

— Alice Williams of the City Treasure's office has been taking her vacation outing this week.

— The St. Charles B. B. team are to play a game at Stoneham tomorrow. May the best man win.

— Mrs. James Begley and children are visiting at Veazie, Maine, the former home of Madam B.

— The Finance Committee of the City Council recommend an appropriation of $10,000 for heating the new school house and grading, instead of $15,000 asked for.

— Several land owners in this city have sent bids to Washington for the government postoffice site.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church, is taking vacation comfort in Western Massachusetts.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis had a severe chill the other morning, from the ill effects of which he has fully recovered.

— Mr. and Mrs. John C. N. Parker are getting ready to go to Littlejohn's Islands, Casco Bay, in a couple of weeks.

— Mr. Charles S. Parker, Editor of the Arlington *Advocate*, attended the anniversary jubilee at First Church last Sunday.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr has returned from his vacation visit away, and is again behind the counters at Copeland & Bowser's.

— Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow's fair daughter, Ethel, is enjoying her vacation in Kennebec County, Maine, near Waterville.

— John McDevitt of this city has been spending his vacation at Bethel, Vt., with Mr. and Mrs. John Connors formerly of this city.

— Paul Norton, son of Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of First church, is attending the summer school of the Institute of Technology.

— Mr. Louis R. Wallis of the Edison Electric Light Co. was in this city last Tuesday shaking hands with old friends and neighbors.

— Up to July 22, last Sunday was the hottest day of the present season, and it was indeed a scorcher. The average figure was 95 degrees.

— The Dr. March celebration last Sunday had the appearance of an Old Home Week gathering. Many former residents of Woburn were present.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C., have advanced the salary of Clerk Fred C. Kean of the Woburn office from $700 to $800. Congratulations, Fred!

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, soprano member of the First church choir, leaves here next week for East Washington, N. H., her native place and home of her family.

— Mr. C. Winfield Smith and Mr. William Mahone are spending their vacation in camp at York Beach, Me. Many Woburn boys are their guests at that beautiful spot.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Nason of Everett, formerly of this city, came up to attend the Dr. March celebration last Sunday, and to circulate a few hours among friends.

— Beatrice A. Grant, a High School teacher, is at Berlin, N. H., and Annie B. Seeley, teacher in the Highland school, goes to North Conway, N. H., next week.

— Our esteemed contemporary, the *Times*, entertains grave fears of serious accidents yet to come at Main street and Montvale avenue. Well, it is a dangerous place, anyhow.

— It would be a good thing for lovers of ice cream to read what Crawford has to say about some of the fine varieties he is furnishing to please the public taste. Crawford leads.

— Contrary to the general rule and popular expectations, dogdays came in with cool and refreshing breezes last Wednesday after one of the hottest and most disagreeable spells of weather on record.

— Mr. E. Prior, real estate dealer, left here last Monday for Duxbury where his son, William A. Prior, and family are occupying the ancient Prior homestead in that venerable town. Mr. E. P. is to be gone about a week.

— A large amount of business, of one kind and another, was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. Sidewalks, edgestones telegraph poles, and the collection of swill were the chief matters passed on.

— Rev. C. H. Parker said he never before realized what 90 years old meant until he saw those 90 misses, with 90 roses in their hands for Dr. March, proceed up the aisle to the platform and deposit them in the basket last Sunday.

— Mr. and Mrs. William A. Stone came over from Cliftondale last Sunday to shake hands with Dr. March and bid him good cheer on his anniversary. Mr. Stone was once preceptor of Warren Academy, we believe, and a close personal friend of Dr. March's.

— The writer of the obituary of Mrs. Mary E. Parker, published in last week's JOURNAL, regretted that she omitted to mention the fact that Miss Jennie Trecartin, member of the First church Quartet, sang appropriate selections at the funeral. The omission was wholly unintentional, and Miss Trecartin's pardon is asked for it.

— A heavy fall of rain, with lightning and thunder, was a welcome visitor here last Saturday evening. Hardly ever was so much rain known to fall in a single hour as on that interesting occasion. But it did not have the desired effect of cooling the air to any considerable extent.

— A material increase of deposits in the Five Cents Savings Bank show well for our city. June was a record breaking month, and July promises to foot up full as favorably. The deposits since Jan. 1 last, are much larger than during the corresponding months in 1905.

— Among the out of town people who attended the Dr. March celebration were the venerable S. W. Twombly of Winchester; Edward Pierce and daughter of Bedford; Capt. Sawyer and wife of Revere; Moses Mann of Medford; Mrs. A. Chase and daughter of Cambridge.

— Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, for 10 years, up to 1880, Editor and proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL, was a welcome visitor at the First Congregational church last Sunday, and a hearty participator in Dr. March anniversary exercises held there that day.

— Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman is at Edgartown.

— Wednesday, Aug. 8, has been chosen for Woburn Merchants Day.

— Mrs. S. H. Shanborn of Pleasant street goes to Minneapolis, Minn., to visit her sister on August 11.

— The Wakefield *Item* spoke highly of Dr. March and his anniversary celebration, Editorially, last Monday.

— Fred Percyval Lewis returned a short time ago from Oberlin, Ohio, where he attended a music convention, and subsequently visited with relatives.

— At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a carload of young people from Cook & Taylor's establishment, Lowell, passed through here enroute for Wonderland, Revere Beach. They were a rollicking crowd.

— James Shannon of Lexington street this city, suffered three broken ribs and a bad cut on his right arm last Friday night by the running away of his horse on Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge, near the railroad bridge. He had left the horse standing and it started. Mr. Shannon jumped to the horse's head and was thrown and run over.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark and Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., conducted the religious services at the funeral of Mrs. Christianna J. Long at the Methodist church last Saturday. Eva Langill and Jessie Rollins sang selections of music appropriate to the solemn occasion, and a great abundance of flowers was contributed by friends.

— It was reported at the meeting of the City Council last Friday evening that the Finance Committee were in favor of widening Montvale avenue from Walnut street, or thereabouts, north, and satisfied with the price, but could not proceed in the matter until the ownership of the land was decided. Just as though J. W. and E. F. Johnson don't know whether they own it, or not!

— Lawyers Geo. W. Norris and Miss Norris will join a family party at Nahant on Friday, July 28, to take a week's cruise along the Maine Coast in the steam launch "Woggie" of Marblehead, owned by Mr. William C. Forsaith, a son-in-law of Mr. Norris. The party will sail "from Kittery Point to Queddy Head," hauling up nights for lodging at hotels and enjoyment of shore scenes.

— The preference of Editor Wilson of the Winchester *Star* for a visit to the Editor of the JOURNAL to one to Revere Beach last Saturday, was an exhibition of fraternal regard and good sense that cannot be too highly commended, nor indifferently passed over by other members of the profession. Mr. Wilson is an entertaining gentleman, and we enjoyed his company very much.

— The Board of Public Works have not received a more sensible and practical suggestion this year than that from Chief of Police McDermott, that the business section of the city should be lighted all night, instead of until 12 30, as at present. Safety of business houses and their contents would be greatly increased by the adoption of the Chief's idea for all-night street illumination in the Centre.

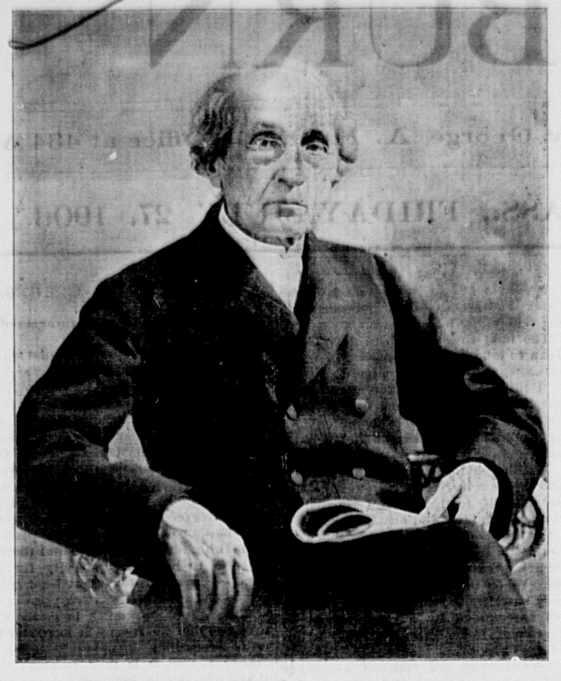
— Casting an admiring eye on the handsomest auto owned in this city, filled with fine ladies, who, in their lovely hats and dresses, resembled a great bunch of brilliant flowers, the other morning, Dr. Ch — s sagely and seriously remarked: "I believe politics pays." Whether, or not, he intended that his audience should conclude, from these words, that it was his intention to abandon a lucrative medical practice and adopt politics as a profession, we are unable to say.

— Although he insists that his political fences are in perfect repair, it is a significant fact that Lawyer W. Fred Davis' auto is seen more frequently on our streets these dogdays than formerly, that the gentleman's smiles are broader, and his handshakes warmer when he meets the sovereign people, especially those who have influence in vote getting. That is judicious, for it is becoming more and more apparent that Lawyer Davis will not secure the Republican Representative nomination this fall without a struggle.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, the piano tuner, teacher and dealer, and Mrs. McDonald go this week to Salisbury, N. H., their favorite summer resort, for several years past, where they will remain until early in September. They were accompanied by Mrs. Dr. J. H. Conway of Philadelphia, a sister of Mrs. McDonald's, and former resident of this city who is spending the summer here. Mac likes pure air, fresh vegetables, ripe fruit and unadulterated milk, with the cream stirred in, and all these, Salisbury furnishes in great abundance.

— The following are the names of the Woburn High School graduates of this year who are to continue their studies, and the institution they will enter this fall: Harvard University, Sydney A. Beggs, Thomas J. Brown, Rowen C. Parker, Arthur F. Ray; Tufts College, Emery C. Carter, Chester I. Conn, Roger P. Eaton, Philip H. Owen, John J. Winchester; University of Maine, Oliver F. Sevrens; Wellesley College, Stella W. Eames; Lowell Normal, Anna M. Maguire, Lillie Patterson. Two of the class of '06, Raymond W. Brown and Charles E. Callahan, although admitted to the next Freshman Class at Tufts, will remain another year at the High School.

— Yesterday morning was a great one for picnic parties and beach excursions. At 9 o'clock there was assembled here a long line of B. & N trolley cars filled with jovial people —a picnic crowd from Lowell, one from Medford, 2 or 3 of Woburn—and happier parties one seldom sees. As each car passed—some one way and some the other—it stopped in front of the JOURNAL establishment and vigorously saluted it with songs, trumpets and cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs and bouquets, which compliments were enthusiastically responded to by the Managing Editor. Diligent inquiry failed to disclose a similiar case of well merited recognition of Editorial merit at any ot hernewspaper plant in the city by the merry picnickers.



## Dr. March's Birthday Anniversary.

Last Sunday was a redletter day at the First Congregational Church of Woburn. It was a public observance of the 90th anniversary of the birthday of Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of that church, of which he was the beloved pastor for 25 years, in two pastorates beginning in 1856 and ending in 1895.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, full 1,200 people, from home and abroad, gathered in the pews and galleries to witness the ceremonies which had been planned by competent committees to honor and congratulate the venerable clergyman, in the execution of which two full hours were pleasantly passed. There were abundant and beautiful floral decorations. Ministers and congregations of all the Protestant churches, whose morning services were given up for the purpose, helped swell the great assembly; and Posts 33 and 161, G.A.R., in uniform, occupying, in a body, as guests of honor, a central section of the auditorium, contributed variety and interest to the occasion.

Organist D. N. Hood arranged a prime musical programme, which was admirably executed by the church choir, with a fine soprano solo by Miss Jennie Trecartin. Ministers of the several local denominations occupied the pulpit space, with Dr. March as the central figure, and the programme herewith printed tells who of them participated in the exercises.

The Procession of Roses—90 girls marching in single column across the platform, each holding a rose which was dropped into a basket by the Doctor's side—was a beautiful and appropriate feature of the ceremonies. Miss Esther Bean, daughter of Hon. George F. Bean, made a fine presentation address, in behalf of the girls, which was feelingly responded to by Dr. March.

The addresses delivered by Rev. Dr Norton, pastor of the First church; Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the First Unitarian church; and Rev. Dr. March, were eminently fitting to the occasion, and given marked attention by the large audience. Rev. Mr. Parker, in his address spoke for the community at large, representing the people of all creeds and societies, in behalf of whom, near the close, he gracefully turned to Dr. March, and extended to him the right hand of fellowship, an act of reverance and affection which pleased and was fully appreciated by everybody in the house. When he closed, Mr. Parker was cheered to the echo—Sunday though it was.

It was a grand celebration, worthy of the man in whose honor it was held. It was not necessary as proof of the strong hold Dr. March has on the love and esteem of this community, for this he must have realized years ago; nevertheless, none the less gratefully appreciated by him.

The day and occasion furnished a fair page for the history of Old First Church.

### PROGRAMME.

| | |
|---|---|
| Organ Prelude (*Capocci*) | Mr. Daniel N. Hood |
| Doxology | Congregation |
| Invocation | Rev. Wolcott Calkins |
| Gloria Patri | Congregation |
| Anthem, Te Deum in F (*Kotzschmar*) | Choir |
| Scripture Lesson | Rev. Wilson E. Vandermark |
| Hymn 522, "Call Jehovah thy Salvation" | Congregation |
| Procession of Roses | Presentation by Miss Esther Bean |
| Prayer | Rev. Henry B. Williams |
| Soprano Solo "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," (*Campion*) | Miss Jennie Trecartin |
| Address | Rev. Stephen A. Norton |
| Address | Rev. Henry C. Parker |
| Address | Dr. March |
| Anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." (*Marston*) | Choir |
| Prayer | Rev. George H. Tilton |
| Hymn 964, "Our God, our help in ages past," Tune, "Dundee," page 77. | Congregation |
| Benediction | Dr. March |
| Organ Postlude (*King Hall*) | Mr. Daniel N. Hood |

The following poem written by Dr. March was not read at the celebration, but deserves a place in this story of the affair.

### AGE'S EVENING TIME.

The Psalmist said in his sad day
That fourscore years bring grief and pain;
The strongest fade and flee away,
And none can time's swift course detain.

But now the Dayspring from on high
Has blest the world with better light;
No more need men lament and sigh
That age steals on like starless night.

Hope cheers our youth with genial rays.
And midlife brings us manly force;
But calm and trustful are our days
When ninety years have run their course.

The steps that seem too high to climb,
The toil that tasked our utmost might,
Reviewed in age's evening time
Are hallowed all with holy light.

When life's long battle has been fought,
And doubt contends with faith no more,
Blest is the grace that gives unsought
Brief time to look the landscape o'er.

Our days pass on in trust and peace
While waiting for the Master's call
To that calm home where troubles cease,
And God himself is all in all.

—*Daniel March.*

— The brown-tails are now nearly all changed to millers.

— Please read the notice of Mrs. E. H. Smith in this paper.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes spent Sunday with relatives in Providence, R. I.

— Miss Ladoska L. Tuttle of New York City is visiting the Woburn Hobbses this week.

— Arlington road is being put into fine shape by the City Dept. men and will soon be finished.

— John Marrinan, the popular base ball player of this city, is in N. H. where he will spend the summer.

Kerrigan and Cuneo of Hose 1 are entered for the hose coupling contest at Wakefield to-morrow afternoon.

— Joseph McLaughlin, the clerk at Doyle's drug store, has recovered from his illness, and will soon be back at work.

— A young man, while racing on lower Main street last Friday night, was thrown from the buggy and received several bad bruises.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Winchester remembered his good friend, Dr. March, last Sunday, by a cordial epistolary greeting and fine presents.

— Miss Susan Quinn, in company with the Misses Mary and Bessie Tobin, returns tomorrow from Bristol, R. I. where they have very pleasantly spent the past two weeks.

— Ex-Supt. John S. Brackett of the B. & N. S. R. Co., late Supt. at Nashua, N. H., has moved back to No. Woburn, or is about to do so. He did a good thing for Woburn in the way of rapid transit and low fares while he was Div. Supt. here.

— Mr. M. J. Mulkeen, the popular foreign Steamship Agent, has taken an office in Mechanics Building, Room 11, where people wanting to buy tickets to Europe will find him on hand to accommodate them. He has been in the business several years and known to be perfectly reliable. He is also a Notary Public and Justice of the Peace.

### A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at McLaughlin & Dennison's, drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Base Ball.

The South Ends will play a strong team from Malden at the Park tomorrow afternoon.

No games were played last Saturday by any of the local clubs. North Woburn went to Winchester but the grounds were too wet.

## HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

### The Hideous and Cruel Practice of Flesh Sculpture In China.

"Victor Hugo in 'The Man Who Laughs,'" said an ethnologist, "tells of the sculptors of living flesh—those horrible people of the middle ages who kidnaped tender little children and turned them into all sorts of monsters, dwarfs, hunchbacks and the like, selling them afterward for jesters or for showmen's freaks.

"The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture still continues. There is a tribe of Chinese gypsies who steal children and turn them into so called wild men. The practice is, of course, illegal.

"A kidnaped child is flayed alive, bit by bit, and the shaggy skin of a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot.

"The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unspeakably cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast.

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this.

"Finally, speechless, shaggy, lunatic, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part."

### His Real Self.

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."—Life.

The great error is placing such an estimate on this life as if our being depended on it and we were nothing after death.—Rousseau.

### Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, Price 50c.

JELL-O
ICE CREAM
POWDER

With two packages you can make a gallon of Delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes. Everything but the ice and milk in the package.
2 packages 25 cents at Grocers

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

## BOSTON LETTER.

### No Truth In Story That Governor Guild Is Ill.

### DEMOCRATS AFTER J. B. MORAN

### Excise Board to Eliminate Politics From Saloons.

There is no truth whatever in the stories which have been put forth to make it appear that Governor Guild is ill. The governor is in a perfect state of health, but as is perfectly natural under all the circumstances, is somewhat tired and has been in need of a rest.

The first seven months of his term have been especially strenuous, and have brought to him a vast amount of work which he has despatched with extreme care and good judgment. Employes of the commonwealth who have been domiciled at the state house for many years, and have had every opportunity to watch the procession of events in the administration of each governor for at least a quarter of a century, admit that no executive in that period of time has been called upon to handle so many important matters as has Governor Curtis Guild, Jr. Certainly no one has filled the position with greater credit to himself.

#### Guild's Good Appointment.

It is true that there has been some criticism of the governor's appointments. There never yet was a governor in Massachusetts who made good appointments regardless of political influence who did not meet with the same criticism. It will have to be admitted even by his worst enemies that the appointees of Governor Guild have been without exception men of the highest character, capacity, and standing in the community. There was some criticism of his appointment of Bank Commissioner Pierre Jay, but Mr. Jay was an expert bank man with a thorough knowledge of the business gained by years of practical experience. The governor might have appointed a man with political backing, but with no especial fitness for the office, had he seen fit to do so, but it would have been necessary for such a man to have gained his experience at the expense of the commonwealth and the depositors. The interests of the depositors will certainly be safe in the hands of Mr. Jay. That was the one thing which led the governor to select him for the position. The interests of the depositors and not of the politicians were first in the mind of the governor. For this the great mass of the people will certainly commend him, even though some of the politicians may condemn him.

The governor is chiefly concerned with the people and much less with the politicians. He has issued orders to the state police for the strict enforcement of the child labor law. The census bureau, in the course of its work throughout the state, discovered that there are 394 children under 14 years of age that work, contrary to law. It was this fact which actuated the governor in his instructions to the state police. He has also notified the school committees of the various cities where such violations were found and called upon them to remedy the present condition.

#### Politics In the Saloons.

The Boston excise board has issued orders to liquor dealers that there shall hereafter be no more political advertising of any sort displayed in the saloons of the city. The board is of the opinion that saloons should be wholly divorced from politics and should not be used as political machines in the interest of candidates of any party.

In the past many of these saloons have been used to advance the political fortunes of leading members of the Democratic party. Many of them have been in fact Democratic political headquarters for the ward in which they are located. Democrats who desire to succeed in politics have been compelled to attach themselves to some saloon or secure the aid of some prominent saloonkeeper in order to do so. This condition of things has been bitterly resented by Democrats who do not believe in the liquor business dominating the party, and who dislike to be the tools of the liquor interests.

If this order is strictly enforced, it will do a great deal to purify politics, and especially Democratic politics in the city of Boston. It certainly should be enforced and it certainly can be if the board is in earnest, and there is every indication that it is.

#### The Leaders Against Moran.

It now begins to look very much as if the Democratic leaders in Massachusetts proposed to make an aggressive fight against the self-appointed leadership of District Attorney John B. Moran of Suffolk county. In the last few days active steps have been taken to solidify the opposition to Moran's nomination for governor on the Democratic ticket. There are already evidences that the strength of Moran in many sections of the state is really based on hot air. It looks as if it had the same consistency and cohesion as the harbor fogs. A good strong breath from the Democratic leaders would be likely to reveal its weakness. Mr. Moran has become so puffed-up with vanity and self-conceit in the last few weeks as to regard himself as one of the greatest men of the country.

Certainly if he is to continue as district attorney for any length of time he will be a very expensive luxury to the county of Suffolk. Much of the court work in the office of the district attorney is now performed by hired counsel. It cost over $6000 to try Ferdinand E. Borges in counsel fees alone, that being the bill of Frederick M. Chase, who conducted the case for the county. In the old days District Attorney Oliver Stevens and his assistants used to try such cases and there were no such bills for the county to pay. If Mr. Moran put in more time attending to the work of the office and less time to devising schemes for getting himself advertised in the newspapers and nominated for governor, he would unquestionably please the tax-paying public more generally than he does at the present time.

#### More Bills For the County.

Mr. Moran has now appointed Felix McGettrick to read the testimony taken by the committee on rules of the Massachusetts house, and prepare the bribery case for the grand jury. He has selected Philip J. Doherty to investigate alleged violations of the law and extortion on the part of the gas and electric light companies, and he has chosen Lawyer Granville McFarland to investigate allegations that the railroads have issued free passes, contrary to law, to members of the legislature. Who is to pay for the work to be done by these men? Is the county to be called upon to pay several thousand dollars for this service, which ought to be done by the district attorney and his assistants, and could be done by them if they were willing to hustle as former district attorneys and their assistants have done in years gone by? There seems to be no question that Mr. Moran has a legal right to hire 40 lawyers if he sees fit and place the expense upon the county of Suffolk.

The appointment of Felix McGettrick to probe the legislative matter has been severely criticised. McGettrick is a Vermont Democrat and during President Cleveland's second term in 1894 he was appointed United States commissioner in Vermont, which office he held until July 1, 1897. United States commissioners are given judicial power in cases where Chinamen are arrested, charged with being unlawfully in the United States. During the time that Mr. McGettrick held office Chinese were coming in great numbers into Canada to the United States border at Richford, Vt., where they endeavored to enter the United States. There they were usually arrested and taken to St. Albans for trial before McGettrick. Nearly 1100 Chinamen were tried before McGettrick and discharged as properly in the United States. The record shows that five of those tried were refused admission to the country.

It is unfortunate that the district attorney should have selected a man for this work whose record in office it was necessary to defend. The appointment of Mr. McFarland to investigate the railroads was much better in every way, although the hostility of Mr. McFarland to corporations makes him a prejudiced attorney. No one, however, would say anything against the personal honesty of Mr. McFarland or Mr. Doherty. The fair and candid man must admit that corporations have rights, and that, like individuals, they should be considered innocent until proven guilty. Upon the prosperity of our corporations depend largely the prosperity and employment of the working people of Massachusetts.

#### Moran a Menace to Democracy.

It is not strange in view of all the facts that leading Democrats have at last been awakened to the fact that the candidacy of Mr. Moran is a menace to the party organization. If he should be successful in carrying the caucuses, the Hearst-Moran-George Fred Williams crowd would eventually and certainly take over the control of the Democratic party in Massachusetts. To the conservative element of the party the spectacle of such a control is anything but pleasant. They have seen something of that nature in the brief control of the state organization by George Fred Williams and a few others during the Bryan period. That brief period of authority disclosed the fact that Mr. Williams had few elements of leadership, but that he was the most potent disintegrating force which has ever held the reins over the Democratic party in this commonwealth, however sincere he may be in his views. If he had been permitted to continue in authority it is not altogether improbable that the Democratic party today might have been tabulated in the election returns under the head of "scattering." The control of the party by Moran and Hearst is looked upon by conservative Democrats as far more unfortunate and injurious than its control some years ago by Mr. Williams.

### Quite Proper.

Little Rollo—Pop, what is an upright piano? Pop—One that plays only sacred music, my son.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Not Conceited.

She—All men are conceited. He—Not all. I see a man every day who is not conceited. She—Where? He—In the mirror.

### A Long Way Off.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.

Many a Woman

has learned the secret of easing up the baking day by letting the bakeries of C. F. Hathaway & Son furnish her table with the most perfect bread that can be imagined—that's Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. Fresh morning and night at the grocers. Price 10c.

Try Winner Bread at 5c. the loaf.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Coffee Bargains

—AT THE—

Boston Branch Grocery

Our Best Mocha and Java
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

Boston Blend Coffee
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c. lb.

Santos Coffee
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

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Tea and Grocery House
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TELEPHONE 109-6.

Outing Suits

Marked Down to Close
$8.00 and $10.

Outing Suits
will be closed out at
$5.00

All Our Straw Hats
AT JUST
One Half Price

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth Sentner late of Bayard in the State of West Virginia, deceased:

WHEREAS Alice J. Plumer (Now Sentner) the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 300-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estate,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET
Street Floor.

To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

**Whitcher's Mystery**
**5c. CIGAR**
BEST IN WOBURN
All Leading Brands
**CIGARETTES**
in our tobacco department.

**Whitcher's PILL BOX**
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6 15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

**Sunday Time.**

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

## Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## Dept. of Weights and Measures.

The office hours of the Sealer of Weights and Measures will be discontinued until further notice.

All orders left in the order box at the door of the City Clerk's office or sent by mail to the residence of the sealer 350 Salem street, will receive prompt attention.

G. F. HOSMER, Sealer.
July 18, 1906.

## REMOVAL !

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

GO TO **BASS POINT**
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
**BOAT**
FROM
**LYNN**
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**Drill Wells for Your Neighbors**

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

**STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.**
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
*Factory: Akron, O.*

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
**8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.**

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

# City Collector's Sale

— OF —

## Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 25, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 25, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

### WARD 5.

### Non-Residents.

JOSEPH PAUL LAVORE HEIRS OR DEVISES.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 290, 291 on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, 59. Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 255 and 256 on Plan A- Montvale Park Land Co.; easterly by lot 292 on said plan B, Montvale Park Land Co.; southerly by Elm avenue; westerly by lot 289 on said plan B.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Dragon court socalled, and being the third lot of land described in deed of Geo. Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 47

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, near Dragon court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Aaron Weston; south-easterly by land now or late of Amos Nichols and being the second lot described in deed of George Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 1 49

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 668, 669 shown on plan C, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 642 and 643 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; easterly by lot 670 on said plan; westerly by lot 667 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 3,309 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 608 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 607 on said plan; easterly by lot 609 on said plan; southerly by Perry street on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 18

PATRICK W. MCKENNA.—About 14,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 69, on plan of Woburn Agricultural & Manufacturing Co., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 78 on said plan; easterly by lot 68 on said plan; southerly by A street shown on said plan; westerly by lot 70 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN H. PONCE.—About 3 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J, shown on plan of lands belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mill street.
Tax of 1904, 9 80

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11, Block 6, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 59

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,798 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10, Block 2, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 49

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,000 square feet of land being lot No. 2, Block 1, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 7,030 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

MARGARET SHARKEY.—About 2,790 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 85, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 on said plan; easterly by Henshaw street on said plan; southerly by Sherman street on said plan; westerly by lot 9 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ANNA B. SMALING.—About 4,883 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 166, 167, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Chase street; easterly by lot 168 on said plan; southerly by lot 200 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JULIA E. WILSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 105, 106, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly Bird street; easterly by lot No. 107 on on said plan; southerly by lots 139 and 140 on said plan; westerly by lot 104 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

EMMA TAINTER.—About 7,956 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 57 and 58 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 95, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly lots 4 and 11 on said plan; easterly by Merrill street on said plan; southerly by lots 2 and 13 on said plan; westerly by Henshaw street.
Tax of 1904, 1 57

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 151 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 117 shown on said plan; easterly by lot 152 shown on said plan; southerly by Chase street; westerly by lot 150 shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 261 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Dale street; easterly by lot 262 on said plan; southerly by other land now or late of said Wilbur; westerly by lot 260 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 420, 421, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lots 384 and 385 on said plan; easterly by lot 422 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 419 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 5 acres and 36,165 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 1 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan; easterly by said lot No. 2 on said plan; southerly by Middle street; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 15 19

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 40 acres of land with dam and water privileges belonging thereto, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 2 on Assessors Plan No 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owners unknown; north-easterly by land now or late of Dearborn and by land now or late of Richardson Heirs, known as the Steele Lots; southeasterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lot No. 3, on said plan and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 1 on said plan and by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 35 28

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres and 14,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 3, on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan about 137.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 13 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 298 feet; westerly by the Mill Pond known as lot No. 2 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 24 01

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 17 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 4 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. L. Brooks et. al. and land of J. Ames et. al. and land of Samuel Brooks; easterly by land of A. M. Morse; southerly by land now or late of H. R. Nelson et. al.; westerly by land of R. B. Eaton and land of Steele.
Tax of 1904, 5 88

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 17,219 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 5 on Assessors Plan No 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall and by the Weston Lot shown on said Plan and by land of Davis; easterly by land now or late of said Davis about 258 feet; southerly by land now or late of H. J. Nelson and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 13 on said plan.
Tax of 1904 7 84

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 7,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 6 shown on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by lot No. 7 on said plan; southerly by lot No. 7 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan about 262 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 13 acres and 10,755 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lots No. 9 and 12 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 211 68

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 7 acres and 7,855 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 157 feet; easterly by lots 6 and 7 on said plan; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and lot No. 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 20,514 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 243.75 feet; easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 694.5 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 24,730 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 36.5 feet; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 585.75 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 5,817 squre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 13 on Assessors Plan N. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown about 252.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 5 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 128 feet; westerly by lot No. 3 on said plan about 378 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 415 to 443 inclusive, shown on Plan No. 2 Mishawum Additions recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 98, Plan 98, reference being hereby made to said plan and record for a more particular description.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398 and 399 shown on plan No. 2, Mishawum Addition dated June, 1896, Shown on Woburn Assessors Plan No. 14, Vol. 1.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 31,258 square feet land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall; easterly by land of Massachusetts Rifle Association; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by the Buch Meadow Brook.
Tax of 1904, 7 84

ALVAH WISWALL.—About 4 8-10 acres land situated in said Woburn, being lot I, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE FOR LONGWOOD HILL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 1 66-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot N, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 3 8-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn' being lot Q on plan recorded with Middlesex So' Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

About 2 96-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot T, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ALVAH WISWALL, GEORGE H. NEWHALL and GEORGE A. INGALLS, TRUSTEES LEPPINGWELL LAND COMPANY:—About 1 78-100 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being part lot A, bounded as follows:—Northerly by land now or late of Wiswall; easterly by land now or late of Wiswall; southerly by land now or late of Bates Trustee; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and land of Wiswall.
Tax of 1904, 141 12

About 3 3-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot D shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 4 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn being lot E. shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 4 41

About 6 1-10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot G, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 2 35

About 4 7-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot J, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 16 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot K, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan; 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 12 54

About 4 6-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot M, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 43

About 2 29-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot R, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

About 8 9-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot H, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 7 06

About 4,000 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 6, shown on plan of Leppingwell Land Co., recorded at end of record book 2451, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 15 in said block; easterly by Edmund street on said plan; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lot 7 in said block.
Tax of 1904, 39

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

**Macullar Parker Company**
Makers and Retailers of
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for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.

**Fine Haberdashery**

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National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

### Commerce and Literature.

"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high browed and melancholy youth.

"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth 50 cents."—Washington Star.

### A Man of Affairs.

Collector (angrily)—Your master seems never to be at home. Faithful Retainer—He's a busy man, sor. He's that busy Oi'm thinkin' he'd find it harrd to sphare toime to attind his own funeral, sor—unliss, to be sure, they putt it off till he wor dead, sor.—Brooklyn Life.

### Weeds For Weeds.

Fred—So you are really going to marry that young widow, eh? Joe—Yes. Fred—She tells me you have promised to give up smoking. Joe—Yes, sort of mutual sacrifice, as it were. She agreed to give up her weeds if I would give up mine.

### Athenian and Barbarian.

A westerner once wrote a letter to the late Mayor Prince stating that he was about to visit Boston and asking the mayor to tell him a good place to stop at. The mayor replied, "Just before the 'at.'"—Boston Herald.

### Conceit.

Hicks—Your wife is a mighty sensible woman, isn't she?

Wicks—Sure! She married me.—Somerville Journal.

### A Hard Lot

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blockaded bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

## WINCHESTER.

Rev. D. A. Newton takes his vacation at Westboro.

Charles Bradstreet is a dear lover of trolley trips, and is jovial company on one.

A Traders Day is to be held by our merchants on Aug. 8. No programme has yet been made out.

Ralph E. Joslyn is our new member of the School Board, elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Frank F. Carpenter.

Col. N. A. Richardson, 85 years old, one of our most active and prominent citizens for a long life time, is still quite sick, but everybody hopes he will soon recover.

There was a partial hearing by the Railroad Commissioners the other day on the grade crossing matter here. The Commissioners do not seem overly friendly to the wishes and interests of this town, but favor the B. & M. Railroad Co. Against the earnest protests of the Attorneys for the town they postponed the hearing to Oct. 3.

The other day members of the Mystic Valley Trolley Club took a trip during the eleven hours of which they visited 16 cities, and towns, and the entire expense to each man was: car fare, 68 cents; dinner, 65 cents; $1.33 total. The trip was made in a B. & N. trolley, running through Chelsea, Lynn, Salem and as far east as Beverly. It was in charge of President Judge George S. Littlefield.

### Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide, by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c. at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—7th Sunday after Trinity.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Solo by Master Harrison Dockham.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 21, Gertrude Snowden, age 18 years, 8 months.
In this city, July 19, Christianna J. Long, age 45 years, 9 months, 24 days.
In Boston, July 19, Dennis Shields, age 60 years.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**First-class Dressmaker**

Will be at home, No. 22 Bow St., Woburn, for the next two months, all kinds of nice work wanted.

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**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
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BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**One of Thousands**

What one man said about Creamalt Bread.

"We bought a loaf of Creamalt Bread and it was delicious; the children are crazy for it."

Can you afford not to use such bread? 10c. at all grocers. Fresh every day.

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**BOSTON.**

## BIRDS OF ILL NATURE.

### The Cruelty of Swans as Displayed Toward Other Fowls.

The graceful swan is one of the most ungracious in its ways. Not only (in the breeding season) does a male bird resent the intrusion of a strange gentleman, but it will spend the day in driving off from its domain any unlucky geese which might be plainly assumed to have no designs upon its domestic arrangements and have, indeed, no desire beyond that for a comfortable wash and swim. It will also pursue even the most innocent of newborn ducklings while they unwittingly rejoice in an early taste of their common element.

When an only child has passed out of the cygnet stage of life and grown to full physical if not mental maturity father and mother swans have been known to fall upon and deliberately beat it to death with wing and beak. The gratified parents swam gracefully about the mere in which they lived while the great white corpse of their son lay battered and dead upon the shore. The following year, after another had been born to them and in infancy carried upon his mother's back, they began to treat him so roughly that, not being pinioned like them, he wisely flew away, and we saw him no more. Curiously enough, geese which have experienced rudeness from swans in the lusty spring have been known to retaliate in the calmer autumn, when the fierceness of their enemy had become mitigated. I have seen a gander leap upon the back of a once arrogant swan and pound away at it in the full enjoyment of gratified revenge.—Cornhill Magazine.

## THE NATIONAL FLAG.

### No Possession of a Country More Loyally Loved and Revered.

There is no possession of a country which is more deeply revered, more consistently loved or more loyally supported than its national flag. In our country is this especially true, for in that one emblem are embodied all the principles which our forefathers upheld, all the benefits of a century and a quarter of enlightened progress and all the hope and assurance of a promising future.

The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every state. Thus the stars and stripes signify union and "in union there is strength."

The very colors have a significance. White stands for purity, red for valor and blue for justice, together forming a combination which it is our inherited privilege to honor and uphold.

It is not the flag of a king or an emperor or a president. It is the flag of the people, brought into being by their will, defended when necessary by their patriotism and to which they turn for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political beliefs and leanings, they all stand united under one flag. It is the emblem of unity, safety and faith.—St. Nicholas.

### Word Fashions.

The history of the word asparagus shows how, even in the days of dictionaries, word fashions change. In the eighteenth century, even in elegant usage, the delicacy was regularly called "sparrow grass." A dictionary of 1791 says that "sparrow grass" is now so general that "asparagus" has an air of stiffness and pedantry. "Sperage" had been the usual English form in the sixteenth century, but in the seventeenth herbalists brought back the original Greek and Latin spelling "asparagus." Pepys varies between "sparrow grass," "sparagus" and "sparague." No doubt the eighteenth century relapse was the last, and the "a" is back for good now.

### Hogs and Storms.

Hogs are always more restless than usual on the approach of bad weather, and when these animals run to and fro with mouthfuls of straw, leaves or branches the indication is for very foul weather. In their native state pigs probably made their own beds, and when bad weather was coming perhaps gathered a larger supply of straw or leaves than usual to serve as a protection against the rain.

### Fireworks.

Fireworks originated in the thirteenth century, along with the evolution of powder and cannon. They were first employed by the Florentines, and later the use of fireworks became popular in Rome at the creation of the popes. The first fireworks, which resemble those which we see nowadays, were manufactured by Torre, an Italian artist, and displayed in Paris in 1764.

### Consolation.

"So you are still unmarried," said the girl friend.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "And when I see the disappointments of the girls who are married I begin to believe there is, after all, something in this doctrine of the survival of the fittest."—Washington Star.

## GREEN TURTLES EXPENSIVE.

### Where They Are Caught and How They Are Brought North.

"The flesh of the green turtle often brings $50 a pound," said an oyster dealer. "This rich meat comes to us from the coral reefs of the West Indies.

"The turtles are caught in nets among the rocks. They are very carefully brought north. They are deck passengers at first, but as the weather grows cold with the ship's progress they are penned in warm rooms below—regular staterooms.

"It's a different treatment that they get, though, at the natives' hands. If a native is bringing turtles north he nails them fast to the deck by their flippers. Strange creatures that they are, they appear to suffer little under such cruel treatment.

"The calipee and calipash are respectively the flesh from the breast and the back of the green turtle, tidbits which, I have heard epicures say, are unequaled in the earth beneath, the heavens above or the waters under the earth. This meat is superlatively rich, delicate and tender.

"Live green turtle fetches wholesale from a dime to a quarter a pound. What makes the meat so expensive in the end is that out of a 140 pound fish you'll only get two pounds of calipee and one of calipash.

"Several times when there has been a tight turtle market the chefs of millionaires and of certain extravagant hotels have offered me $1 a pound for live turtles. At that rate your calipee and calipash would come to quite $50 a pound."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## LIGHTHOUSES.

### The First of Them Was One of the World's Seven Wonders.

The first lighthouse of which there is any record in history was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus about 306 B. C. It was a tower on which wood fires were kept blazing at night. It was built on Pharos, a small island in the bay of Alexandria, and was one of the seven wonders of the world. It is an interesting fact that the modern French and Spanish names for lighthouse—the one being phare, the other faro—still preserve the memory of the island where the first attempt at seacoast illumination was located. The ruined tower in Dover castle, England, erected about A. D. 44, is claimed by some authorities to have been built for a lighthouse, upon which an enormous wood fire was kept burning.

The lighthouse on the southern end of the island of Conanicut, at the mouth of Narragansett bay, is said to be the oldest in the United States. The present structure is comparatively modern, but the first one was erected in 1750, and for nearly 100 years previous a watchtower, with a beacon fire, had existed at the same point.

The lighthouse bears the odd name of Beaver Tail. The southern portion of Conanicut island is shaped something like a beaver, with its tail pointing southward, and in early times it was known by that name, the two extremities being called head and tail.

### Clever Rubinstein.

The Italian tenor Marconi once made a visit to Rubinstein, during which the latter's little son came tripping eagerly into the music room and said, "This is my festa, papa, and I want a present." "Very well, my son, what shall it be?" "A waltz, papa, a new waltz all for myself, and now." "What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician. "But of course you shall have your gift. Here it is. Listen! And for you," turning to the distinguished tenor, "I will play my 'Nero.'" "It seems incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard a most remarkable phenomenon. The maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right the splendid overture."

### In the Pillory.

The picturesque, but most painful, punishment known as the "pillory" has long been a thing of the past in England. A man was made to stand in a frame on a platform, probably with his head and hands fastened through holes in pieces of wood that were then padlocked to keep them firm, and thus to remain at stated periods while the crowd gaped at or even pelted him. The last time known that a man was pilloried was when Peter James Bossy was punished for perjury, June 22, 1830.—London Mail.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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If it were not for us you would pay more for drugstore goods in Woburn. We brought down the prices and we intend to keep them down.

OUR MOTTO: Large Sales and Small Profits.

A few of our specialties, all of which are guaranteed or money refunded:

Headache Powders, regular size, Box 25c.
Headache Powders, trial size, Package 10c. Will positively relieve headache in 10 minutes.
Almond Cream Lotion, Bottle 23c. Will prevent sunburn or remove tan.
Quinine Hair Tonic, Bottle 49c. Will positively remove dandruff and prevent hair from falling out.

**McLaughlin & Dennison,**
**Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.**
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☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

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Fine Repairing in all it branches.

**PEACH ICE CREAM made from fresh fruit.**

**Theonleigh Club**
**In Pint Bricks 25c.**
Strawberry, Coffee,
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NOTE — Our PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM is made strictly from fresh fruit prepared at our store.

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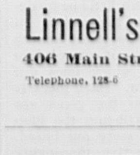
**395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn**

A CHOICE CUT

from our market. Leave your order and we will book it and send at whatever hour you say.

It's a choice piece of meat we're going to send you, but prices will be no higher.

**Linnell's Market,**
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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The Residence of the late
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situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, addres

MRS. HELEN C. HANSON,
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**Get Your Printing Done At This Office**

# When the Editor "Puffed"

By DONALD ALLEN

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There was just one reason why the Widow Bidwell refused the matrimonial offer tendered her by Editor Flint of the Weekly Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser. Editor Flint had owned and edited the Clarion for many years. He had never married because he had been too busy making up and working off his edition of 600 copies, getting up and printing auction bills, writing thrilling local notices of wood wanted on subscription and other matters connected with a weekly journal of twenty years ago. Some of his esteemed contemporaries sneeringly remarked now and then that he stole his editorials, but when it came down to writing out an auction bill they yielded him the palm.

"Auction! Auction! Auction!" read the average bill. "Take notice that on the 14th of September George Styles, farmer, will sell at public vendue all the live stock and other personal property on his farm on the Red Bridge road. Said stock consists of horses, cows, sheep and hogs and about 100 hens and geese. Sale to begin at 10 a. m., and all will go to the highest bidder."

There was no doubt about the success of the Clarion as a newspaper or about the success of Editor Flint as an editor. When he finally made up his mind to marry the Widow Bidwell, there was no doubt that he would be a success as a Benedict. He struck a snag, however. The widow had been obliged to turn to dressmaking since her husband's death, and she did not rank with the Four Hundred of the village, but she was a lover of poetry and she had dreams of poets. While this kept her grocery bill down, it interfered considerably with her getting out orders on time, and she calculated that one about offset the other.

The poetry loving widow had had fifty different poetic effusions published in the Clarion over the nom de plume of Flossie, but Mr. Flint had received the copy with a grunt, and the public had recovered from the shock each time within twenty-four hours.

The "poems" had been published to save carrying dead advertising. Mrs. Bidwell was rather surprised when the editor dropped in on her one evening and proceeded to say that he wanted her for the mistress of his house, but she soon rallied and answered that there was an insurmountable barrier between them. He didn't look like a poet. She knew what he could do in the way of an auction bill, but the man who wed Flossie must look the part. She would attend to the poetry as heretofore, but he must at least have long hair, an aesthetic face and dreamy eyes.

The editor saw at once that he couldn't fill the bill. He wore his hair short, had a fat face, and his eyes were on the lookout for delinquent subscribers instead of looking into the far away. He therefore picked up his hat and walked back to the office.

However, the iron had entered Mr. Flint's soul. He had laid his forty-year-old heart at a woman's feet, and she had spurned it. He either wanted to commit suicide or secure revenge, and after figuring up that the Clarion plant was worth about $4,000 he decided to hang on to earth. The first installment of his revenge was shown in his next issue, when he said:

"We take pleasure in informing our readers that a brother of the Widow Bidwell, who writes beautiful verse under the name of Flossie, has just died and left her a fortune estimated at $100,000. She has our heartiest congratulations."

Of course the public read the item, and of course the widow read it. There wasn't a word of truth in it, but when people came and showered their congratulations she couldn't bring herself to deny the story. She was even thankful to the Clarion for publishing the canard. The issue of the following week pursued the matter further.

"We understand," it said, "that the fortune left to the Widow Bidwell by her deceased brother in the west will go $50,000 better than at first reported. There are reports afloat that she will remove to New York city as soon as she comes into possession and buy a residence on Fifth avenue. Her poem this week is the best thing in the paper."

There were more congratulations, and the widow got deeper into the toils. It was so nice to be patted on the back and soft soaped that she couldn't bring herself to deny the reports.

Between the second and third issues of the Clarion the editor had a caller. His ostensible occupation was selling Bohemian oats to farmers at $5 a bushel and sailing mighty close to prison as a swindler, but he had the hair and face and eyes of a poet. Even the fat and healthy editor had to admit that. The caller wanted to insert a small ad. and ask about the Widow Bidwell. He had seen the notices in the Clarion about her legacy, and he wanted a few pointers.

Editor Flint praised the woman who had jumped on his bleeding heart. Aye, he spoke in highest terms of her, and even told Mr. Harold De Lisle how he could get an introduction to her. Then the third issue said:

"We had a pleasant call the other day from Mr. Harold De Lisle, who has just made a million dollars out of Pennsylvania oil. We understand that he may remain in our village for some days. Indeed, Dame Rumor is connecting his name with that of a rich and prominent widow on Chestnut street."

Mr. De Lisle was duly introduced to the Widow Bidwell. She had no sooner set eyes on him than her heart began to palpitate. The poet had come. He looked and dressed the part. He also acted it. Nothing was said of her dressmaking on the one hand nor of his oat business on the other. They talked of sonnets and poems and idyls, and the widow was not in the hotel dining room to note the quantity of corned beef and cabbage he got away with at dinner.

There was a fourth notice in the Clarion. The spurned editor hadn't much to do with auction bills just then, and he had time to keep track of affairs on Chestnut street. He had been told that Mr. Harold De Lisle was only a traveling agent for a gang of eastern swindlers, but he wasn't going to say so. On the contrary, what he said was:

"The wealthy and distinguished Mr De Lisle is still with us, and if he has not won the heart of a Reed City lady then rumor has gone far astray. The wedding will probably be a quiet affair, and bride and groom may make a honeymoon trip to Europe."

The Bohemian oats man who looked like a poet and the widow dressmaker who really wrote rhymes were not exactly frank with each other. He never asked the name of her brother or what disease he died of. He never asked if that fortune had come or when it might be expected.

On her part, she didn't ask in what part of the Keystone State his oil well was situated or what national bank he honored with his deposits. They read the Clarion and trusted in each other.

There were more farmers waiting to buy Bohemian oats and find a crop of weeds, but still Harold De Lisle lingered. There were dresses that customers were waiting for, but still the widow's sewing machine was silent. The languidness and lethargy of looking like a poet and being a poet beat sliding down hill all hollow. The fifth "puff" in the Clarion was a send-off.

"The event of the season occurred at the Methodist church two days since," it read. "As we have all along predicted, we have lost our fairest flower. In other words, Mr. Harold De Lisle prevailed upon the charming Widow Bidwell to give him her hand and heart, and the Rev. Mr. Peters made them man and wife in a very impressive ceremony. The happy couple left for Chicago immediately after, but may return next week to prepare for the jaunt abroad."

Ten days later the bride returned and at once notified all old customers that business was to be resumed at the old stand.

Ten days later in a distant state the bridegroom was talking up Bohemian oats. They had come to an understanding about money matters. They had understood that each had played the confidence game on the other and that they hadn't $300 between them.

Editor Flint of the Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser sat down and wrote an auction bill for Farmer Jones and told him what the price for 200 copies would be, and as he found himself setting it up he found himself saying to himself:

"Oh, I don't know. I don't seem to have so much ache under my vest as I did. I shouldn't wonder if I recovered from the blow in time."

### Sailor's Story of Jungle Surgery.

"There wuz this here black Kamerun savage, naked as an animal," said the sailor, "and there wuz this explorer in his pretty suit of white drillin', and there wuz a Kamerun medicine man with a headdress o' human bones. They stood under a palm tree. I sot on a log and watched 'em. The medicine man put the right arms of the savage and the explorer close together and then, flourishin' a dull lookin' knife, he nicks a vein in the white arm and then an artery in the black arm. The blood come a-gushin' and a-gushin' out of the black arm, and the medicine man scooped it up in the holler of his hand and rubbed it into the nicked white arm. He must 'a' rubbed in a pint before he closed the wound. Transfoosion o' blood is what they call it. They say it saves a white man from jungle fever and from all the evils of the miasma of the hot swamps, of the damp heat, the rottin' vegetation. They say Stanley had black blood transfoosed into his'n eight times. That is how he stood Africa. I know it's a common thing for African explorers to go through the transfoosin' process. And I'll tell you a funny thing about it. It makes the hair thicker and darker and it darkens the skin a couple of shades."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Oldest Body of Human Being.

The oldest body of any human being reposes in the Egyptian gallery of the British museum. It is the body of a man who was buried in a shallow grave hollowed out of the sandstone on the west bank of the Nile in upper Egypt. This man must have hunted along the banks of the Nile before the time of the earliest mummied king which the museum possesses, before the time of Menes, who was supposed to have ruled Egypt at least 5000 B. C. There were previous to that time two prehistoric races, one the conquerors and the other the conquered, from which sprang the Egyptian race of the earliest dynasties. It is with these remote stocks that this man had to do. Considering the condition in which he was found, it is evident that he was associated with a late period of the new stone age of Egypt. He was buried in a characteristic neolithic grave, with his neolithic pots and instruments of flint about him. There is of course no inscription of any kind on the pots, knives or grave, all having been long before the invention of any written language.—American Antiquarian.

### Eighteenth Century Life.

These brief extracts from the letters of Elizabeth Montagu, the "queen of the bluestockings," throws a curious light on eighteenth century life in England. She was suffering from a swelled lip. Promptly the great Dr. Mead prescribed a blister to her back. She writes: "I am better than I was; but, my mouth not being yet perfectly reduced, I have got a fresh blister upon my back. Well may it bend with such a weight of calamities. I have sent for my bathing cloathes and on Sunday night shall take a souze. I think it a pleasant remedy." Apparently in 1741 a lady could not take a bath even on Sunday night and in the privacy of her chamber without her "bathing cloathes." Mrs. Montagu writes again: "My lip is not entirely reduced, though I have been blistered twice, once blooded, and have five times taken physic, have lived upon chicken and white meats and drank nothing but water. I have suffered great disappointment about the warm bath which I am advised to try, for the bathing tubs are so out of order that we have not yet been able to make them hold water."

### Jewelers Protect Patrons.

"The general public is not aware of the carefully worked out system by which the large jewelry houses continue to protect their splendid wares long after these have been sold and passed out of their hands," said a detective, discussing daring modern burglaries. "Most large establishments dealing in precious metals and gems have a carefully organized and very efficient detective system, which makes it easy for a patron to recover stolen goods without charge and with little or no delay in the institution of the search. In the safes of these large jewel houses are minute descriptions of every piece of valuable jewelry which goes out from the establishment. Each piece is numbered too. When the gems are missed the patron telephones the shop in which the articles were purchased. At once a special detective, thoroughly acquainted with the business in hand and armed with a detailed description of the jewelry, is hurried to the scene of action. This is without expense to the client."—New York Press.

## THE HUMAN BODY.

### Composition of the House In Which Man's Spirit Abides.

The foundation of the human body is composed of 206 bones, covered with 522 voluntary muscles. The smaller blood vessels are so numerous as to be beyond the telling, but we have no fewer than about 1,000 arteries through which the blood is always flowing under the government of the heart.

The blood is composed of two constituents, termed by physiologists red and white corpuscles, numbering some thousands of millions.

Our house has something like 600 tiny telegraph wires, called nerves, connected with the brain and spinal cord, and these little wires are always throbbing with messages which they telegraph to the main office—the brain. Besides these there are the sympathetic wires, or nerves, numbered by thousands, which help the former.

The front of our house, the skin, has been measured up and found, if spread out, to cover fifteen square feet.

The ventilation scheme by which we get our fresh air is built of such fine porous stuff that, if spread out, it would be found to cover a stretch of land big enough to contain a fifteen roomed house. We refer to the lungs which have hundreds of millions of air cells.

To every square inch of the palm of the hand are 2,500 pores, while the number of sweat glands in the skin generally is 2,500,000. Their function is to deposit secretions upon the skin; hence the necessity of a daily tub to wash this stuff away, otherwise it clogs the sweat glands and prevents their proper working.

## SUNSTROKE.

### Properly Speaking, It Should Be Called Heat Apoplexy.

What is called "sunstroke," the effect of great heat, should be "heat apoplexy." The misnomer leads the multitude to suppose that death from it is caused through being struck down by exposure to a special malevolency of the sun's rays. This is not so, for patients are with equal frequency found in houses and barracks and tents and at night as well as day and, whether in sun or shade, are generally those whose health is debilitated by dissipation, disease and overfatigue, and the evidences from all parts of the world show that exposure to intense sun rays is less to be feared in dry countries than in countries where the temperature is much lower, but the atmosphere is moist, and perspiration is consequently retarded.

People suffer more from a temperature of 87 degrees F. at Brussels than at 122 degrees F. at Cairo, owing to the moist air of the first and the extreme dryness of the air in the latter city.

The inhabitants of the eastern coasts of the United States bear with amazement of temperatures from 118 to 128 degrees F. being tolerated in the dry regions of Arizona and South Colorado without harm and that the ordinary avocations of farm and factory are pursued without inconvenience. This is due to the cooling effect of rapid evaporation from the surface of the body, and hence the sun's malignancy is unknown.—London Mail.

### Family Crests In England.

She had discovered the family crest and was having a die made for her letter paper.

"You'd have to pay $5 a year to use this crest on your stationary if you were English," said the stationer. "There is in England a tax of $5 a year on all who sport a crest."

"So few people are entitled to a crest, though," she said. "I shouldn't think such a tax would bring in the English government much money."

"The tax brings in $250,000 a year," replied the stationer. "There are 50,000 English with crests on their stationery."

### The Marriage Knot.

A good deal is heard of the "marriage knot," but very few of us realize that the knot was ever anything more than a figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony, says Home Chat. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

### Highland Deaths.

Pennant in his "Tour of Scotland" tells that on the death of a highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends placed a wooden platter on the breast of the deceased containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth an emblem of the corruptible body, the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit.

### The Speculator's Progress.

Graball—So you sent your boy around the globe for a little trip, eh? I heard he was dabbling some in stocks? Ritchie—Dabbling? He probably was—at first, but when I discovered his predicament he was floundering in them!—Puck.

### A Man of Ability.

Tomson—Johnson has no ability of any kind. Jackson—No ability? Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.—London Tit-Bits.

### Used to It.

Mrs. Knicker—Weren't you frightened when the bull bellowed at you on account of your new dress? Mrs. Bocker—No. It was exactly the way Henry behaved when he got the bill.

### Catholic Priests and Marriage.

Marriage by the clergy was first positively forbidden in the year 1074 by Pope Gregory VII. The controversy, however, which had been going on for centuries on that subject was not altogether settled by Gregory's decree. The council of Trent in 1593, was the ecclesiastical body which formally prohibited priests from forming marriage alliances. That permanently settled the matter.

### The Strenuous Life.

There can be no question that the prevalence of certain diseases has increased during the last half century. Conspicuous among these are diabetes and insomnia, both of which are largely due to the mental stress of a harder struggle for existence.—Practitioner.

### Or Complete Lack of It.

Talesman—I wish to be excused from serving on this jury. Judge—What is your reason? Talesman—I'm very absentminded. Judge—Can't excuse you. Absence of mind is the best qualification for a juryman.—Cleveland

### Brought to Book at Last.

Tibbie was a Scotch lass, hardworking and comely. She ruled over a grateful and suppressed family of New Englanders for eight years, and then announced her intention of marrying within six weeks.

"I suppose it is Rab whom you mean to marry, Tibbie?" asked her nominal mistress, referring to a tall, mild faced young Scotchman who had spent more or less time in Tibbie's spotless kitchen for the last three years.

"It is," announced Tibbie calmly. "Here he's been coming and sitting wi' me all these times and never a word o' merrying. So at long last I said to him, 'If you've no mind to tak me, Rab, ye can jist say so, and I'll spend nae more on bright ribbons to sit up wi' ye, but I'll tak' my money to buy one of those talking machines that plays tunes, after I've paid for a strip o' new oilcloth to cover the floor where you've worn out the old one, and then I'll tak' my relegious books and settle down in quiet.'

"Rabbie was so concerned at my drear prospects and the thoughts o' my savings he said he would ha'e me whenever I got ready."

### Shooting Down the Alps on Skees.

The quest for a moral is provoked by a long list of skeeing accidents in the Alps. In itself the exercise can hardly be considered more perilous than skating, though the proportion of sprained ankles and twisted tendons is higher, but when the skeer skees a distance from his base and ventures upon unfamiliar ground there are at least three ways in which calamity is liable to befall him. On a glacier he may break through the snow bridge which he is trying to shoot and be buried in a crevasse. On the hillside he may skee violently down a steep place and, unable to arrest his pace, end by skeeing over a precipice. Almost anywhere, unless he knows the signs, he may skee in the tracks of an avalanche and be overwhelmed. Examples of each of these several kinds of disaster have lately been presented, and each of the disasters conveys a warning of which amateur skeers, whose name nowadays is legion, would do well to take a careful note.—London Graphic.

### Sufficiently Identified.

She walked into a branch bank on upper Broadway and pushed a check through the paying teller's window.

"You will have to be identified," said he. "I don't know you, madam."

"You don't, eh?" said the woman, with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the father of the Smith family that has a flat in the Pileremin apartments?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, I am the red headed janitress that your wife's always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Emily, if our children get fighting with that old fury in the basement don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk with her.' Now, if you think you can get the best of an argument with"—

"Here's your money, madam," said the paying teller. And she took it and went.—Everybody's Magazine.

### Where Lincoln Put the Whetstone.

A soldier at whose house when a boy Lincoln paused in his tramps in Illinois and who lent him a whetstone to sharpen his jackknife met him during the war in Washington. Lincoln remembered the incident and spoke of the use of the whetstone.

"Ya-a-s," drawled out the old soldier, "whatever did you do with the whetstone? I never could find it. We 'lowed mebbe you took it along with you." "No, no! I put it on top of the gatepost—that high one." "Mebbe you did. Nobody else could have reached it, and none of us ever thought to look there for it." There it was found where it was placed fifteen years before. The soldier reported the fact to the president.

### Why He Wanted a Pass.

When Jim Fisk was in his glory as a railroad magnate one day he was greatly annoyed by people asking for passes over his road for all sorts of reasons. He was well worked up when a seedy looking individual asked for a pass and asked sharply, "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?"

The applicant replied, "Because I do not want to pay my fare."

Fisk called a clerk and said to him: "Give this man a pass to anywhere and return. He is the first man that has told the truth today."—Boston Herald.

### A Couple of Bulls.

On the edge of a small river in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridle path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep to the main road."

### Natural Fitness.

"My friend," said the man who was getting out of the barber's chair with a slashed cheek, "you have enlightened my mind on a point that has hitherto been a mystery."

"What is that, sir?"

"For the first time I understand why in former times the village barber was also expected to be the town surgeon."—Washington Star.

### Her Divorce Portion.

"Mrs. Jones just got a divorce from her husband for throwing salad in her face," said one.

"Did she get alimony?" asked the other.

"No," replied the first. "She got the salad."—New York Press.

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Do not try to drive your employes ahead of you, but keep ahead of them and invite them to come on.—Success Magazine.

### The Real Test.

Even the man who says he doesn't care a rap what other people think hesitates about carrying a pair of his wife's shoes to the cobbler to have them tapped without doing them up inside a piece of wrapping paper.—Somerville Journal.

### Alike.

Husband—What has become of those indestructible toys you got last week? Wife—They are out on the scrap heap, along with the indestructible kitchen utensils.—Life.

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Obstinacy is the mask under which weakness hides its lack of firmness.—Panin.

### Happy Adam.

The first monopolist was Adam. The first consumer was Adam. Therefore Adam had the unique and exquisite pleasure of raising the price of beef to the consumer and the equally great pleasure of kicking at the price put on it by the trust. Adam was the only happy man.—Detroit Times.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 29.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke xiv, 1-14. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Luke xiv, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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In all selections from the life of our Lord there is always so much omitted that we ought to consider. In the long portion between last week's lesson and this notice at least the "blesseds" of xi, 28; xii, 37, 38, 43; xiii, 35, and the great hindrance to all blessing on our part, "Ye would not" (xiii, 34), or, as in John v, 40, "Ye will not come to me." God is always ready to save and to bless, but man is always ready to want his own sinful rebellious way. It is pitiful to read how the world knew Him not and His own received Him not (John i, 10, 11), but when we see these Pharisees pretending to honor Him and in their hearts hating and despising Him and watching Him to find something whereof to accuse Him we cannot but wonder how He could suffer it, knowing it all as He did. In all things He left us an example that we should follow His steps (I Pet. ii, 21), and remember that a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price (I Pet. iii, 4).

It is the Sabbath day when He enters the house of this Pharisee to eat bread and sees before Him a man with the dropsy, an opportunity to manifest His compassion. Compare other Sabbath day healings in chapters vi, 7-11; xiii, 11-16, and remember that He is Lord of the Sabbath, and it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day (Matt. xii, 8, 12). Nothing is of any value apart from God and except it honors Him. The Sabbaths and passovers and other days were given by Him to bless His people by revealing Himself more fully to them, but they had long since become a mere form so that He could not tolerate them (Isa. i, 10-20; xxx, 8-12; xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31; Matt. xv, 7-9). It is so again, and in the end of the age in which we are there is much religiousness which is a mere form without power (II Tim. iii, 4, 5; iv, 3), mere hypocrisy, as in the days of our Lord, straining out gnats and swallowing camels (Matt. xxiii). Instead of worshiping the Lord of the Sabbath they had made an idol of the Sabbath and were worshiping it. God was in a sense dethroned and man exalted, as when they rejected Him as their king and demanded a king like other nations (I Sam. viii, 4-7).

After Jesus had given health to the body of the sick man He began to deal with the hearts of those present concerning pride and humility, summing up His teaching in these words, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (verse 11). It is always a question of self or some one else, of pleasing self or denying self, or, in another aspect, it is God or the devil as it started with Eve in Eden. In our lesson it is simply a matter of the best seat at the feast—shall I take it if I can get it or yield it to some one else; shall I invite myself up or wait to be invited? This spirit of self exaltation was seen not only in the Pharisees, but also in the disciples themselves, as when John and James wanted the highest seats in the kingdom, and at the last passover when there was a strife among them as to who should be the greatest (Matt. xx, 20, 21; Luke ix, 46; xxii, 24) and at other times. All self will, self pleasing, self exaltation, savors of Babylon and the great adversary of God and man (Gen. xi, 4; Isa. xiv, 13, 14; Dan. iv, 30; xi, 36, 37).

Having healed the sick man and given a message to the guests, He now has a word for His host, not exactly on the line of humility, but on the line of doing good to those who cannot reward you for it, willing to wait for the recompense till the time of true reward at the resurrection of the just, or, as it is in Rev. xxii, 12; I Pet. v, 4, the time of His coming again, His appearing as the chief shepherd. While our fitness for the kingdom depends wholly upon the merits of Christ, His precious blood, His finished work, apart from any works of ours, we are saved in order to work, to walk in the good works prepared for us (Eph. ii, 8-10), and our faithfulness and self denial will fit us for our places in the kingdom, and our works shall be rewarded or consumed, according as they have been wrought unto Him or unto self (I Cor. iii, 14, 15). From the time of our new birth as long as we stay in these mortal bodies we are in preparation and in training for our life in the immortal body when we shall reign with Him in His kingdom.

All the self life will be ruled out and lost, but all the manifestation of His life in us by His spirit will stand and be approved and rewarded. Inasmuch as He appoints all things for us according to His infinite wisdom, with a view to our highest good and eternal glory, it becomes us to receive all as from Him and bear meekly and do cheerfully all that He appoints, remembering that His way is perfect (Ps. xviii, 30). But since He was there, as it would appear, by the invitation of one of the chief Pharisees the question arises, What had such a man to do with the resurrection of the just? It must be that the Saviour implied that only a just or justified man would act as He had suggested, for selfish, worldly people are not apt to live to do good to the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind. Such renunciation of self and living for others imply the new birth, the spirit of Christ in us, and all such shall take part in the first resurrection (Rev. xx, 6). The exhortation in Mic. vi, 8, to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God implies a previous becoming just before God, for only those who are justified according to Rom. v, 1; iii, 24, can do this.

### Cut It.

"Yes," said the college student, "dad got the idea that I was cutting up too much, and so he cut in and threatened to cut down my allowance unless I took a brace. I felt all cut up at first, but I didn't want my allowance cut off or cut into just for a little funny business, and so I cut it out." And the listening foreigner remarked, "What did the young man say?"—Somerville Journal.

### Breaking It Gently.

Captain of Steamer—Madam, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown overboard. Fond Mother—Why, I thought it was tied on with a string! Captain—Yes. That was just the trouble. The string did not break.

### Corrected.

"Miss Isabel, you are not at all like other girls."

"That is not a compliment, Mr. Spooner. You should say that other girls are not at all like me."

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FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

### The True Test of Oysters.

"The best oyster experts that I know of," said the captain of an oyster boat, "judge an oyster by the smell instead of by the taste. There is something about the smell of any oyster that indicates its condition to me much plainer than does the taste. People buy them and eat them probably on account of their taste. So also do they buy tea, coffee and the various grades of whisky and brandy for their taste, but all experts on those things pass upon them entirely by their smell. The professional tea taster or whisky taster, so called, never tastes them, but simply arrives at their taste by their peculiarities of flavor or, to speak plainly, smell. I can tell what price a load of oysters will be rated at when they arrive at the wharf here by opening up the hold of the boat and smelling. In eight cases out of ten I am right. It strikes oystermen as strange when they see persons going about from boat to boat, as they lie at the wharf, tasting oysters before they conclude to buy. Taste is all right, but if they don't smell right they will never taste right."—Washington Star.

### American Tourists and Their Ways.

English people, as a rule, try to enter a hotel drawing room or any other public place as quietly as possible and endeavor not to interfere with the other occupants of the room more than they can help. A party of French or Germans will never dream of stopping to consider whether their piercing voices are deafening their neighbors, while Americans have a particularly maddening habit of reading their correspondence aloud in public without the slightest regard to other people who are reading or conversing in the same room. It is no doubt part of the same lack of breeding which leads them to hold conversations at the top of their very penetrating voices not only in public picture galleries, but also in continental churches, without paying any attention to the fact that a solemn service may be going on within a few yards of them.—London Modern Society.

### A Curious Coincidence.

The story of a queer coincidence is told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. While traveling upon the continent he visited a certain mountain inn, which was in winter, he learned, occupied only by two men. These men, prisoned in a waste of snow and ice, had for all that period no communication with the world below. Here was a situation for a novelist! And the novelist accordingly began to let his imagination play about the possibilities of tragedy surrounding the two men on their mountain height. But the story was never written, for, happening to come upon a volume of Guy de Maupassant, which was new to him, he found therein, under the title of "L'Auberge," the very story he had meant to write.

### Sixty Thousand Seeds to the Plant.

The common purslane is one of the wonders of botany as far as seeds are concerned. A single seed of this plant will produce about twenty seed pods in a season. The average number of seeds in each of these, by actual count, is 6,000, making 60,000 in all. As far as we have been able to learn there is no instance of similar fruitfulness in any plant found growing in this country. A single plant of either the Jamestown weed ("jimson"), the butterweed, the ragweed and some of the vervines produce an enormous number of seeds, but it is doubtful if any one of them produces one-fourth as many in a year as the purslane does.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Human Nose Two Feet In Length.

Elephantiasis is a peculiar form of leprosy in which the limbs and features swell to horrible proportions and out of all semblance to the legs, arms and faces of human beings. Cases are known where the legs have become so swollen that they measured 4½ feet in circumference. The ears of the same victim, Walter Brisbane, an English sailor, were eighteen inches in length, and his nose elongated to upward of two feet when in the last stages of the horrible malady.—London Telegraph.

### The Guessing Cook.

"I'd give a dollar," said the man who coddles his stomach, "to find a cook who doesn't measure. There used to be plenty of them. I remember the time when half the kitchens in the land gloried in a guesswork cook. Eating was a pleasure in those days. It isn't so now. In these whirligig times everything has a machine made taste. That is because the cooks measure so much. Instead of trusting to inspiration, as the heaven born cook is bound to do, the kitchen queens of today measure even the salt they put in the porridge. No wonder such cookery lacks individuality and is all on the same dead level of mediocrity. Merciful heavens, what ails these biscuits? They're heavy as lead."

"I think the cook made a mistake," said the man's wife. "I got a new one yesterday—one that doesn't measure. I am afraid she didn't put enough baking powder in the biscuits."—New York Sun.

### An Oddity In Building.

"If you want to see an oddity," an undertaker said, "go to a cemetery and note how in the erection of old fashioned tombs they lower into place the marble slabs. These marble slabs are not lowered by means of a derrick. They are lowered by hand. The work is so delicate, you see, and it is so necessary not to chip the edges of the stones, that only hand work answers. You wonder, I suppose, how the men avoid pinching or crushing their fingers as they lower a great slab of marble on to its marble base. Well, they accomplish this by lowering the stone upon lumps of sugar arranged in orderly lines, and then they gradually dissolve the sugar by squirting water over it. All the huge, flat stones of old fashioned tombs or vaults are lowered by hand on to lumps of sugar."

### The Beauty of the Snowflake.

The thin snow now driving from the north and lodging on my coat consists of those beautiful star crystals, thin and partly transparent. They are about one-tenth of an inch in diameter, perfect little wheels with six spokes, without a tire, or, rather, with six perfect little leaflets, fernlike, with a distinct, straight, slender midrib raying from the center. On each side of each midrib there is a transparent, thin blade with a crenate edge. How full of the creative genius is the air in which these are generated! I should hardly admire more if real stars fell and lodged on my coat. Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity, so that not a snowflake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse, neither dewdrops nor snowflakes.—Henry D. Thoreau.

### I Love You.

A Danish paper compares "I love you" in many languages. Here are some of them—the Danish paper is our only authority for their correctness: The Chinaman says, "Uo ngai ni;" the Armenian, "Ge sirem ez hez;" the Arabian, very shortly, "Nehabeeck;" the Egyptian, similarly, "N'achkeb;" the Turk, "Sisi sevejorum," and the Hindoo, "Main tym ko pijar karyn." But overwhelming is the declaration of love of an Eskimo, who tries to win the chosen one by the pleasing sound of the dainty little word: "Univifigssaerutdluinalerfimajungnarsigujak."

### The Checkerboard Town.

Improvements, as St. Paul said of science, is often "falsely so called." If the real estate men would but forget the checkerboard idea in laying out a new town and would take a good landscape gardener into their confidence and the contour of the land into their consideration and plant trees accordingly suburbanites would rise up and call them blessed.—Country Life In America.

### The Cure.

Anxious Parent—Doctor, my daughter appears to be going blind, and she is about to be married. Doctor—Let her go right on with the wedding. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will.

### One More.

"Now don't ask any more questions. Little boys should not be inquisitive."

"What's inquisitive, pa?"

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### Put Her Foot Down.

Naggin—But why don't you argue the matter out with your wife? Meekton—Hush! My wife has very positive ideas on that subject. The moment I opened my mouth my wife would put her foot down, and— Naggin—The idea! I should think you'd choke to death.

### He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Robert, do you know what an isosceles triangle is? Boy—Yes'm. Teacher—Well, what is it? Boy—It's one uv dem t'ings I gits licked fer not knowin' wot it is.—Judge.

---

There are some minds like either convex or concave mirrors, which represent objects such as they receive them, but they never receive them as they are.—Joubert.

### Ten Good Things.

There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry. These are: For doing good to all; for speaking evil to none; for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardons for all wrongs; for being patient toward everybody; for stopping the ears to a talebearer; for disbelieving most of the ill reports.

### Too Valuable to Lose.

Mrs. Clinton Streeter—John, wake up! The cook is screaming "Burglars!" Mr. Clinton Streeter—Great Scott! I'll go right down. Mrs. C. S.—No, don't; they might shoot you. Mr. C. S.—That's a small risk to take. My goodness, woman, suppose they should steal the cook!—Kansas City Independent.

### Paradoxical.

Suburban Patient—Doctor, I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice. Doctor—Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone.—Judge.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 36.

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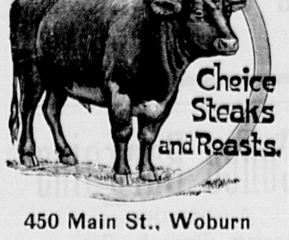
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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

**Summer Arrangement.**
**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09, 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

**SUNDAY—To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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| 24 | City Almshouse. |
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| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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## An American Widow

By LOURENE RICHARDS

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It was at Lausanne, Lake Geneva, and at one of the small and quiet hotels, that Judge Fordham, U. S. A. was told by the landlord:

"You will be glad to learn that I have a compatriot of yours here. She has been here a week. She is a widow. I believe she comes from Chicago, Canada."

"Sure it isn't Philadelphia, Montana?" asked the judge.

"I will at once find out all particulars, your excellency."

"Never mind just now. I'd like a few hours' rest before meeting the widow, American or otherwise. If you will be so kind, you needn't mention to her that I am here. I came away from my home in Boston, California, to escape a widow, and, you see, I don't want to bump up against another too soon. We Americans always want to walk around awhile before getting acquainted."

"It is so, your excellency, and your wishes shall be respected," said the obsequious host.

"How does the widow happen to be here alone?" inquired the judge without much show of interest.

"Her brother is at Lyons, France. He is a buyer of silks for Americans. He will soon be here."

"Is she good looking and rich?" asked the judge.

"Had I known, your excellency, that Chicago, Canada, had such handsome women I should have gone there for my second wife. As for riches, she has my best rooms and orders what she wants. My bill against her will be very much."

"Think she's on the marry?"

"When I saw you, sir, and knew that you were an American I said to myself:

"'He comes from the same country. He looks like a widower. He appears to be rich. Why should not the widower marry the widow and thus make each other happy?'"

"Thanks for your interest in the case, old man, but go slow. An American widower and an American widow will always find each other in go time if you leave them alone. Just leave it to us."

They met at the table, but were not introduced. A sharp eyed person would have noticed that they were sizing each other up. Two days later, as the widow sat on the veranda with a book in her hand, the landlord and the judge approached, and the former indulged in a dozen bows and scrapes as he said:

"I have the utmost felicitation in presenting Judge Fordham to Mrs. Chatham."

The judge found the widow to be a woman not much over thirty. She was bright and keen and self possessed. She found the judge to be a man of about forty-eight, hale and hearty and inclined to be frank spoken. Of course they became interested at once, and after a few minutes the landlord reentered the office to say to his wife:

"Today, Marie, I have done a noble thing. The widower will marry the widow, and when they return to America they will probably live in New York, Arizona, and be happy all their days. Did I not tell you when we were married that as a landlord I should be a magnificent success?"

Neither the Widow Chatham nor Judge Fordham had a story to tell. It came out casually in conversation that she was the widow of a Chicago wholesale grocer and had taken the trip abroad at the instance of her brother Tom, who was a silk buyer for a New York house and who would soon be with them. It came out the same way that the judge had retired from the bench in New York and was now taking it easy abroad while his bonds went right on piling up interest. They found themselves agreeing on almost all subjects, especially on the greatness of Chicago and the purity of American politics, and now and then the landlord looked out to smile and turn to his wife with:

"Marie, compliment me on my magnificence. The widower and the widow are becoming more and more interested in each other."

The judge rather took charge of Mrs. Chatham after the first day. They rode out together, they boated together, they climbed the hills together. The subject of love wasn't even hinted at, but there were other persons than the landlord who smiled in a knowing way.

There was just a bit of mystery about the brother. He was to arrive at such a time and such a time, but he didn't arrive. It was all the fault of the silk men, he wrote. They were taking things easy and refused to be hustled. He would be along in good time, however, and in one of his letters he wrote that it would be a pleasure for him to meet the judge. The judge smiled grimly when this extract was read to him. He seemed to doubt it.

After their acquaintance had lasted two weeks and one day just after a telegram had been received by the widow the judge strolled into the railroad depot and found her about to take a train—that is, he thought she was. She had no baggage and appeared to avoid observation.

When she saw that she was discovered she made some excuse and left the depot in his company. She was a bit glum for awhile, but soon rallied and was very gay that evening. Two days later a telegram announced that Brother Tommy was ill at home. The widow said that she would run over there for a day or two, and the judge said he would accompany her. He had a curiosity about the silk mills, and this would be a good time to gratify it. The widow suddenly decided that Tommy might get over his illness without any of her help. She had her fair share of sisterly affection, but Tommy was one of these fellows that always played baby even with a cold in the head.

Two mornings later the judge took an early morning walk. It was an hour before breakfast. He walked down to the depot to see the 6:20 train go out. He was on time, and he saw the Widow Chatham there. She dodged him and returned to the hotel instead of taking the train. When they met at breakfast neither one said anything about their walk, but the landlord rubbed his hands and smiled and said to his wife:

"Marie, my magnificence grows. The widower and the widow were out for a sunrise walk this morning. That means love and matrimony. I was the one to introduce them and bring two happy hearts together. Of course it will go into both bills as an extra."

There is a pretty fair mountain at Lausanne. It is high enough to have precipices and rugged enough to put a man out of wind to climb it. When you have followed "Lovers' walk" far enough you strike into "Heart's highway," and a quarter of a mile farther you debouch upon a platform called "Maiden's rest." The judge and the widow had been up there twice. On the afternoon of the early morning walk they took the path again. When they had reached the plateau and found seats and had a few words to say about the view the widow looked the judge fair in the eyes and said:

"Mr. Fordham, in about three minutes, unless you promise to leave Lausanne by the evening train, I shall begin to scream."

"Yes," he calmly replied.

"I shall run down the path shouting for help."

"Yes."

"I shall meet people and declare that you threatened me. I think you will understand what that will mean to you."

"Certainly, but there are loopholes in your plan. For instance, I have no less than three witnesses concealed behind the rocks up here. Then I have a telegram to the effect that your Brother Tommy is in custody at Lyons. I also have a second stating that his extradition papers, for which I have been waiting these many days, are ready for me."

"Where do I come in?" she asked after awhile.

"You don't come in. Tommy did the embezzling, and you simply ran away with him. So far as my instructions go, you are to be left behind here in Europe to enjoy yourself as best you may. No doubt you have some of the stolen money to pay your bills with, but I was not instructed to arrest you. I was simply keeping tab on you until the papers were ready for Tommy. Is there anything more to say?"

"Sir, I do not know you!" answered the widow as she arose and started down the path by her lonesome.

* * * * * * * *

"And so you go away to Lyons?" repeated the landlord after the judge had announced his intentions.

"Yes; have to go."

"And the widow from Chicago, Canada?"

"I must leave her in your keeping. We have had a misunderstanding. You know how cantankerous American widows are."

"Maria," said the landlord to his wife that evening, "I may be magnificent and I may not. The widower and the widow have quarreled and he has started for Lyons, and it may be that he will never come back to plead for a reconciliation. The main point, however, is that I charged him two extras for falling in love with another guest of my house and falling out again, and maybe I am magnificent after all."

### Virtues of "Sold" Sign.

"Get this parlor suit out at once, John," said the manager.

"Oh, let's just put a 'Sold' tag on it till tomorrow," grumbled Salesman John. "The men are fearful busy."

"John," said the manager, "you know very little about human nature if you're willing to leave a suit of furniture marked 'Sold' in sight of the public. If we left the suit here everybody that came in would be attracted by the 'Sold' sign on it and would want to buy it or its duplicate. The suit can't be duplicated, as you know, and so the people would be dissatisfied. This suit, because they couldn't have it, would seem to them the only desirable one in our stock. They would take no other. We should probably lose half a dozen sales.

"Why, John, there are some dishonest dealers who put 'Sold' signs on goods that are a drug, so as to dispose of those goods quickly, and it is a fact not creditable to human nature that fake 'Solds' will move a slow stock more quickly even than fake reductions."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Wit of a Scotch Lunatic.

This lunatic asylum story comes from Glasgow: Two councilors of that city were taken over a large asylum the other day by one of the patients, a safe man. He had led them to a room to display a view from a window, when some one shut the door, with its self acting lock, and the three men were prisoners. The patient alone preserved his composure. While the councilors clamored to be released he remarked:

"If I were you I would be quiet."

No help coming, the councilors grew desperate. Beads of perspiration stood on their brows, and they fairly yelled.

"If I were you," repeated the patient soothingly, "I would keep quiet."

"But we're no daft," pleaded one of the visitors.

"Hoots mon, that's what I said masel' when I was brocht in!"

### Too Rainy For a Wedding.

In Sutton a generation ago lived a man named Marsh. He decided after due consideration to marry a young lady in an adjoining town. The day was set, preparations were made for the wedding and the guests were assembled. The appointed hour arrived, and the bridegroom did not appear. Another hour of waiting, and still he tarried. The young lady's father became impatient. "I'm going to hunt him up," he said. A half hour's drive brought him to the Marsh home.

"Where is Frank?" he demanded.

"He went down cellar to pick over some potatoes, seeing it's so rainy," was the response.

"What do you mean by not coming to the wedding?" demanded the irate prospective father-in-law of the tardy bridegroom.

"It rains so hard I thought you wouldn't have the wedding," Marsh replied, "but I'll fix up and ride back with you, seeing everybody's there."—Boston Herald.

## INSECT ANATOMY.

### Wonderful Breathing Apparatus of Wasps and Hornets.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spotlike marks runs along the side of the body. These apparent spots, which are eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance.

Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles, forming a filter which allows air and air alone to pass.

But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to injure the body of a dead insect with so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

The apertures in question communicate with two large breathing tubes, which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions and continually divide and subdivide, until a wonderfully intricate network is formed pervading every part of the structure and penetrating even to the antennae.

## AN ANCIENT TELEGRAPH.

### Used by Grecian Generals In the Time of Aristotle.

Telegraphy as a means of conveying information to a distance by means of signals, etc., was used by the Grecian generals in the time of Aristotle. This early mode of telegraphing consisted of two or more earthen vessels, exactly similar in shape and size and filled with water. These vessels were each provided with faucets of exactly the same caliber, so that an equal amount of water could be discharged from each in a given time.

In these vessels several uprights were fixed, each with disks attached, on which were certain letters and sentences. When all was in readiness the party desiring to communicate with another started a signal, which was continued until it was answered by another which signified "go ahead." When that signal was given both turned the faucets, and the water commenced to escape. The water continued to flow until the sender of the message relighted his torch, when the outlet to both was instantly stopped. The receiver then read the message on the disk which was standing level with the water, and if everything had been executed with exactness it corresponded with the message which the sender desired to convey, and which of course was the one also shown on the disk standing on a level with the water in his vessel.

### A Caustic Critic.

A local paper in Hungary published an account of the rendering of "King Lear" on the stage of a very small theater in the town where the paper appears. The Hungarian critic began his article in this way: "The historians of literature are still at daggers drawn as to who wrote Shakespeare's pieces—Shakespeare or Bacon. After tonight's performance of 'King Lear' there cannot be a doubt on the matter if any one will take the trouble to look into the tombs of those two famous men. The one who still lies on his back has not written 'King Lear,' at any rate, for the true author during tonight's performance must certainly have turned in his grave."

### Studio.

"Studio" is one of the many foreign words that have acclimatized themselves in the English language. It is a recent import from Italy, unknown to Johnson's Dictionary and apparently not occurring before the nineteenth century, but it has supplied a want. "Study," which is the real English for "studio," suggests a room for reading and writing, and "workroom" lacks distinctiveness. The French get along with "atelier," which literally means a place in which small planks are prepared—in other words, a carpenter's workshop.

### The Poppy.

The poppy throughout the east is an emblem of death. In many parts of India this flower is planted upon graves and in cemeteries. Whether or not the idea was suggested by the poisonous character of the juice is uncertain. It is believed that the poppy was known as a funeral plant to the ancient Egyptians, for upon the tombs opened by Belzoni there appeared representations of plants which were evidently intended for poppies.

### Comforting.

"Say, Elsie, look around the street corner again and see if August isn't coming yet."

"No, I don't see him. But don't be worried; the people are looking more and more like him every minute!"—Fliegende Blatter.

### Scarcity.

"One has very few friends in this life," said the misanthrope.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I suppose that is one reason why a friend is so likely to be overworked."—Washington Star.

### Their Friendship Ceased.

"I have just discovered that Smithers is a relative of mine."

"How strange!"

"Yes, and I had always looked upon him as a friend."—New York Press.

### A Lullaby.

Magistrate—You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf?

Prisoner—I am not guilty, your honor. I can prove a lullaby.

Magistrate—You mean an alibi.

Prisoner—Well, call it what you like, but my wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge.—Chicago News.

## CONSCIENTIOUS ROGUES.

### The Big and Formidable Sinners Are Gray of Soul, Not Black.

No paradox is it, but a demonstrable fact, that in a highly articulate society the gravest harms are inflicted not by the worst men, but by those with virtues enough to boost them into some coign of vantage. The boss who sells out the town and delivers the poor over to filth, disease and the powers that prey owes his chance to his engaging good fellowship and big heartedness. Some of the most dazzling careers of fraud have behind them long and reassuring records of probity, which have served to bait the trap of villainy.

Not that these decoy virtues are counterfeit. They are, in fact, so genuine that often the stalwart sinner perseveres in the virtue that has lifted him into the high places he abuses. The legislator conscientiously returns the boodle when he finds he cannot "deliver the goods." The boss stands by his friends to his own hurt. The lobbying lawyer is faithful to his client. The corrupting corporation president is loyal to his stockholders. The boughten editor never quite overcomes his craft instinct to print "all the news there is."

In a word, the big and formidable sinners are gray of soul, but not black, so that chastisement according to their character rather than according to their deeds lets them off far too easily.—E. A. Ross in Atlantic.

## FIRE THE BEST FILTER.

### Boiling Water the Surest Way to Get Pure Water.

"All this talk about the need of filters, about people dying for lack of filtered water, amuses me," said a chemist. "For filtered water isn't necessarily pure water. Boiled water is a hundred times better.

"A filter, you see, does not free water from things dissolved in it, but only from things floating in it. For instance, if you mix a quart of whisky in a gallon of water and then filter the mixture it will come out colorless, the floating color particles having been left behind, but this colorless fluid will be quite as capable of intoxicating you now as it was before, for none of its dissolved alcohol will have disappeared.

"So with water that is polluted with sewage. All the undissolved portions of the sewage are removed by filtration and the water is left clear, tasteless and colorless, but the dissolved sewage is still present and in it may lurk billions of typhoid germs.

"Let those who complain about the lack of filters just turn in and boil their water. A cent's worth of fire will purify a gallon of water better than a $10,000,000 plant could do it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Curious Seasickness.

"Seasickness is a curious trouble," says a physician. "It is probably due to the disturbance caused by the motion of the ship to the little organs that govern the sense of equilibrium. In the inner ear are three little semicircular canals. In movement in any plane the fluid in these canals disturbs and telegraphs the sensation to the brain, which is then able to control the balance of the whole. By the motion of a ship this delicate apparatus of the canal system is, it is suggested, thrown out of gear and wildly telegraphs wrong messages to the brain. And that portion of the brain is intimately connected with the nerve that controls the happenings in the region whence the trouble arises. The whole system, in brief, is short circuited."

### Artificial Halos or "Sun Dogs."

An experiment which illustrates in a very curious manner the actual philosophy of the formation of halos or "sundogs" is performed as follows: Take a solution of alum and spread a few drops of it over a pane of glass. It will readily crystallize in small, flat octohedrons, scarcely visible to the eye. When this pane of prepared glass is held between the observer and the sun or even a candle (with eyes very close to the smooth side of the glass) there will be seen three different but distinct and beautiful halos, each at a different distance from the luminous body.

### Rio de Janeiro English.

A firm in Rio de Janeiro recently sent out the following advertisement about olive oil: "Our olives oils have garantized of fitts quality. Diligently fabricated and filitrated. The consumer will find with them the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any counterfeit is necessary to requiere on any botles this contremarc deposed conformably to the law. The corks and the boxes hare all marked with the fire."

### His Part.

In the English "Cap and Gown" is told the following story of Oxford life. It is called "Hauled by the Dean." The dean, who had rebuked Mr. Brown for having assisted at the ducking of a fellow student, asks the offender, "What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" and Mr. Brown replies meekly, "The left leg, sir."

*For that Dandruff*

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
*Ayer's* SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## OLD GLORY.

### Story of the Stars and Stripes on the American Flag.

The design for the American flag, with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white and thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing the thirteen states struggling for independence, was adopted by the Continental congress on June 14, 1777, a little less than a year after the declaration of independence. The first flag of this design was made as a specimen for the congress by Betsy Ross, a dressmaker, of Philadelphia. It is supposed that this flag was first unfurled by Paul Jones on the Ranger, a vessel of the navy to which he had been assigned on the day that the resolution adopting the design was passed. The thirteen stars of the flag of 1777 were arranged in a circle, though no form was prescribed officially. This flag remained unchanged until 1794, and then, on motion of Senator Bradley of Vermont, which, with Kentucky, had been admitted to the Union, it was resolved that from and after May 1, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was the flag used in the war of 1812. The act made no provision for future alterations in the flag, and none was made until 1818. Upon the suggestion of Captain Samuel C. Reid of the navy a bill was passed on April 4, 1818, reducing the number of stripes in the flag to the original thirteen and making the number of stars equal to the number of states. The new star for a new state is not added to the flag until the Fourth of July following the admission of the new state.—St. Louis Republic.

## CROSSING SAHARA.

### The Costliness of Caravans and the Mortality of Camels.

The merchants who fit out a garfla (caravan) must stand all losses; consequently great care is given to the selection of both the camels which carry the valuable merchandise and the men who accompany them. The tall and swift riding camel known as the mehari is seldom met with in northern Tripoli. The finest male draft camels, the jamal, costing from $50 to $60 apiece, with a carrying capacity of about three hundredweight, are used for transport. From consumption or the effects of the long strain scores often die by the way and many others at the end of the "voyage." The wages of the men for conducting a return cargo are sometimes as high as $5,000. Not only must the garfla sheiks have great courage and endurance, but must be trustworthy traders and shrewd diplomats of no small caliber. Many of the sultans and chiefs, particularly the Touaregs, through whose territories lie the garfla routes, exact not only homage, but tribute, from the garfla sheiks. To bring this tribute within a reasonable sum and secure a safe conduct requires extraordinary skill and tact. The opportunities for dishonesty afforded the garfla men are many, and occasionally men and goods are never heard from again.—Charles Wellington Furlong in Harper's Magazine.

### Denver's First Stagecoach.

On the 17th of May, 1859, Denver turned out to welcome the first through coach of what was destined to grow into the "Overland Mail," an enterprise which for sheer American pluck and daring must be forever linked with the fame of the "Pony Express." Red shirts drifted to the outskirts of the hamlet and dotted the hills around. Hard faced bartenders made ready for the "hottest night that ever tore the camp loose." The artillery of holster and saddle boot was unlimbered for an ecstatic fusillade. There was lively betting in dust and nuggets that the first through stage had been gathered in by Indians, with takers as eager to stake their faith that the scalps of driver and guard would come through intact. At length a swirl of dust showed far down the trail. It grew into a yellow cloud that crept toward the eager hamlet. Then six mules, stretched out on the gallop, emerged from this curtain, and behind them was the lumbering, swaying stage, come safely through on time, and Denver was in touch with the world where men wore white shirts and lived in real houses. The cheers that roared a welcome to this heroic enterprise were echoed in every western town which hoped and longed for a link of its own with the home country, "way back east."—Outing Magazine.

### The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma, Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness, but in the country districts old school courtesy is still the custom. An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road when the animal bolted and ran at top speed down a narrow road. In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday making. The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merrymakers and severely injured the Burman who was driving. Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low. "My lord, my lord," he said apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

### Inherited Memories.

A writer in the Nineteenth Century tells a strange story of "inherited memories." The ruins of an ancient Roman fortress rise from the grounds of a Mr. Phillips. A clergyman called upon the owner one day and asked to see the ruins. "He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation," said Mr. Phillips. "One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. 'There used to be a socket in the top of it,' he went on, 'in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather, from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Gorlestonians.' We found the socket he had indicated."

### Recalling a Mailed Letter.

Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done even if the letter has reached the postoffice of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when a deposit is made to cover the expense the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination asking that it be promptly returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: "It is hereby agreed that, if the letter is returned to me, I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit $— to cover all expenses incurred and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent parties or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone, and have succeeded in recalling them.—Boston Transcript.

### A Quick Start.

O. W. Nickerson and J. S. Baker were residents of Harwick. Captain Nickerson, as he was called, was a man of means and very shrewd. Joe was less fortunate. One day the captain met Joe and said, "Come over tonight." Joe did so, and as soon as he entered the captain's home the captain took him into a distant room, closed all the windows and doors securely and said: "Now, Joe, I will tell you the secret of getting rich and you can pay me $25. Be saving, of course, and when you do make a bargain with any one be sure that no one hears you, and then if you get the worst of it or want to back out you can. Now hand me the $25."

Joe thought a second and then said, "Did any one hear us make this bargain, captain?"

"Not a soul," replied the captain.

"Well, then," Joe said, "I guess I'll begin on you."—Boston Herald.

### "Where the Treasure Is," Etc.

"Harold," said the heiress, "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, precious?" asked Harold.

"Indirectly, yes. I have been thinking that were you to marry me everybody would say you only did so in order to get my money."

"What care I for the unthinking world?"

"But, oh, Harold, I will marry you!"

"My own dar"—

"And I will not have people say unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Harold, where are you going?"

Harold paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary!"—Judge.

### Star Rays.

What causes the rays or pencils of light that seem to be thrown out by every star when seen by the naked eye? A German scientist finds that all stars show precisely the same rays, but that in the case of the brighter stars the rays are plainer and somewhat longer. It is further remarked that the rays seen by the left and right eyes differ, and that if the head be turned the rays are rotated in a corresponding manner. It is thus concluded that the source of the rays is not in the stars, but in the eye itself, the middle of the retina being not perfectly homogeneous in its sensitiveness.

### How a Horse Sleeps.

Horses always point one ear forward when they sleep. Exactly why it is done no human being can tell, but the probability is that the practice is a relic of the time when they were wild and obliged to be on their guard even when asleep. Cattle, on the other hand, are apparently indifferent as to the position of their ears while sleeping, but no odds what position they are in both are always pointed alike. Ask some observing horseman if it is not a fact that a horse always throws one ear forward when he sleeps.

### Overturned Boats.

"When a small boat capsizes," said an old river man, "the occupants should not try to climb aboard, but should lightly cling to it until help comes. Even a light canoe will in all probability sustain their weight until assistance arrives if they will only cling as lightly to its overturned sides as possible, allowing the body to float in the water, which it will do, and not under any circumstances to attempt to bear down upon the canoe or to crawl upon the overturned bottom.

"This is where the fatal mistake occurs in nearly all boating drowning accidents. A single man with a good sized plank in the water can in his struggles and efforts to save himself push the plank beneath the surface of the water and drown then and there, whereas the same plank will support the weight of three men who are well posted and cool enough merely to grasp its edges with as little downward pressure as possible. A single oar has saved many a sailor's life in this manner, which a landsman would grasp, push it down in the water and go down with it.—Washington Star.

### Haeckel Visiting Darwin.

When the carriage drew up before Darwin's house, with its ivy and shadowy elms, the great scientist stepped out of the shade of the creeper covered porch to meet me. He had a tall and venerable appearance, with the broad shoulders of an Atlas that bore a world of thought; a Jove-like forehead as we see in Goethe, with a lofty and broad vault deeply furrowed by the plow of intellectual work. The tender and friendly eyes were overshadowed by the great roof of the prominent brows. The gentle mouth was framed in a long silvery white beard. The noble expression of the whole face, the easy and soft voice, the slow and careful pronunciation, the natural and simple tenor of his conversation, took my heart by storm in the first hour that we talked together, just as his great work had taken my intelligence by storm at the first reading. I seemed to have before me a venerable sage of ancient Greece, a Socrates or an Aristotle.—Described by Haeckel.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1906.

### IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

One day last week Boston papers gave out the information that Eugene N. Foss had finally decided to run for Lieutenant Governor, instead of for Congress, this fall. His avowed object, so the papers said, is to "down" Draper. He'll have a sweet time trying to do it.

☞ Competent and well informed judges are of the opinion that the ordinance regulating the condition of highways proposed for acceptance is a serious drawback to house building in this city, and ought to be repealed. Under its provisions it is next to impossible to get a street accepted as a public highway by the authorities, not that the disposition to do so is absent, but the ordinance specifically sets forth what the conditions shall be and by it the authorities are bound. To comply with these conditions a street petitioned for acceptance must be equal to Commonwealth avenue in Boston, which, it is said, was the pattern adopted by the framers of the ordinance, and no argument is necessary to demonstrate the absurdity of the legal exactions imposed by its provisions. No matter how necessary, judiciously laid out and well built a highway in this city may be, unless the provisions of the present unbusinesslike ordinance are strictly complied with by the builders it is in vain its acceptance is petitioned for. Now, if houses are to be built here there must be streets to build on. That is selfevident. And because of the difficulty of obtaining public thoroughfares building is restricted, or nearly prohibited, and the city suffers from serious loss of population.

☞ It is expected that the friends of Mr. Wilfred D. Gray, Clerk of the Committees of the City Council, will bring him out as the Republican candidate for Representative to the Legislature this fall, and work early and late to secure his nomination and election. Mr. Gray is one of the brightest and most promising young men in this city, and his ability, honesty and sound Republicanism fully justify the movement of his friends to advance his political interests. He is a student in the Law Department of Boston University and is manfully, with good courage, and without help, working his way to the honorable position at the Bar which is his highly commendable ambition to attain.

☞ The labor unions are lining up to give Congressman Butler Ames of Lowell the fight of his life for renomination this fall. His course in Congress has aroused their opposition and they propose to beat him, if possible. In addition to this Butler will have to fight strong Republican factions in Lowell and Lawrence, and not being especially popular, the prospect for his renomination is far from encouraging.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation.

— Mr. F. A. Partridge is at Wolfboro, N. H.

— Mrs. Moses True and family are at Weirs, N. H.

— Mrs. Dr. Chalmers and little ones are at Attleboro.

— Prof. J. F. Jameson has got back from Connecticut.

— Wednesday, August 8, is to be Woburn Merchants Day.

— C. F. Jones, the Montvale druggist, is at Salisbury Beach.

— Ernest F. Hartwell spends his vacation at and around Greenville, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. N. Simonds of Church avenue have returned from N. H.

— On account of the extreme heat churches held sparse congregations last Sunday.

— School Superintendent Clapp has gone to Maine to enjoy the balance of his vacation.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz of the Boston Branch has returned from a pleasant Western trip.

— Mr. Brinsmade of Medford, bass soloist, will sing at Trinity church on Sunday evening.

— The family of Mr. M. A. Burnes, the furniture dealer, are at Salisbury Beach this month.

— Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Richardson of Spokane, Washington, are visiting relatives in this city.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road is visiting among the Granite Hills of lovely New Hampshire.

— A party of pretty and lively Montvale young ladies spent a happy day at Silver Lake recently.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cummings have returned from Boothbay, Maine, to their home on Cleveland avenue.

— Mrs. Sarah Phinney of Warren avenue is visiting her uncle, Benjamin Champney, at North Conway, N. H.

— Captain William C. Parker and wife of Arlington Road are about to visit friends and relatives at Erie, Penn.

— The Democratic nomination for Mayor this fall lies between Ald. J. H. Connolly and Hon. Lawrence Reade.

— Miss Hattie Bryenton, the popular bookkeeper at L W. Thompson's hardware store, is away on her vacation.

— The choir boys of Trinity church accompanied by the Rector spent Wednesday at Revere Beach and Wonderland.

— Capt. John Gilcreast's son John and family of Boston are at Brooklyn on the Coast of Maine, near Bar Harbor.

— Mr. Thomas G. Meriam has a nice, comfortable summer cottage at Oakland, formerly West Waterville, in the good State of Maine, where his daughters, with agreeable guests, are enjoying their vacation.

— The engagement of Miss Ada C. Waterman and Mr. Frederic P. Brooks, both of this city, is announced.

— Mr. George E. Brown, President of the George E. Brown Building Company, has gone on a pleasure trip to California.

— Mr. A. B. Wyman of the Gas Co. takes his vacation at Nantucket where Mrs. Wyman is now, later in the month.

— Rev. Mr. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, preached an excellent sermon at First church last Sunday.

— Returning from Canada on Sunday Engineer Cy Chase went to New Hampshire on Monday last to finish up his vacation.

— Attention is called to grape vine in the window of McLaughlin & Dennison's drugstore; also their supply of grape juice.

— Mr. Squire B. Goddard the insurance agent of this city and Boston of long standing, and family are away on vacation.

— Merchants and clerks went off on a good time last Wednesday afternoon. The weather was muggy, but they didn't mind it.

— Mrs. Mary A. Seeley of Lawrence street will soon join her daughter Annie, the Highland teacher, at North Conway, N. H.

— Miss Bertha T. Converse and her mother, Mrs. Susan T. Converse, are spending their vacation at West Compton, N. H.

— James Callahan, V. S., is doctoring a valuable bulldog belonging to the famous Tom Lawson for cancer of the stomach.

— Late newspapers from Lieut. L. E. Hanson, U. S. A., at Fort McIntosh, Laredo, Texas, indicate that he is still alive and kicking.

— Rector Beekman of Trinity church has finished his Sunday engagements at Gloucester, which comprised the four July Sabbaths.

— Pure cool summer drinks, non-alcoholic, are to be obtained by a simple turn of the wrist at Brooks's well known drugstore.

— Regular Sunday services will be held at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Preaching by Rev. Dr. Norton.

— Applicants for enlistment in Co. G. will be examined by an officer detailed for the work at the Armory on Monday evening, Aug. 6.

— George Durward's well kept market is a popular resort of those who are fond of good, undoctored meat and the best vegetables that grow.

— Herbert Dennison, member of the enterprising firm of druggists, McLaughlin & Dennison, is enjoying his vacation at Martha's Vineyard.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald of Broad street, and Mrs. Dr. J. H. Conway of Philadelphia, leave today for a summer sojourn at Salisbury, N. H.

— The Boston Icecream hawkers oughtn't to be allowed to cart around their products in this city to the detriment of home trade, unless they have a license so to do.

— The alarm from box 23 at 10.40 yesterday morning was for a fire that destroyed the barn and badly damaged the house of the late John B. Davis on Mishawum Road.

— Thomas Kearns and John Bradley, well known solo singers of the South End Social Club, left here last Sunday for Warren, N. H., where they will spend two weeks.

— In the absence of Manager E. M. Wilson of the telephone exchange, who is away on his vacation, Miss O'Neil and Arthur Ledwith are running the establishment.

— John Connors, Jr., of Bethel, Vt., formerly of this city, has entertained a number of Woburnites this season. He is the son of John Connors of Buckman street.

— The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Mrs. Helen M. Thompson to C. Sheehan the estate No. 91 Prospect street consisting of dwellinghouse and about 7,000 ft. of land.

— Several members of the Depot Hack Drivers Trust went to Revere Beach last Tuesday and had a fine time. Treasurer Leeds of the Trust stayed at home and made money.

— Mr. Edward L Shea, his Rib Maggie, and the chicks Georgia, Frances, Phil and Edward, Jr., are getting ready for a visit to and sojourn on Orr's Island, Casco Bay, Maine, a favorite summer resort of theirs.

— Mrs. Mary Plannett, and her niece, Miss Bertha Smith, who returned early this week from Northport, Maine, are to go to their regular summer home in New Hampshire in a couple of weeks for a vacation.

— A class of the Congregational Sunday school enjoyed a fine trip and visit to Revere Beach last Tuesday. Trolley trips to summer resorts, and elsewhere, are exceedingly popular at this time. No mode of travel and seeing the country could be pleasanter.

— Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenssen, rector of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, and family returned a few days ago from Hingham where they spent a pleasant and vigor restoring vacation, the delight of which was greatly enhanced by regular visits by the JOURNAL.

— Mr. Sherman M. Burton of 23 Pleasant street thinks Dr. March was altogether too young to have such a parade made over his 90th birthday anniversary. If he had been as old as Mr. Burton is, 94 past, the celebration would have been much more proper, he says.

— Sweet corn from neighboring fields has been in the local market for a week, but on account of an unmentionable disarrangement in his finances the Principal Editor in town is obliged to content himself with just a bear glance at it. Same with home raised tomatoes.

— McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, set out as fine and refreshing summer drinks, warranted pure, as can be found in seven States.

— The family of Mr. Grimes the accomplished and versatile City Editor of the *News*, are rusticating at Princeton and visiting his connections there.

— New apples have made their appearance in the market, but, oh dear! they are $1.50 a bushel, and how are we poor folks to get any of them?

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Brigham of Court street go to Newfound Lake, N. H., next Monday to pass in peace and quiet their summer vacation.

— A perusal of the report of the special municipal lighting committee, written by the Chairman, Ald. J. H. Connolly, has aroused general interest in the subject. It is decidedly in favor of municipal ownership from an economical and service standpoint.

— Mr. Charles A. March, son of Rev. Dr. March, is still in the Law Division of the Pension Bureau at Washington, and is likely to spend the remainder of his earthly sojourn there. He is a firstclass young man, and one of the most faithful of Uncle Sam's hired men.

— Crawford, the prince of icecream caterers, kindly remembered the Editor last Sunday and sent in a contribution of his delicious "Theonleigh Club" which graced an otherwise somewhat scanty dinner table in the most satisfactory manner. For which he will please accept our thanks.

— At a special meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the order introduced on motion of Ald. Connolly to establish a city lighting plant passed a first reading and was sent to a second. Only three members of the Council voted against it. At the same meeting an order was introduced to appropriate $500 with which to fight the moths.

— Mr. A. H. Whitford, General Secretary of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A., formerly of Woburn, and Mrs. Whitford were to sail yesterday, Aug. 2, from Boston on the White Star Line Steamer Arabic for Europe. Their itinerary includes Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, Tyrol, Switzerland, Italy, and France: returning about September 15th.

— Last Tuesday Miss Gertrude Pierce, daughter of Theodore Pierce, the Lexington street farmer, Miss Russell, and others, went from here by trolley to Lake Canobie, N. H., distance 30 miles, and returned the same day by the same conveyance, making a trolley ride of 60 miles. And it was one of the hottest days of the season down this way.

— We had copies of the St. Thomas, Ontario, *Evening Journal* from Engineer "Cy." Chase while he and his ladylove were attending the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at St. Thomas last week. The 16-page papers were brimful of news of the convention, composed of 5000 U. S. and Canada Engineers, and matters pertaining to the same.

— Quality of products being considered there are no possible grounds for the slightest doubt that Mr. George W. Copp of the West Side is the best farmer in Woburn. Perhaps some yeomen over there may garner larger crops and fill more capacious barns and cellars, but when you come right down to real, genuine quality Mr. Copp is entitled to the blue ribbon every time.

— Mrs. Langill reported to the JOURNAL the receipt of 112 bouquets at the meeting of the flower mission held in the Congregational church vestry last Friday afternoon. That was doing firstrate. This mission deserves to be encouraged by our people. It is a noble and very practical charity, and the source of a great deal of pleasure to Boston children and sick people.

— Boring a well on the Robinson tannery premises the other day the workmen "struck ile," which unexpected discovery created great excitement. It was decided, after thorough investigation, that oil had been struck; that the vein was probably a rich one; and that operations would pay. If the hopes and expectations of the finders should be realized it would give Woburn a big boom.

— Bids for a site for the government postoffice in this city were opened last week as follows: Edward A. Dow lot, containing 24,000 feet, corner of Main and Myrtle streets, $18,000; Clarence Littlefield, corner of Pleasant and Abbott streets, at $1 a foot; Margaret M. Kenney, Main and Manning streets, $5000; Sarah M. C. Phinney, interior lot on Bennett street, 19,760 feet, $10,000 and Edward Johnson, an 18,200-foot lot on Montvale Avenue, $12,000.

— Rev. Dr. Daniel March bears his ninety years with steady step and elastic mind and spirit. The big church edifice at Woburn, Mass., was crowded with his friends last Sunday, when his birthday was celebrated; and besides addresses by himself and the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, an impressive feature of the service was a procession of ninety Sunday school children, each bearing a rose, which was presented to the venerable and beloved pastor emeritus.—*Congregationalist.*

— Mrs. Harriet Wright Smith, the 94th anniversary of whose birthday occurred on July 8, 1906, and was alluded to in these columns, died at her home on Winn street last Monday evening from the infirmities of old age. She was a native of Woburn, the daughter of Jacob Wright, born on Kilby street July 8, 1812, and has always been a resident of her native town. Of the two surviving members of the first Baptist Sunday School in Woburn, established 88 years ago, she is one.

— The Manchester (Vt.) *Journal* calls Mr. George H. Gilbert, a respected citizen of our municipal offspring, Winchester, "the genial guest at the Equinox," and it is well that it does so, for Mr. Gilbert is one of the best and most juicy hearted men on top of the green sod. He recently had a visit from his brother, Col. Edward H. Gilbert of Gilbertville, Ware, who, with relatives, is conducting the business of the great worsted manufacturing establishment which the father of the family founded there 60 years ago.

— Mrs. M. W. Strout, nearly 90 years of age, spent most of last Tuesday in Boston, and with members of her family went to Revere and passed the evening at Wonderland.

— The masons at work on the new St. Charles Parochial School have finished the second story and are now on the third and last one. It will be a handsome building when completed, and something that the parish may well be proud of.

— Mr. Herbert Clark, son of Prof. Wm. H. Clark, the world renowned cornet player of Sousa's Band, has purchased a house and large lot of woodland in Reading, near his father's, and will make his home there when not on his professional tours.

— Mr. James H. Linnell, the gentlemanly and accommodating Manager of Linnell's market, and company have returned from the popular seacoast summer resort town of Southport, Maine, after spending some weeks there in the most agreeable manner.

— Per courtesy of Clerk of the Board of Assessors, Arthur E. Gage, sanctioned by the Chairman, Fred J. Rice, and Member, Thomas H. Dolan, we are enabled to enjoy the inestimable privilege of perusing that exceedingly valuable tome, the Ward Book, so called, for 1906, which contains lists of polls assessed in each Ward, and would be of immense worth for reference, were it, in any way, reliable. But it is full to overflowing of typographical errors and evidences of bad proofreading. For example, the age of Mayor Linscott is set down as 83 years. Fault of printer.

— Possibly there may exist a few unreasonable faultfinders who contend that the present run of dogdays has, so far, failed to show an average number and variety of dogdays characteristics, but, if so, those same people would adversely criticise any meteorological conditions that might be presented for their consideration, and find fault with them. The simple fact is, the last week has furnished typical dogdays weather to a degree seldom surpassed, especially in the matter of hot water in the atmosphere. It has been extremely uncomfortable, and debilitating to a degree.

— The funeral of the late Harry T. Goold, who died at Lexington on July 27, 1906, was held at the family home in that town on last Monday, July 30, and attended by numerous relatives, friends and neighbors. The remains were brought to Woburn and interred in Woodbrook cemetery. Mr. Goold was formerly, for several years, a respected resident of this city, his business being in Boston, and there are many people here who will lament his death. A widow son and daughter deeply mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

— Miss Mabel E. Rosenquist, 36 Green street, who left here via New York May 24, on the steamer "Hellig Olav" of The Scandinavian American Line for an extended trip through Northern Europe, has written to relatives and friends in this city from Christiania, Norway; Copenhagen, Denmark; Malmo, Nasjo, Jonkoping, Norkoping, Stockholm and Upsala, Sweden. She has been and is in the best of health; has had a very pleasant, interesting and enjoyable time all through, and has visited and met many previous residents of Woburn, especially at the Exhibition in Norkoping. Miss Rosenquist will return via England, and has engaged room on the steamer "Republic" of the White Star Line, sailing from Liverpool on September 28, direct for Boston.

— Burlington is a much more patriotic town than Woburn, especially when it comes to celebrating Old Home Week. That fine old rural municipality, which numbers among its population many of the best specimens of humanity extant, opened O. H. W. with appropriate services at the church last Sunday, while it is doubtful if Woburn, the parent of Burlington, didn't forget all about it. Our neighbors at the north are large hearted, and welcome their wandering children, now settled in parts remote from the homes of their infancy and youth, with open arms and warm greetings and feasts of fat things; and they all enjoy the reunions of Old Home Week. Burlington can be trusted to do the honest and hospitable thing to her offspring every time, and, from all accounts, she is doing it this year.

— Everybody in Woburn knows and likes Vinestein, the honest umbrella man who has made periodical visits to this town for many years past, or ought to, for he is really a right sort of person, and deserves great credit for what he has done for his six children in the way of bringing them up. Well, Mr. Vinestein is feeling nicely just now. His son Abram, only 21 years old, graduated from the Harvard Law School a month ago; has been admitted to the Bar of this State; and, after vacation, is to put out his professional "shingle" in Boston. It is no surprise that the father feels proud of his boy, for, graduating from the oldest and most famous Law School in this country at so early an age proves that he is smart and worthy of his father's pride. Another son is studying dentistry, and the oldest is doing a prosperous business at Brockton. The three daughters, too, are doing well. And it wasn't so many years ago that Mr. Vinestein, who mends our umbrellas, from the proceeds of which trade he has educated his children in the best manner, was a poor peasant in Poland.

— The present term of the Woburn Industrial School will close, with a public exhibition of the work of the pupils, on Friday, August 10 A full attendance at the closing exercises of those interested in the good work is desired by the Principal, Mr. Frank Carter. He is especially anxious that the people should visit the School before its close in order that they may witness the operations of the pupils and observe critically the methods employed in teaching, and the use made of them by the operators. It is more satisfactory to see how the piece is made, or the garment handled, than to examine it after completion. The school is open to visitors Tuesdays and Fridays from 1 30 to 3 p. m. The number pursuing studies at the school at the present time is 260, who are instructed in sloyd, cooking, sewing, etc, by four competent teachers, with Mr. Carter at the head. The pupils take a lively interest in their work, and have made excellent progress during the present term. Mr. Frank Carter has been Principal during the last five years, and is a very competent man for the position. Previously to taking this school he had been at the head of a similar institution in Boston 11 years, where he stood high as an instructor in the branches taught in Industrial schools.

### Literary Notices.

There are numerous attractive midsummer features in the current issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, including a generous supply of fiction. A Fishing Trip in Connemara, describes a delightful outing amid unusual scenes. J. Loftus continues his series of papers on the Papal Wars of the Nineteenth Century. Catholic Discoverers and American History discusses the need of a more thorough knowledge of American history. Rev. John Talbot Smith gives An Inside View of the Stage. Rev. Wm J. Ennis, S. J., contributes In the Palace of the King. Susan Gavan Duffy, in French and Irish Affinities, supplies an interesting study of racial resemblances and differences. Other features of this number that will attract readers are contributed by Seumas MacManus, Anna C. Minogue, E. P. McKenna, Maud Regan, E M. Walker and Wm. F. Fisher.

A notable series of articles begins in the August MCCLURE'S under the title The Story of Montana. The history of that remarkable commonwealth, with its picturesque early mining days, when the road-agents held sway and robbed and murdered wholesale the miners and settlers, and the conflict of more recent days between the two great copper kings, William A. Clark and Marcus Daly, which was fought in business and politics, chiefly within its borders, furnish the author, himself quite an early Montana settler, with the material for a stirring article. Carl Schurz's reminiscences continue. Burton J. Hendrick gives a fifth installment of The Story of Life-Insurance. Rudyard Kipling tells an interesting tale of the iron founders in the Weald of Kent. Cancer—Can It be Cured? is an important contribution to curative science. The stories are especially good: The Unexpected; The Trimmed Lamp; A Soul Above Buttons; The Lady Peddler and the Diplomats; Mrs. Archer's Feelings; Archie's Baby, and Casabianca. Andre Castaigne illustrates the Kipling stories, Frederic Dorr Steele draws Miss Kelly's amusing East Side infants, N. G. Wyeth has a frontispiece in color symbolizing the Reign of the Road-Agents in The Story of Montana, and Blumenschein furnishes four remarkable pictures reproduced in color for Jack London's impressive tale.

**Galveston's Sea Wall**

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Mrs. Hinckley.

At 9 o'clock last Friday evening, July 27, 1906, Mrs. Ellen W. Hinckley, widow of the late Benjamin Hinckley, died at her home, 38 Warren avenue, after a protracted illness, aged 66 years. No person in this city was more highly esteemed than the deceased, and her death is universally and deeply lamented. She will be missed in this community, especially by the poor and afflicted, for whose succor her heart and hand were always open.

The funeral was held on last Monday afternoon in the parlor of the First Congregational church. The prayers and Scripture reading were by Rev. Doctors Norton and March; Messrs. Tripp, undertakers, had charge; and the interment was in Woodbrook cemetery. The casket was covered with flowers.

The mourning children left are: M. Adeline, Olive T. and Benjamin S. Hinckley.

**The End of The World**

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### Base Ball.

The St. Charles and K. of C. team will have it out at the Park tomorrow.

At Winchester last Saturday North Woburn was defeated 5 to 4 in a game which at first was slow, but which ended very exciting. Winchester had it all their own way at first, but North Woburn got going and tied the score, which started the excitement. Logan who pitched for North Woburn did well, considering the fact that he has not pitched for some time.

The St. Charles team were shut out at Stoneham last Saturday in a fine game in which McMahon of the St. Charles fanned eleven of Stoneham's heavy hitters. The St. Charles got but two hits of McHale, late of the Stoneham High team. Neither side was able to score up till the fourth when Stoneham scored 3 runs; they scored again in the fifth but could do nothing with McMahon's delivery after that. The St. Charles had men on bases in nearly every inning but could not score. The St. Charles lineup was as follows: McGann c; McMahon p; Kerrigan 1b; McDonald 2b; Burnes ss; Purtell 3b; Meehan lf; Dorrington cf; Reiley rf.

**A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder

Makes delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes for 1 cent a plate.

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Stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze; that's all. Beats the old fashioned, laborious way and makes better Ice Cream. 5 Flavors.

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Two packages, 25 cents at all grocers.

If your grocer hasn't it, send us name and 25c. to us and two packages and our illustrated recipe book will be mailed you.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

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# BOSTON LETTER.

## Massachusetts Has Done Much For Labor This Year.

## GOV. GUILD MARSHALS FACTS.

### Republicans Pleased With State Convention Plans.

Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., has pointed out in a speech recently made the great advance in labor legislation passed this year. No state in the Union has acted more liberally toward the wage earner than Massachusetts, although one might not think so if he were to take on trust the word of the labor leaders who make a living by working for Democratic candidates for political office. All fair-minded labor men know that the states which show the least deference to labor are the Democratic states, while those in which labor is best protected are the Republican commonwealths.

It needs only a visit to Democratic states like the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, to ascertain how the laboring man fares in municipalities and states governed by the Democratic party. There the long days are not limited to 10 hours, but to 11 and sometimes more, and children of tender years toil there when they should be in school, or at play.

Here in Massachusetts, as the governor pointed out, truant officers are empowered to go to the mills and shops and take children under the school age from the bench to the school. Under present law it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to forge an age certificate in order to set a child at work in the mills. The educational requirements of minors before they shall be qualified to work in the mills has been raised to an ultimate standard such as is required for admission to the fourth grade of the best public schools. The law also has been strengthened as to penalties for parents who restrain children from attending school.

Another step taken this year in advance was the establishment of free employment offices under the supervision of the chief of the bureau of labor, the first of which is to be opened this fall. Under the supervision of the state board of education free employment offices have been established for securing positions for school teachers. The eight-hour day has been established in city and state, as well as county.

### State Convention Plans Satisfy.

There is general satisfaction with the action of the Republican state committee in making up the organization of the state convention to be held Oct. 5 in Tremont Temple. Attorney General William H. Moody of Haverhill is just the man to draft the platform, and former Governor Bates as chairman of the convention will make a rattling speech that will be pleasing to every Republican.

It will unquestionably be a convention that will arouse the latent enthusiasm of the Republican masses of the commonwealth and show up the weakness and the sham of the Democratic position. One of the greatest speeches ever made in a Republican convention was delivered by Attorney General Moody in Tremont Temple at the Republican state convention three or four years ago. Even the Democratic leaders admitted at the time that it was a tremendous bombardment of their position and that it exposed and held up to the gaze of the people all the weak spots in their platform and candidates. Mr. Moody can be trusted to discover instinctively the weak points in the Democratic armor and to send his shafts direct to those weak positions. He is master of logic and of sarcasm and there is no man in the commonwealth in any of the parties who is his match in that direction.

### Foss Is Against Draper.

There is to be a contest on the Republican side for the nomination for lieutenant governor. Eugene N. Foss of Boston has announced that he will be a candidate for this nomination against Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper of Hopedale, who is serving his first term in that position.

Mr. Foss says that he is making this campaign to advance the cause of reciprocity with Canada. There seems to be a doubt whether Mr. Foss, if unsuccessful, will be an independent candidate at the polls. Political judges do not see how he can have any possible show of securing the nomination. Mr. Draper secured the regular nomination last fall and was elected by a narrow margin. It has been an invariable rule to renominate a man in all cases where he had performed the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the public. There is no claim that Mr. Draper has not done all this. He will have the support of all the party leaders, so far as known.

Mr. Foss, however, has gone so far as to deny the story published in Boston that he was to be the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor on a ticket with John B. Moran.

### Moran Movement Going Slower.

The Moran movement in the state has attained quite a strong position, if any credence can be placed in the reports which come to the district attorney. Quite a number of the city committees of the larger centers have taken steps to align themselves with the Moran boom. In other centers, however, there is a distinctly anti-Moran sentiment, so that it is today a matter of much doubt as to just how strong with the Democratic masses the district attorney will be found to be.

A good many of the Democratic leaders who do not take kindly to Moran's candidacy are of the opinion that he can be beaten if the proper man can be drafted to oppose him. There are several gentlemen who have been mentioned, among whom are Congressman John A. Sullivan of Boston, Henry M. Whitney of Brookline, and former Governor William L. Douglas of Brockton. It is said of Mr. Whitney that he is the strongest fighter in the Democratic ranks. Many, however, regard him as a vulnerable target for the assaults of the Moran campaigners, owing to his long connection with street railway legislation at the state house and the memorable investigation of his methods in 1890 by a committee of the legislature. A good many Democrats believe this is not a year in which prominent corporation men would be strong with the masses. Such Democrats believe that Sullivan, although he is extremely vulnerable, would be a better man to unite the Boston Democrats in opposition to the aspirations of the district attorney.

### Is Sullivan Strongest Man?

Mr. Sullivan is a very able speaker in many ways and in a rough and tumble debate is extremely quick and resourceful. There are unfortunate incidents, however, connected with his career which the Moran campaigners would not hesitate to bring to the attention of the public in case he should run. Notwithstanding all these things, there is a general belief that he might be able to pull the Boston Democrats more strongly together against Moran than any other candidate.

Former Governor Douglas, during the latter part of his term of office at least, was in extremely bad favor with the Boston Democracy and quite a number of the leaders feel that while he would be a strong man at the polls he would not in the caucuses marshal the anti-Moran forces so effectively as some other person.

There is no question, however, that the conservative Democrats who do not believe in Socialism or the bombastic methods of District Attorney Moran have definitely decided to bring out a candidate against him and make a tremendous fight to retain the organization and the party control.

There are evidences galore that the Prohibitionists are extremely dissatisfied with what their state convention did in nominating Moran for governor on a Prohibition platform. The rank and file of the people have become aware of the fact that their party leaders were carried off their feet by the Moran wave and that if the convention were to be held at the present time it is extremely doubtful if any such action would be repeated. Mr. Moran believes in local option and not in prohibition and for the first time in the history of the party its followers are called upon to vote for a candidate for governor whose views regarding the liquor questions are diametrically opposed to the principles of that party. Mr. Moran will not be able to secure the Prohibition vote in full nor anything like it, notwithstanding the fact that it has been an extremely small vote in recent years.

### King's Duty and King's English.

Exhibited in the window of a watchmaker's shop in Manchester is a faded letter of Nelson's. It tells an old, old story, reminding us of the time when, to defend the shores of their native land, Englishmen had to beg and implore for the bare material means to do it. It was so in the days of the armada and in Nelson's day. It has been so in our own. The letter reads:

> My Dear Sir—If you will order the Agamemnon to be supplied with 200 fathoms of three inch rope and 100 fathoms of two inch rope purchases will be rove to drag the guns. We have not a fathom of rope in the ship. If you could spare us two threefold blocks and two twofold blocks I am to be much obliged. Yours most faithfully, HORATIO NELSON.

Evidently in his care of the king's ship the national hero was at the time somewhat careless of the king's English.—London Chronicle.

### Why Thunder Sours Milk.

To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. Yet the whole process really is simple and natural. Milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria that in a day or two under natural conditions would cause the fluid to sour are peculiarly susceptible to electricity. Electricity inspirits and invigorates them, affecting them as alcohol, cocaine or strong tea affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy, and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk they accomplish the task completely in a half hour. With an electric battery it is easy on the same principle to sour the freshest milk.

### Obedient, but Indignant.

"Norah," said the literary woman, "I wish you would go down to the library and bring me 'Flavius Josephus.'"

The new girl left the room to execute the commission.

Presently a terrific noise was heard on the stairway, and Norah pushed the door open with her foot a moment later, dragging in by the collar a large and reluctant Newfoundland dog.

"Here he is, Mrs. Dinnis," she said, "but ye oughtn't to have sint me for 'im. It's a man's job. The baste thried to bite me, an' I had to fight 'im iv'ry fut o' the way."—Chicago Tribune.

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of everything is good enough for the making of Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. Bear this in mind the next time you buy bread and insist on getting Hathaway's. It's the best and costs just the same as the poorest. 10c. the loaf.

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**Our Best Mocha and Java**
a pure, delicate blend of
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a grade as good as the
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cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
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We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

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All Our Straw Hats
AT JUST
One Half Price

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LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth Sentner late of Bayard in the State of West Virginia, deceased:

WHEREAS Alice J. Plumer (Now Sentner) the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET·
Street Floor.

To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

Whitcher's
Mystery
5c. CIGAR
BEST IN WOBURN
All Leading Brands
CIGARETTES
in our tobacco department.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906 the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6 15, 6.45, 7 15, 7.45, 8 15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**People are Surprised**

even after all they have heard of THELMA when they learn for themselves how fine a perfume it is. They are surprised even here where they expect things to be unusually good. We try to tell the plain, simple truth about everything, but it is hard to do THELMA justice without appearing to exaggerate.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL !**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GO TO BASS POINT
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot. Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**First-class Dressmaker**

Will be at home, No. 22 Bow St., Woburn, for the next two months, all kinds of nice work wanted.

MRS E. H. SMITH.

**Drill Wells for Your Neighbors**

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

**STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.**
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
*Factory: Akron, O.*

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
**8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.**

## CITY OF WOBURN.

# City Collector's Sale

— OF —

## Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 25, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 25, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

### WARD 5.
### Non-Residents.

JOSEPH PAUL LAVOIE HEIRS OR DEVISES.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 290, 291 on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 255 and 256 on Plan A Montvale Park Land Co.; easterly by lot 292 on said plan B, Montvale Park Land Co.; southerly by Elm avenue; westerly by lot 289 on said plan B.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Dragon court socalled, and being the third lot of land described in deed of Geo. Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 47

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, near Dragon court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Aaron Weston; south-easterly by land now or late of Amos Nichols and being the second lot described in deed of George Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 1 49

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 668, 669 shown on plan C, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 642 and 643 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; easterly by lot 670 on said plan; westerly by lot 667 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 3,309 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 608 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 607 on said plan; easterly by lot 609 on said plan; southerly by Perry street on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 18

PATRICK W. MCKENNA.—About 14,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 69, on plan of Woburn Agricultural & Manufacturing Co., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 78 on said plan; easterly by lot 68 on said plan; southerly by A street shown on said plan; westerly by lot 70 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN H. PONCE.—About 3 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J, shown on plan of lands belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mill street.
Tax of 1904, 9 80

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11, Block 6, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 59

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,798 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10, Block 2, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 49

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,000 square feet of land being lot No. 2, Block 1, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 7,030 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

MARGARET SHARKEY.—About 2,790 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 85, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 on said plan; easterly by Henshaw street on said plan; southerly by Sherman street on said plan; westerly by lot 9 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ANNA B. SMALING.—About 4,883 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 166, 167, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Chase street; easterly by lot 168 on said plan; southerly by lot 200 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JULIA E. WILSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 105, 106, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly Bird street; easterly by lot No. 107 on on said plan; southerly by lots 139 and 140 on said plan; westerly by lot 104 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

EMMA TAINTER.—About 7,956 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 57 and 58 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 95, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly lots 4 and 11 on said plan; easterly by Merrill street on said plan; southerly by lots 2 and 13 on said plan; westerly by Henshaw street.
Tax of 1904, 1 57

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 151 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 117 shown on said plan; easterly by lot 152 shown on said plan; southerly by Chase street; westerly by lot 150 shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 261 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Dale street; easterly by lot 262 on said plan; southerly by other land now or late of said Wilbur; westerly by lot 260 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 420, 421, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lots 384 and 385 on said plan; easterly by lot 422 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 419 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 5 acres and 36,165 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 1 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan; easterly by said lot No. 2 on said plan; southerly by Middle street; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 15 19

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 40 acres of land with dam and water privileges belonging thereto, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 2 on Assessors Plan No 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owners unknown; north-easterly by land now or late of Dearborn and by land now or late of Richardson Heirs, known as the Steele Lots; southeasterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lot No. 3, on said plan and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 1 on said plan and by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 35 28

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres and 14,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 3, on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan about 337.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 13 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 298 feet; westerly by the Mill Pond known as lot No. 2 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 24 91

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 17 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 4 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. L. Brooks et. al. and land of J. Ames et. al. and land of Samuel Brooks; easterly by land of A. M. Morse; southerly by land now or late of H. R. Nelson et. al.; westerly by land of R. B. Eaton and land of Steele.
Tax of 1904, 5 88

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 17,219 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 5 on Assessors Plan No 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall and by the Weston Lot shown on said Plan and by land of Davis; easterly by land now or late of said Davis about 258 feet; southerly by land now or late of H. J. Nelson and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 13 on said plan.
Tax of 1904 7 84

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 7,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 6 shown on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by lot No. 7 on said plan; southerly by lot No. 7 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan about 262 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 13 acres and 10,755 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lots No. 9 and 12 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 211 68

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 7 acres and 7,855 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 157 feet; easterly by lots 6 and 7 on said plan; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and lot No. 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 20,514 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 243.75 feet; easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 694.5 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 24,730 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 36.5 feet; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 585.75 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 5,817 squre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 13 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown about 252.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 5 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 128 feet; westerly by lot No. 3 on said plan about 378 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 415 to 443 inclusive, shown on Plan No. 2 Mishawum Additions recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 98, reference being hereby made to said plan and record for a more particular description.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398 and 399 shown on plan No. 2, Mishawum Addition dated June, 1896, Shown on Woburn Assessors Plan No. 14, Vol. 1.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 31,258 square feet land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall; easterly by land of Massachusetts Rifle Association; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by the Buch Meadow Brook.
Tax of 1904, 7 84

ALVAH WISWALL.—About 4 8-10 acres land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE FOR LONGWOOD HILL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 1 65-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot N, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 3 8-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot Q on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

About 2 96-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot T, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ALVAH WISWALL, GEORGE H. NEWHALL and GEORGE A. INGALLS, TRUSTEES LEPPINGWELL LAND COMPANY:—About 1 78-100 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being part lot A, bounded as follows:—Northerly by land now or late of Wiswall; easterly by land now or late of Wiswall; southerly by land now or late of Bates Trustee; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and land of Wiswall.
Tax of 1904, 141 12

About 3 3-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot D shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 4 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn being lot E. shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 4 41

About 6 1-10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot G, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 2 35

About 4 7-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot J, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 16 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot K, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan; 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 12 54

About 4 6-10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot M, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 43

About 2 29-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot R, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

About 8 9-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot H, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 7 06

About 4,000 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 6, shown on plan of Leppingwell Land Co., recorded at end of record book 2451, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 15 in said block; easterly by Edmund street on said plan; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lot 7 in said block.
Tax of 1904, 39

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

**Macullar Parker Company**
Makers and Retailers of
**Best Clothing**
for Men, Youths and Boys, ready for immediate use and to measure.
**Fine Haberdashery**
(TO ORDER ONLY)
**Ladies' Tailored Costumes**
Garments cut and made by men tailors on our own premises.
**Specialty—RIDING HABITS**
**400 Washington St.**
**BOSTON**

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

### WINCHESTER.

Chief of Police McIntosh is after the violators of the auto speed law with a picked stick.

The local flower mission are doing a good and commendable work by weekly contributions of flowers to the sick and needy of Boston.

The JOURNAL will please overlook the shortage of Winchester news this week. There is absolutely nothing going on here. About everybody is away on vacation, and those left at home haven't sprawl enough to kick up anything worth reporting.

The taxrate in this town for 1906 is $17.60 on $1000, or 80 cents more than last year. But no grumbling is heard over the increase, for it is cheerfully conceded on every hand that the taxpayers get their money's worth. Look at the "modern improvements" we enjoy—our roads, schoolhouses, parks and municipal departments!

Last week's *Star* contained a highly interesting story of a Boston picnic party at Horn Pond held in July, 1818—88 years ago—in which Daniel Webster and wife, Mrs. Quincy, wife of Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, and other notables, participated. Their passage out and back to Boston on a boat of the old Middlesex canal is graphically told.

#### In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since. Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

#### A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

#### American Buyer In London.

"My American accent came near to taxing me just $430 on my last trip to London," remarked a clubman. "When I tried to buy a certain bulldog pup there the kennel man priced it at $500, as he had me sized up as an American and, in his regard, an easy mark. I made a deal with a cabby at the hotel stand, who went around and bought the same pup for me at $60, a very fair price, as the dog will never be a show winner. I gave a $10 tip to the cabman, so I made $430 by employing an agent who called his hansom an 'ansom and his horse an 'orse."—New York Sun.

#### Jackdaw and Magpie.

In England the daw is hardly ever mentioned but as Jack, yet daw and not jackdaw is the proper name of the species. It is suggested that the pie owes the "mag" to some corruption of Margaret or Meg. To mag is to chatter, but whether the verb was derived from the name or the name from the verb is a question. It is more than probable that the Jim Crow of America (the old name for a negro boy) was brought across from England in the days when a crow was Jim, as a swallow was Dick.—London Standard.

#### Egg and Bottle.

Take a boiled egg, remove the shell, have a bottle with a large neck, add a piece of paper to the neck and light it. When in blaze put the egg on it, point down, and the heat will pull the egg with great force inside. Now put again a blazed paper in the bottle and manage to have the egg in the neck point up, and the heat will push out the egg with an explosion.

#### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—8th Sunday after Trinity. 7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Bass solo by Mr. Brinsmade.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beckman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

### Married.

In Reading, July 25, by Rev. John J. Harrington, Herbert Bond of Woburn and Laura Annie Dulong of Reading.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 27, Ellen W. Hinckley, aged 66 years, 11 months.
In this city, July 30, Aaron Andrews, aged 79 years, 5 months, 23 days.
In this city, July 31, Timothy O'Leary, aged 59 years.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen W. Hinckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Benjamin S. Hinckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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### A LOBSTER'S LEGS.

#### The Two Front Ones Are Different From the Other Eight.

A lobster's legs, all told, are ten in number, but only eight of these are largely used for walking. The front pair, or big claws, have been specialized, as in the crab and most others of the higher crustaceans, into prehensile organs for catching and crushing the prey. Their use is obvious. Lobsters feed largely off mollusks of various sorts and other hard shelled marine animals. In order to be able to break or crush the shells of these and so to get at the softer flesh within they have acquired such large and very muscular nippers or pinchers. That is not all, however. Not only have the two front legs been differentiated and specialized from the eight others in this manner, but also, by a rare exception to the symmetry of the body, the right claw has been specialized from the left, each being intended to perform a distinct function. One is a scissors, the other is a mill; one is a cutter, the other is a cracker.

As a rule, the right claw is the slenderer and longer. It has toothlike projections or serrated edges on its nipping faces, and it is rather adapted for biting and severing than for crushing or grinding. The left claw, on the other hand, is usually thicker, heavier and rounder. Its muscles are more powerful, and in place of sharp teeth it has blunt tubercles, or hammers, of different sizes. It acts, in fact, more like a nutcracker than like teeth or a saw. It is a smashing organ. Nevertheless you will find it interesting to observe, by noting the lobsters served to you at table, that this differentiation has hardly as yet become quite constant, for sometimes it is the right claw that displays the hammerlike nutcracker type and the left that acts as nipper and biter, while sometimes no difference occurs at all, both claws alike being sharp toothed or blunt hammered in the same specimen.

### THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS.

#### Where No White Man May Land Unless He Has a Permit.

Unalaska resembles other northern stations, having warehouses, docks, the inevitable Greek church and a score of wooden cabins. Whalers leave here for the arctic regions.

Dutch Harbor is a station for our revenue fleet. There is much coming and going of ships of all nations. There is quite a formidable fleet, and only two ships out of twelve carry colors of the same country.

Just before entering the harbor one notices a detached rock high against the side of the cliff. It bears a striking resemblance to a Russian priest in full robes. Touched by the sunset light, he seems to stand blessing the harbor.

Sailing north out into Bering sea, one looks back at the desolate, silent, treeless islands, which seem to wall the edge of the world. Hundreds of miles west they run toward Vladivostok.

Two hundred and forty miles north of Unalaska are the Pribilof islands, not large, but the greatest seal islands in the world. There are many fur seals around the shores of Bering sea and the Aleutian islands, but the great mass of them are bred on the Pribilof group. No white man is permitted to land on these breeding grounds without a permit signed by the secretary of the treasury of the United States.—Outdoor Life.

#### The Pace of the Camel.

As a matter of fact, and in spite of its having carried Mohammed in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's limit, nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge it, lest, as Asiatics say, it might break its heart and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed and is spent it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.—Times of India.

#### He Had His Wish.

Carl Schurz had no consideration for hypocrites or pretenders. Upon literary pretenders he was particularly severe. At a dinner in New York one night a man of wealth who had written a volume of poems sneered at politics.

"I wouldn't give a picayune," he said, "for a senatorship or a cabinet office. To be even president wouldn't tempt me. I, for my part, would rather be known any day as a third rate poet than a first rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" said Mr. Schurz.

#### Minerals In Water.

Lead or zinc ore can be so finely pulverized that a tablespoonful may be mixed in a bucket of clear water without being visible to the naked eye. When thus powdered the particles are so minute that it often takes half an hour for them to settle to the bottom of a vessel full of water. This fact makes it evident that a stream may carry large quantities of minerals rich in metals.

#### Supplements to the Decalogue.

Our social organization has developed to a stage where the old righteousness is not enough. We need an annual supplement to the Decalogue. The growth of credit institutions, the spread of fiduciary relations, the enmeshing of industry in law, the interlacing of government and business, the multiplication of boards and inspectors, beneficent as they all are, they invite to sin. What gateways they open to greed! What fresh parasites they let in on us! How idle in our new situation to intone the old litanies! The reality of this close knit life is not to be seen and touched; it must be thought. The sins it opens the door to are to be discerned by knitting the brows rather than by opening the eyes. It takes imagination to see that bogus medical diploma, lying advertisement and fake testimonial are death dealing instruments. It takes imagination to see that savings bank wrecker, loan shark and investment swindler in taking livelihoods take lives. It takes imagination to see that the business of debauching voters, fixing juries, seducing lawmakers and corrupting public servants is like sawing through the props of a crowded grand stand.—E A. Ross in Atlantic.

#### Living In Coral Houses.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles islands, in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of 114 islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles of Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewed into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fernlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet or more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

#### The Boring of Glass.

Strong glass plates are bored through by means of rotating brass tubes of the necessary diameter, which are filled with water during boring. To the water there is added finely pulverized emery. It is said that thinner glass can be perforated with holes in an easier manner by pressing a disk of wet clay upon the glass and making a hole through the clay of the widths desired, so that at that spot the glass is laid bare. Then molten lead is poured into the hole, and lead and glass drop down at once. This method is based upon the quick local heating of the glass, whereby it obtains a circular crack, the outline of which corresponds to the outline of the hole made in the clay. The cutting of glass tubes, cylinders, etc., in factories is based upon the same principle.

#### Moderation In Exercise.

It is better to be lazy than dead, and it is probably just as comfortable. For obvious reasons the prescription to take moderate exercise is misleading and unsatisfactory. Most of us are constitutionally incapable of exercising moderately. We begin violently and end quickly. And what is moderate exercise? One philosopher who tried it for twenty years arrived at this conclusion: "Keep a pair of Indian clubs in your bedroom. Look at them frequently. Exercise by their suggestion." This has the merit of moderation. It is the same as to walking. Smell the morning, look down the long way that separates you from your business. Then take a car.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Anticipating Him.

"Katharine," said Bob as he brought his club chums down to the depot platform, "these are all my friends."

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," replied the bride sweetly, "and I am so sorry that you are going to be sick."

"Sick?" echoed the crowd in astonishment. "Why should you think we are going to be sick?"

"Oh, because soon after the honeymoon a married man always finds a great many sick friends to sit up with."—Columbus Dispatch.

#### Not of Much Account.

The lord chief justice of England used to sing in the choir of a parish church. A woman once asked the verger to point out Sir Richard Webster as he then was. The verger replied, "Well, ma'am, that's the vicar and them's the curates and I'm the verger, but as for the choir, as long as they does their dooty we don't inquire into their hantecedents!"

#### Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green, thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

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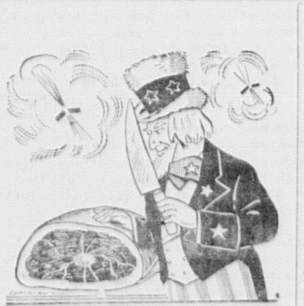

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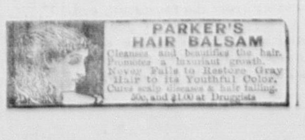

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# In the Smart Little Trap

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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"And he has the smartest looking trap you ever saw, Madge! It's champagne colored and a perfect love. What do you bet I don't land him, trap and all, before the summer's flown by?"

Miss Irene Warden, a beauty (and aware of it), was writing to her girl chum concerning the bachelor who had just taken the big colonial house with the carriage road and iron archway which for several seasons now had abandoned hope of usefulness.

She was writing by an open window where the scent of the roses came up from the front garden. Beyond lay the pretty tree lined road over which the bachelor and his champagne colored trap had just flown by.

"Although I've told you his name is Horace Matlock," ran on Miss Warden's pen, "I haven't told you what he looks like. He's an old man, forty or fifty, I should say. His nose is rather too big, although people call him handsome, and he's a bit bald, but, then, I suppose most men who live in big houses and drive smart traps have big noses. What?" Miss Warden smiled a little soft smile into the glass above her dressing table and then bent over her portfolio again:

"Of course I'd prefer dear old Tom. He's young and stunning and sings college songs so beautifully, but, as you know, he hasn't a red! And I really must do something this summer, Madge. My already meager allowance will be cut considerably in the autumn, for in September pa's going to enter the matrimonial game himself—a horrid, designing widow too! So I must 'step lively,' in the parlance of street car officials.

"In point of fact, though," pursued the voluble pen, "it'll be pretty easy, plain sailing. I haven't a single good looking rival up in this out of the way place except old Professor Thornton's daughter, and she's the quietest poke of a girl—a regular stay at home. And as for dressing—well, Madge, you and I spend as much on our gloves and veils, I reckon, as she does on her whole outfit. That's what comes from having a bookworm for a father."

The next week in the little village postoffice a friend presented Mr. Horace Matlock to Miss Irene Warden. Apparently the meeting was by accident, but Miss Warden felt her smooth cheeks flush, and her habitual composure was rippled for a second, while, for his part, Mr. Matlock scarcely looked at her and, having passed a conventional "glad to meet you," lifted his hat politely and walked out to his smart little trap.

"I had on my chic voile, the one Aunt Tessie sent me from Paris, you know," wrote Miss Warden to Madge, "and my big white hat with flopping fuchsias. But it was all rank waste."

She couldn't understand it. Her dreams hadn't ended that way at all.

One day in the tiny idle little bank Mr. Horace Matlock stopped short as he recognized a stooped, gaunt figure with a patrician face.

"Why, it's Professor Thornton, isn't it?" he cried, stepping up to him with a cordially outstretched hand.

When Matlock years ago had entered Yale as a freshman Thornton had been tutoring, and quite a friendship had sprung up between them. Subsequently they had lost track of each other. But the satisfaction of the younger man in meeting the older one again was genuine.

"Poor old professor! How thin and worn and aged he's become!" thought Matlock as he drove the professor home to his modest little cottage.

Out in the cottage's side yard by the hollyhocks a girl was picking a great bunch of sweet peas for the lunch table. When she heard the smart little trap stop at the gate she looked quickly up from the blossoming vines and wondered. Who was the distinguished looking stranger? And where had he picked up dear daddy?

A few days later Matlock drove up to the cottage again. It was only decent, he told himself, that he should show the professor some attention and take him driving now and then. Perhaps some day also he would take the professor's daughter. He liked her. He liked the natural, unabashed way in which she had acknowledged her father's presentation of him, with her sleeves rolled up and her arms full of sweet peas; he liked the width between her eyes, the breadth of her brow, the lines of her mouth. She was less pretty than many young girls, but there was about her a freshness, a sweetness, that pleased him, and he had noticed that her figure in her simple little gown was well molded and slim.

One evening toward twilight, when out in the open lawn bats were whirling aimlessly and tirelessly, Matlock dropped in upon the professor to make him a little call. He had fetched him his afternoon mail as pretext. While they were sitting out on the porch from the shadowy little parlor came the first chords of Beethoven's beautiful "Moonlight Sonata."

"That's Cynthia," said Professor Thornton in answer to his guest's start of surprise. "She's never too tired, no matter how hard or long the day has been, to play that sonata for me in the evening. I love it above all other written music, and she never forgets."

Then while the tree toads droned their harmonies he told Matlock a little about his daughter—how four years ago he had suffered a paralytic stroke and she had been obliged to leave school in her graduating year and nurse him night and day with untiring sweetness; how, when their slender income was exhausted a year back, she had begun to make use of her musical skill and give lessons on the piano. And when the professor told of Cynthia's triweekly trips to Adams, the nearest town, his silvered head went down on his coat sleeve, and in the gloaming behind the honeysuckles the two men were silent.

Presently they smoked their usual cigars and indulged in their usual conversation—newspaper topics chopped fine by individual opinion, a good deal of politics, a little of art and science. Last of all, Cynthia came out.

"Delighted!" she said, going prettily up to Matlock with outstretched hands. "While you two have been gossiping I've been remembering your weakness for tea and have drawn you a cup. Will you come in, or shall we have it out here?"

They went in. Near the little fern screened fireplace was a tea table, dainty in its array of polished silver and thin china. The hanging lamp shed the rich, soft glow of olive oil, and there was an air of intimate homelikeness about everything. Matlock had been a stranger to that sort of thing for so long that it sent a kind of thrill shivering through him. After all, to have a cozy tea table and a slim white hand to inclose in yours—Cynthia's hands were slim and white enough as they moved among the china in the half light. He pulled a chair close for the professor, and then sat down himself.

Before Mr. Horace Matlock went to bed that night he remembered that on the morrow Cynthia Thornton was to drive with him in his champagne colored trap. How it would harmonize with her soft hair before the ambitious sun touched it to gold! What a dear, womanly little treasure of girlish brightness she was, anyhow!

Cynthia only returned from Adams the next day a half hour before her drive and was, consequently, a bit tired. She was not one to make conversation, and the quiet and beauty of the scenes stretched out before her made her very silent. Matlock, as he handled the reins, watched both her and the landscape. There was a certain peace about them both. And peace was, above all things, what he wanted.

The next day Miss Warden wrote to her girl chum again:

"In the beginning of the summer, Madge, dear, I wrote you that a certain matrimonial venture would be 'easy, plain sailing.' Alas! I'm afraid I shall never find port—not, at least, with my bachelor up on the hill. And in the name of wonders, who of all people do you suppose has taken the wind out of my sails? Cynth. Thornton, the old bookworm's daughter! He had her out driving in that little beauty of a trap three times during the last week to my knowledge! I'm afraid Cupid isn't very kind to me. You'll find I'll die an old maid after all, unless Tom"—

At this point Miss Warden's pretty teeth absently caught the top of her penholder, while she looked dreamily toward the sunny, tree lined street. Then she began to hum.

As she started on the fourth bar of her song a champagne colored trap skimmed by. In it was the charming bachelor, and by his side was Cynthia Thornton.

### A Mussulman's Ideas.

A respectable and honest Mussulman—and of course there are millions of Mussulmans entitled to that description—will not swallow alcohol if he knows it, even for the good of his health; will not lift "the harem veil," even if lifting it is essential to the life of his wife or daughter; will not take out an insurance, even when failure to do so is ruinous to him in a business competition, and will not in a country ruled by Mussulmans from any motive whatever short of a necessity such as destroys freedom of will accord equality to men of any other faith. In these respects he is a "fanatic"—that is, he will act upon the precepts of his creed as interpreted by its doctors without reference to any other consideration, and especially without reference to convenience or to the opinions, moral or otherwise, of men of any other faith. A Mussulman's creed is for him the operative law, as custom is for a Chinaman, or a caste rule for a Hindoo, or duty for a good Englishman, or that which is convenient for a respectable Frenchman, and, though there are points upon which he will break the law, especially for gain, there are also points, especially those we have mentioned, upon which he will not—rather will be chopped in pieces or chop you and take all consequences serenely.—London Spectator.

### His Too Thoughtful Wife.

Several physicians were relating how carefully their wives looked after their interests and how diplomatic they were in saving them from doing unnecessary night work. One doctor gave an instance demonstrating how the best laid plans of men and mice oft miscarry.

"When I got home this morning at 3 o'clock, dead tired from attending to a trying case," he remarked, "I almost dreaded to look at the hall table, upon which my wife always leaves a note when there is an urgent call. I was naturally delighted to find that I did not have another call to make and at once hurried to my bedroom and, without lighting the gas, undressed in the dark and tumbled into bed.

"My head touched something on the pillow. I lighted the gas to investigate and found that my thoughtful wife had pinned there a note, so that I should not fail to see it, informing me that I was wanted at once without fail to call on a distant patient as soon as I arrived home, no matter at what hour."—New York Press.

### Too Lively.

He was a solemn Scotchman, with an equally solemn and somewhat downtrodden wife. The fact that they were receiving an excellent price for their "second pair front" from an American lodger did not blind them to her failings.

"Dear me, Mr. Macleod," said the lodger, one Sunday afternoon, when an errand took her to the parlor, where the family sat, "I should think you and your wife would be stifled sitting indoors this hot day with the windows shut. If you'd just open one and get some fresh air, I'm sure it would do Mrs. Macleod good; she looks pale."

Mr. Macleod looked at her with his usual stern and unbending gaze.

"We can hae fresh air ony day," he said calmly. "We've no need to hae it rushing aboot the house on the Sawbath."

### Germany the Modern Rome.

Let the German people keep a lesson from antiquity before their eyes. Once before an England and a Germany of no less different character have confronted each other. They were Carthage and Rome. And old Rome with its policy of force and power finally conquered the cash politics of Carthage and raised itself to the position of the first power upon earth. We have historical example when we say that the German people must return from the imitation of the un-German Carthaginian-British finance policy and must go back to the Roman-German policy of power and might. In no other way can a really great Weltpolitik be promoted in the hope perhaps of making ourselves ultimately the leading people in the world.—Berlin Grenzboten.

### Spanish Sheep.

There are said to be 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which travel on occasions as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way.

## A MUSTARD POULTICE.

### It Made a Lot of Trouble and Didn't Cure the Cold.

Lord Carrington used to be a great practical joker, but he was once the victim of his own reputation. According to the Dundee Advertiser, he was at a hotel in Cape Town. In the same hotel were a young couple, and, the husband having a bad cold, the wife left her room to obtain for him the solace of a mustard poultice. She left him asleep and, thinking she knew her way, descended the stairs and, procuring a particularly virulent concoction, made her way back to her room. But doors are much alike in hotels, and, seeing one ajar, as she had left her own, she entered. Creeping quietly to the bedside, she saw, as she thought, the form of her sleeping lord and master. Hastily bending over him, she placed the fatal irritant upon his chest.

No sooner had she done so than a movement of the sleeper revealed, to her horror, that she had made a terrible mistake. Too frightened to recapture the incriminating poultice, she fled from the room and, rushing down the passage, discovered her own door and bolted herself in. It was but a minute, and the storm broke. The hotel was in an uproar. The mustard poultice had been placed on the chest of the elderly governor general! The explosion of his wrath, his howls of rage as the mustard did its work, brought servants and manager to his bedside. The situation did not permit of an explanation. Furious with indignation, he declared himself the victim of a gross joke, and the efforts of the maitre d'hotel to pacify him were in vain. He swore that the practical joker was nobody else than Lord Carrington, and he next day, fuming and indignant, left the place. So did a very contrite young wife and a husband whose cold was no better.

## JAWS AS WEAPONS.

### Chief Means of Defense Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the Maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoid society—the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give them attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### Her Namesake.

When Mrs. Lombard heard that the baby of her former cook had been named for her she bought a suitable rattle with many jingling bells and went to see her namesake.

"Why, Bridget," she said to the late Miss Leahy, now Mrs. O'Sullivan, "I thought you said the baby was named for me. My name is Hannah, and you are calling the baby Celestine."

"Celestine L., ma'am," said Mrs. O'Sullivan hastily. "The 'L' is for Lombard, and Celestine is just a koind of a name to describe you, ma'am. There ain't anny Hannah to your looks, Mrs. Lombard; anny wan would tell you that."—Youth's Companion.

### A Remarkable Fortress.

In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a wild tribe who call themselves the people of the rocks. The fortress is a lofty and precipitous rock of enormous size, 1,000 feet high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial means. Within it is hollow, and the only entrance is by a subterranean passage.

### Origin of the Sidesaddle.

The use of the sidesaddle for women riders is traced to the time of Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the emperor of Germany, who married Richard II. of England. Previous to this date all Englishwomen bestrode their horses man fashion, but on account of a deformity this German bride was forced to use a sidesaddle, and the custom became general.

### A Plea For Cannibalism.

Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, once made a strong and almost unanswerable plea for cannibalism. "If you are going to eat meat at all," argued the Yankee Plato, "why not eat the best?"

### The Way to Get a Chance.

It may not be to the credit of mankind, but in this world no man is "given" a chance. If he wants a chance he has to throw it down and sit on its neck.—Columbia State.

Beware of looking at sin, for at each view it is apt to become better looking. —Success Magazine.

### A Facetious Convict.

"This confinement," said the long faced prison visitor, "must distress you greatly." "Yes," replied the facetious convict, "I find the prison bars grating." "Ah, life to you is a failure." "Yes. It's nothing but a cell."

### No Chance to Grow.

Mrs. Newwed—Dear me, these eggs are very small. Grocer—They are indeed, mum, and I'm sure I don't know why. Mrs. Newwed—Oh, I dare say it's because you take them out of the nest too soon.

If your spirits are low, do something; and, if you have been doing something, do something different.—E. E. Hale.

### False Pretense.

"No, madam," said Bridget, "I'll not l'ave widout two weeks' notice. That was the conthract an' I'll howld yez to it."

"But," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "you broke the contract in the first place by representing yourself as a cook."—Philadelphia Press.

## TOUGH PAPER.

### Not an Easy Feat to Twist a Bank Bill In Two.

"The paper that is used by the government in its currency is manufactured by a secret process and has characteristics with which the average man is not familiar," said a Minneapolis man.

"Recently I was in a small Minnesota town and witnessed an incident that demonstrates this. A well to do farmer living in the vicinity came into the bank to transact some business. In the course of the conversation the cashier began twisting a five dollar bill. The farmer watched him with interest and finally asked the man back of the counter if he wasn't afraid of tearing the bill.

"'Here is an easy way for you to earn money,' said the cashier. 'Here is a thousand dollar bill and I will give it to you if you will twist the bill in two. You are simply to twist it and not tear it.'

"The farmer seemed dumfounded at first. He seemed awed at the thought of mutilating a thousand dollar bill. Upon further assurance by the officer of the bank, he timidly took the money and started twisting it in the middle. He tugged away for some time without being able to twist the bill in two. Finally he gave up, and he was certainly a surprised farmer. It is impossible to twist a bill in two, so firm and elastic is the paper used."—Exchange.

## IMMUNE TO POISON.

### Practical Methods of the Snake Charmers of the Orient.

For many years it was regarded as one of the East Indian miracles that the snake charmers of the orient could encounter the cobra in an arena, allow the serpent to bite them time and again and survive the deadly poison. This dangerous feat puzzled the doctors of the British army and was never quite understood by scientists generally until within recent years, when the secret of these jugglers with fate leaked out. The East Indian snake charmer begins at an early age to make himself immune from the venom of the cobra. He takes the infant serpent and allows it to bite him. This injects into his system a very mild dose of the poison. He repeats the operation many times, and then ventures to allow a cobra somewhat older to bite him. Gradually he permits himself to become inoculated with the venom of younger serpents until he has become so accustomed to the poison that his system is immune. By the time he grows up he has become so thoroughly accustomed to the spell that it has practically no effect upon him. It is like the drug habit—one can work oneself to a pitch of enduring a dose that would be sufficient to kill several persons unaccustomed to the influence of the drug. Thus the seemingly audacious trick was exposed as a very practical thing, after all.

## ORIGINAL NEW ENGLAND.

### It Is Said That It Was Located on the Pacific Coast.

There is a common saying that if the pilgrim fathers had only landed on the Pacific coast a large portion of the Atlantic seaboard would never have been settled. Californians, Oregonians and Washingtonians believe this implicitly. In other words, the charms of the Pacific coast in the way of climate are so appreciated that, having once experienced them, men are unwilling to live elsewhere contentedly. Now, not one man in a thousand living on the Pacific coast knows that as a matter of fact the accents of our mother tongue were heard on the beach not far from San Francisco forty-one years before English was spoken on Plymouth rock.

More amusing still is the fact that the original New England was on the Pacific coast, for Sir Francis Drake in 1579, at the close of a month's stay, took possession of the country for his sovereign, Elizabeth, and named the new acquisition Nouva Albion (New England) because he thought the white cliff near what is now Point Reyes resembled the chalk cliffs near Dover.—Alexander McAdie in Outing Magazine.

### The Osprey.

In the highlands of Scotland at the present time the osprey usually makes its nest in the flat top of a pine tree, but formerly it just as frequently selected a battlement or a chimney of some ruin, generally on an island. The nest is a pile of sticks as much as four feet high and as many broad—the accumulation of many years—intermixed with turf and other vegetable matter, lined with finer twigs and finally with grass, much of it often green.—Glasgow Times.

### Easy.

"Did you sell horses to those two customers yesterday?" we ask of our friend the horse dealer.

"Yes."

"Make anything?"

"Off of Jones—yes."

"Jones? Why, Jones was the one that said he knew all about horses."

"I know. He was easy. The other fellow didn't know a thing about them and brought around three or four experts before he would buy."—Life.

### Sad.

"Poor Mrs. Wilkins! She is so young and her wedded life has been such a bitter disappointment!"

"In what way?"

"She married that wealthy old Wilkins under the impression that he had heart disease, and the doctor says he's perfectly well."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Contrary.

Hicks—But what makes you so sure that your boy will go to the gymnasium this afternoon? Wicks—Because I told him not to.—Somerville Journal.

### Experience.

Mother—Now, Tommy, you know what happens to little boys who are naughty. Tommy—Yes, I know. Their papas give 'em a licking, and then their mammas pet 'em and kiss 'em and give 'em nice things to eat.—New York Press.

### The Millionairess.

He—Do you think you could live on love alone? She—I'd like to try it awhile. I've never had anything but money and flattery.—Detroit Free Press.

### Aerated Water.

Artificially aerated drinking waters were the invention of the chemist Joseph Priestley, who in 1772 published his "Directions For Impregnating Water With Fixed Air In Order to Communicate to It the Peculiar Spirit and Virtues of Pyrmont Water and Other Mineral Waters of a Similar Nature." Some one has calculated the consumption of aerated waters in Great Britain and Ireland to amount to 200,000,000 gallons a year.—London Standard.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 5.

### Text of the Lesson, Luke xiv, 15-24. Memory Verses, 23, 24—Golden Text, Luke xiv, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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He seems to be still in the house of the Pharisee where He had been invited to eat bread on the Sabbath day, where He had healed the man of his dropsy, spoken to the guests of humility, and to the host of making a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, instead of for those who had abundance. One of the guests hearing these things said, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God" (verse 15), evidently associating such a feast as the Lord had suggested, and also the time of recompense, with the time of the kingdom. He may have been a man well versed in Scripture, and if so he would recall such passages as Isa. xxxv, 5, 6; lxi, 1, 2; xxv, 6, 9; Dan. xii, 1, 3. It is just possible that he may have heard the Saviour say, "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. viii, 11). Our Lord did afterward speak to His disciples of eating and drinking at His table in His kingdom (Luke xxii, 29, 30). A reiteration of what we have often said about the kingdom may not be amiss here. It will be a kingdom on this earth, including the whole earth and all nations, with Israel in their own land at the center. It will be a kingdom of righteousness and peace, over which the Lord Jesus Christ and His saints shall reign. There shall be no more sin, nor sickness, nor suffering, nor death, nor a devil, but the glory of the Lord shall fill the whole earth. Those who have followed us any length of time in these studies should easily supply the proof texts for these statements.

To prove that men are not willing to consider the blessedness of the kingdom, nor take any interest in it, nor accept it however freely offered, He tells of the great man's supper and its treatment. Inasmuch as only those who are saved, born again, shall see and share the kingdom, this supper may represent the salvation which God has so fully provided in Christ, doubtless looking on to the marriage supper of the lamb (Rev. xix, 9). The righteousness which is necessary to fit us for the presence of God has been so fully provided in Christ that nothing can be added to it. "All things are now ready" is literally true concerning the great redemption, and "come" is the word for every sinner. Compare the marriage supper in Matt. xxii, 1-14, and consider the full preparation on God's part foreshadowed in all the sacrifices from Gen. iii, 21, onward. There is nothing left for man to do, nothing that man can do, but accept that which God has in His love provided. Consider the "comes" of Gen. vii, 1; Isa. 1-18; lv, 1; Matt. xi, 28; Rev. xxii, 17, and consider also what your reply has been. If these excuses on the part of those invited had not been given us by Him who knew all men, and knew what was in man, we would hardly think such excuses possible. The manifestation of self, and self interest on the part of each, and the indifference to the gracious invitation and the contempt with which they treated the host, set forth most plainly that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Men do not want the kingdom of God, nor God's interference with their affairs. Like the demons their cry is: "Let us alone. What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" (Mark 1-24.)

It is true of so many who have heard and know the gospel, "The God in whose hand thy breath is and whose are all thy ways hast thou not glorified" (Dan. v, 23). It seems to be true of the church as it was of Israel, "They know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they His counsel" (Mic. iv, 12). The decision of the man who made the supper, "None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper" (verse 24), makes us think of the solemn words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii, 3.) And also II Thess. i, 7, 8, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." See Prov. i, 24-27.

Those who were invited having refused, the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind are gathered in, and there being still room, people are gathered from the highways and hedges to fill the house. The question cannot but arise, Shall we continue to press the invitation upon those who so persistently refuse, or shall we turn to others, such as those mentioned, that they may come? Shall we evermore teach the same people, or let the Lord use us to the utmost to give the gospel to those who never heard? There are many people who are poor, or comparatively so, in this world's goods, who consider themselves rich in their own morality or righteousness and need no Saviour (Rom. x, 3, 4; Rev. iii, 17, 18). Blessed are all who see themselves to be helpless and outcast and far from God, for to such the good news of a Saviour and a full and free salvation will be apt to prove acceptable.

There is another great difficulty, which is set forth in the rest of this chapter: Multitudes will seem ready to accept such a free salvation without counting the cost of following such a Saviour, so when He saw the multitudes coming after Him He set before them the cost of discipleship, for while the cost of our salvation fell wholly upon Him, the cost of following Him, of being His disciples, falls upon us. See verses 26, 27, 33.

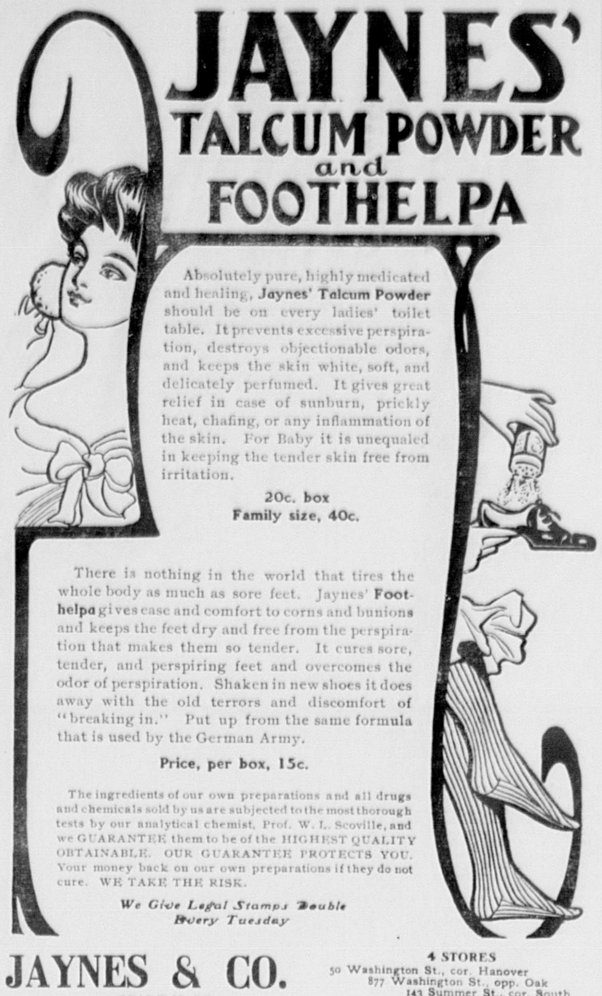
### When Paris Was Dirty.

It takes the labors of 4,000 to keep the city of Paris clean today, but in times past that capital did not care so much about the matter and was not always pleasing to look upon. In 1348 King John of France made the request that Parisians should not allow their pigs to roam the streets. Charles VI. (1368-1422) complained that the practice of throwing rubbish into the Seine made it a "great horror and an abomination to look upon." Until the seventeenth century everybody who could went about Paris on horseback in order to avoid contact with the filth of the streets. Various ordinances were made to compel the people to sweep the road before their own doors, but it was not until 1791 that the dust cart became an institution.

### Is It?

Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black? Mamma—Because she is a sister of charity, dear. Ethel—Is charity dead, then?

The first Lombary poplar in America was planted by Michaux in 1785.



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### Symptoms.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms.

"Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me.

"The average sufferer of fifty or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this:

"'Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over, feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back and an all gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the earache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very weak. These are only a few of my main symptoms. To proceed, etc.'"—Exchange.

### An Unruffled Spirit.

A contented spirit was Mrs. Snow's, so contended that at times her neighbors found it trying and took an unrighteous satisfaction in presenting any small thorns which might prick through her comfort.

"No, my Angie hasn't the measles," said Mrs. Snow one day. "Well, perhaps it seems strange she should escape the epidemic, but my children are unusually fortunate always in those respects. Of course I take the best of care of them, and, then, they inherit a tendency to throw off any germs. I anticipate no illness with Angie."

In spite of this the redoubtable Angie came down with measles a week later, and the inquiring friend again approached Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, dear Angie has the measles at last," said the contented mother. "Now, most of the other children are well, and as the doctor has plenty of time to attend to her it really seemed an opportunity for Angie. I don't suppose there ever was a child on whom they came out more beautifully than on Angie. I tell the doctor I think he may well be proud of his little patient."—Youth's Companion.

### The Atmosphere.

Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals and therefore no human beings. Water also comes from the atmosphere, but if there were no water there could be neither plants nor animals. If food and water could be supplied in some other way the world would still be uninhabitable by plants and animals owing to the severity of the cold. Without an atmosphere there would be no winds and consequently no waves or ocean currents. The sea—if we may suppose one to have been supplied by some unknown cause—would be a stagnant pool, uninhabitable by seaweed or fish.

### The Ruling Passion.

"Now I've queered myself for good with Miss Prettyface."

"What did you do?"

"I started to write a proposal to her, but I'm so used to writing business instead of love letters that I told her I wanted the refusal of her hand."—Baltimore American.

### Order.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.

### An Itching One.

Miss Country Maid—I understand that in some hotels one often sees palms about the dining rooms. What kind of palm is the most prominent? Mr. Dineout—The waiter's.

Society takes us away from ourselves.—De Lambert.

### Wise Girl.

Now, there was a certain girl, and she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The second wooer said she was the sun, moon and stars to him, but she bade him be on his way.

"To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners, with eyes that might be a little bluer, with a nose that is a wee bit puggy and with a few freckles and an annoying habit of blurting out your thoughts."

She married the third wooer. Being pressed for an explanation of her conduct, she said:

"My goodness! I think I was sensible. I married the only one that had courage enough to tell me of my faults before marriage, instead of waiting to throw them up to me afterward."—Life.

### Slashing of Salads.

Too many people who are well bred in nearly every other respect are guilty of the solecism—to call it by the mildest name—of cutting up their salad on the plate. Of course salad has sometimes to be reduced to lower dimensions, so to speak, but it need not be done by the wholesale or quite in the businesslike fashion practiced by some. Grasping a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, they slash away at the inoffensive green stuff with a vigor and a noise of a miniature mowing machine until the bruised leaves are converted into shreds of their former selves. There is common sense in the convention that prohibits such a course. Nearly all green salads are broken into pieces of convenient size before sending to the table. Even when these are too large the leaf should be quietly divided with a fork.

### Famous Boys.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

### Monkeys Have No Fleas.

It is curious that monkeys should be thought to be infested with what naturalists call the Pulex irritans and what ordinary people know as the flea. As every zoologist is aware, monkeys have neither fleas nor any other parasite whatsoever, in which of course they differ vastly from man. As a matter of fact, when monkeys begin to pick each other about in the friendly way we have all observed they merely detach bits of hardened sebaceous matter which has been excreted by the glands, and the flea idea is entirely fabulous.

### Her Sun Spots.

Sir Robert Ball on one occasion, after delivering a lecture on "Sun Spots and Solar Chemistry," met a young lady who expressed her regret that she had missed hearing him on the previous evening. "Well, you see," he said, "I don't know that it would have interested you particularly, as it was all about sun spots." "Why," she replied, "it would have interested me extremely, for I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

### Two Epitaphs.

An epitaph from a cemetery in Bridgton, Me.:

She was—words are too feeble to tell what.
Think what a wife should be;
She was all that.

This from Bar Harbor, Me.:

I reach my arms out fondly,
But they clasp the open air.
There is nothing of my darling
But the shoes he used to wear.

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### Much Exaggerated.

"Tell me," said the inquisitive foreigner, "do American girls affect men's clothes?"

"No," replied the gallant native, "not to any extent."

"Well, well, is that really true?"

"Well, of course, a little rouge may stick to the shoulder of a fellow's coat occasionally, but then it's easily brushed off."—Philadelphia Press.

### Chess and Intellect.

It is doubtful whether a great chess player is often, we are sure he is not of necessity, to be regarded as a man of powerful intellect. It has never been shown that the greatest masters of the game were men with big brains for anything but chess.—London Saturday Review.

### Her Plea For Delay.

"Will you be my wife, Jane?"

"Will you ask me again, John?"

"Why?"

"Because I'd like to look round a little before I give you the direct answer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### For Hygienic Reasons.

Mistress—Why have you not swept this morning? Servant—For hygienic reasons. Madame raises the dust sufficiently with the train of her skirt. We must give the microbes a little rest.—Paris Armales.

When men are friends there is no need of justice, but when they are just they still need friendship.—Aristotle.

### Sad.

First Baby—You look sad.

Second Baby—I am. I feel keenly the responsibility of having parents who cannot afford to have me.—Smart Set.

### Seized His Chance.

Miss Prim—In Siberia do they have reindeer? Mr. Nervey—Yes, but oftener they have snow, darling.—Cleveland

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 37.

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
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Passenger Service from Woburn.

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6 59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3 21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9 32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2 40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
**LAWRENCE READE,**
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
**Undertaker & Funeral Director**
241 Main St., Woburn

***JAMES McDONALD,***
**Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator**
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

***L. W. THOMPSON,***
(Successor to L. Thompson
**HARDWARE**
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 137 Main Street, Woburn

**CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.**
**H. S. ADAMS:** Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

***John G. Maguire,***
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

**E. PRIOR,**
**AUCTIONEER.**
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 142 Main St., Woburn.

## On the Turn of a Hair

By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Suffering Moses! Hochaska, it's 'heads I win, tails you lose,' playin' poker with you these days. I rung in five jacks on you that hand an' you never turned a hair. What's up?"

The cowboy pushed back and regarded his silent companion quizzically.

The Indian glanced over his shoulder, laid a fine, slender hand upon the table and, leaning forward, whispered:

"Burnt Bear runs his spotted pony in the races next week."

The cowboy nodded, stooping to tighten a spur leather.

"Keep your long green, pard," he said, with bent head. "I was just a-foolin' them last three games. Well? The old chief runs his spotted pony in the races—and the gal is up here turnin' Hochaska's heart to water—is that the how of it?"

Again the Indian looked over his shoulder before he nodded.

"He has her up at the agency," he burst out fiercely. "You know Mallock! It was Mallock before. What chance has a decent Indian girl as pretty as Ally with a father like she's got—and that beast around?"

"Hochaska," began the cowboy, "you're a fool—hold on! Don't you git gay, now! They whooped you off to the effete east and pumped good learnin' into you till you've got books whipped to a standstill and you can doctor a sick hawse to beat any man between the Pecos and the Mississip—but common sense you're short on."

"The reason's plain 'nough, pardner. The old man's out after the coin. You've got to bid up. You're sure a good looker and you're a plumb gentleman, Hochaska—jest the son-in-law I'd make a grab at if I was a Sioux chief with a pretty daughter to marry off."

"I have offered him all I have—and a mortgage on my future. Nothing will do."

"Somebody else is biddin' higher," reiterated the cowboy. "Or he thinks they will."

"Ally would come to me," said the Indian desperately. "It is not as it was before. Mallock's wife was living then. He may hold out hopes of a marriage to Burnt Bear."

The cowboy was up and ready to depart now. "If that there spotted pony should go lame, Chaska," he remarked, "they hain't a man but you that could doctor it—and the race comin' on next week. If such should happen I reckon you could name your price."

An eager fire leaped into the Indian's somber eyes. "I could," he answered. "But no such thing will happen. Burnt Bear sleeps with the pony's stake rope to his wrist."

"Don't you be too sure," remonstrated the cowboy. "I've got money up on that cayuse, an' I'm mighty uneasy that he's about to get some sort o' complaint in his right hind foot. The old man knows I'm bettin' heavy on his hawseflesh an' him an' me is great pals—we're thicker'n thieves. So long, Chaska."

He stepped to the front of the blacksmith shop, swung into the saddle and disappeared.

All day long the young Indian served his customers and attended to his usual duties with an air of preoccupation. He guessed what simple trick his cow puncher friend had in mind. If the game went through successfully, would the father pay the price?

Crowds were gathering for next week's races and business was brisk, for this scientific blacksmith and veterinarian of their own race who had learned his trade among the white men was a prime favorite.

The forge fire had died down to a smoldering red eye and the young blacksmith sat half asleep before his door when a stealthy sound from the steep slope behind his cabin roused him. It differed not at all from a hundred other small night sounds which had preceded it, yet he was suddenly broad awake and listening. It came again. He sprang to his feet. Once more—and he was walking rapidly toward the precipitous path which led up to his spring.

Within ten paces of the bushes which concealed it he halted. Out of those bushes soundlessly moved the shadowy form of a man leading a pony.

"How do?" said the newcomer, and Hochaska recognized the voice of Burnt Bear.

In the tongue which was common to them both the old chief stated, with the frankness of despair, that the spotted pony had gone suddenly lame.

"I have watched him as though he were my child," he declared. "And now tonight I find his right hind foot is lame. Have you a quick cure? I care not if in the end it kills the pony, so that he be not lame when the race is run, for if he does not win this race I, Burnt Bear, must walk back to our people stripped and destitute."

The young smith drew up and folded his arms. He saw that something melodramatic was expected of him. He was to play the big medicine man. If Billy had only done his part and not overdone it and this lameness were not actual he could carry out the trick.

"I have," he said. "I have a bottle of medicine so strong and valuable that I have never used it upon the ponies of these common Indians nor even on the horses of the white men. Whatever lamed your spotted pony, this medicine will cure him. But I must have my price."

"Cure first, pay after," said the old Indian sententiously.

The lover gathered courage from the fact that the price itself was not mentioned. He held out his hand for the bridle, and Burnt Bear permitted him to lead the pony down to the forge fire.

It well suited the young blacksmith to halt in the darkness, run to the shop for a harmless bottle of volatile oils which would smell loud and look well. Then, stooping, he took the slim pastern in his hands. The foot was hot and throbbing. Those deft digits, warned where to seek, cleverly interrogated the hair about the smallest portion of the joint. Ah, it was there! He snapped it. The relieved pony put down a grateful nose toward his shoulder. Then with skilled movements Hochaska rubbed and kneaded the member to hasten the impeded circulation.

For an hour he worked thus; the dramatic values must be preserved. Occasionally he walked the pony about, and its owner could see the lameness decreasing. At the end of that time he straightened up and said:

"Burnt Bear, your horse is sound. Shall I name my price?"

The old man grunted, felt the foot, saw that the fever was all out of it, then, taking the bridle rein into his hand, led the pony back and forth till he was certain there was no limping in that gait. "It is magic indeed!" he declared, with proud generosity, then turned, peered over his shoulder into the darkness of the trail and lifted his hand sharply.

From where she had stood an hour or more, motionless as the stems of the young birch trees about her, there slipped silently forward and approached him a slim, light footed Indian girl. Impassively he motioned toward Hochaska, and she fled to her lover.

But following her, so that one might almost have thought it her shadow, the form of a man entered the circle of light.

"This is the way you keep your bargains, you old renegade, is it?" Mallock snarled, pointing to where the lovers stood hand in hand.

"I make a new bargain," returned Burnt Bear imperturbably. "I make any bargain when my pony go lame."

Mallock's loosely hanging hands clinched themselves into fists. Rage seemed to overpower caution. "Nine Spot lame? Who lamed him?" Looking about and receiving no answer, he went on in a louder, more confident tone: "Who lamed Nine Spot?" he inquired hotly. "I'm here to prove that Hochaska slipped in and lamed the beast to get even with you about Ally, and now you give him your daughter to cure it. Burnt Bear, you're nine sorts of a fool!"

It is not courteous or even safe to tell a Sioux chief that he is as much as one sort of plain, unqualified fool. Burnt Bear started for Mallock, and the Englishman began to explain how he had seen Hochaska tying a horsehair around Nine Spot's pastern to produce the lameness.

Burnt Bear halted uncertainly. It was apparent that he had been tricked by some one, and when he felt sure of the culprit there would be a reckoning.

Matters hung thus in the balance for a moment. Hochaska tightened his arm about the girl and decided to assume the responsibility of anything Billy had done, but to keep Altamaha now he had her.

"Hold on, hold on, my noble red man!" cried a cheerful voice, and a rider galloped up to the smithy.

"It's all right to eat Mallock, Burnt Bear," the cowboy explained as he leaped from saddle, "but you want to know just what you're eatin' 'im for."

The Englishman drew back. "Don't go," urged Billy, laying a constraining hand upon his arm. "We can't spare you."

He turned to the three Indians, who stood regarding the white man curiously.

"Burnt Bear," he began, "you know what I've bet on Nine Spot. I've been watchin' that cayuse most as close as you have. Tonight, before you got around to him, I was up on the knob where he grazes. You thought it was light enough so you could see the hawse from where you was down at the camp—settin' by the door of your wicky-up. But there was a great big snake in the grass that you couldn't see, worming itself along to Nine Spot's heels, and I thinks to myself, 'Does the feller want to have his brains kicked out?' Then as I watches 'im he nooses up a long, stout hawsehair, so fash, and slips it around the pony's hock."

"Let go of me," growled Mallock under his breath.

"An' that there snake in the grass warn't Hochaska," explained Billy genially. He suppressed the further information that there was a rubber band in his own pocket prepared to do a like service at the time he discovered Mallock playing the trick ahead of him.

"Here's your pony lamer, Burnt Bear—take him." And with a sudden unexpected jerk the cowboy flung Mallock almost into Burnt Bear's arms.

"Bless you, my children," he concluded, turning to Hochaska and the girl. "I'll skip down to Casey's and take some good bets on the pony. Mallock has done spread the news that Nine Spot's gone dead lame, and we stand to make good money if it don't get out too soon that Hochaska has cured him."

### Jane's Caution.

"Jane is so suspicious."

"What has Jane done now?"

"She thinks the postmaster invariably reads all her letters, so she puts 'Personal' and 'Private' on each one of them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Conclusive Evidence.

"My husband says he is not afraid of horses," said the visitor.

"How fortunate!" answered young Mrs. Torkins. "That shows that he doesn't play them."

### The Little Ones.

Many wrinkles are smoothed away by the soft fingers of little children. The music of their flutelike voices calms the most turbulent mood and banishes the darkest frown. The power of the little ones consists in their innocence. They bear in their hands that lily the magic might of which gates of brass cannot resist.

### The Silk Hat.

The ridiculous custom of wearing that shining funnel, the silk hat, will appear as stupefying to our great-grandchildren as the custom of putting a bone through the lip or a ring through the nostrils appears monstrous to us.—Paris Gaulois.

### All Right.

Tom—Here! You've started your note to Borroughs "Dr. Sir." Don't you know that sort of abbreviation is very slovenly? Dick—No, sir. "Dr." is all right in this case. He owes me money.

## HENRIK IBSEN.

### How the Scandinavian Dramatist Impressed an Observer.

William Archer tells how Henrik Ibsen impressed him when he met the Scandinavian dramatist in Rome in 1881: "In glided an undersized man with very broad shoulders and a large leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of shortsightedness and the need to peer into things.

"He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron gray hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold rimmed spectacles, or the thin lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark gray as the hair.

"The most cursory observer could not but recognize power and character in the head, yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. One would rather have supposed one's self face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist."

## THE GULF OF MEXICO.

### America's Mediterranean and Its Promise For the Future.

The gulf of Mexico is a sea 1,000 miles long from the straits of Florida to the harbor of Tampico and 800 miles wide from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos.

This Mediterranean of the west is surrounded by countries of extraordinary richness in the fertility of their soil, the geniality of their climates, the vastness and value of their forests and the variety and extent of their mineral endowments.

All these countries, capable of sustaining hundreds of millions of people, are inhabited by nations and races who live under republican forms of government and cherish and maintain free institutions. The northern coast line of this important sea is in the great republic of the United States of North America. The southern half is in the next greatest American republic, that of Mexico, while on the east are the important islands of the West Indies, with Cuba at their head. The region around this most important sea is destined to be far richer, more powerful and more distinguished in the history and affairs of our globe than were ever those that bordered the ancient Mediterranean of the eastern hemisphere, not even excepting Egypt, Greece and Rome.—New Orleans Picayune.

### St. Alban and His Teacher.

By some strange irony St. Alban, the martyred but possibly mythical Roman soldier, whose festival falls on June 22, has quite overshadowed his probably historic instructor, St. Amphibalus, whose anniversary comes on the following day. About Amphibalus we know that he was a native of Caerleon, which the golden legend expresses by dubbing him "a prince's son of Wales in grete araye." He was buried at Redbourne, but "translated" to St. Alban's abbey, where his cup was preserved, "which they of the common sort call St. Affabelle Bolle." In former times children were frequently christened with his name, and Affabell Partridge was goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth.—Westminster Gazette.

### Dunkirk's Fete of Lanterns.

One of the quaintest of the numerous yearly fetes still in honor at Dunkirk is the fete of lanterns, instituted many hundreds of years ago in honor of St. Martin, bishop of Tours, who died in 396, and who was one of the prelates by whose efforts the early inhabitants of these parts were converted to Christianity. As soon as dusk sets in the celebration commences, and all the urchins of the town congregate in the main thoroughfares. Each one bears a paper lantern, some of which are of considerable proportions, being shaped in the form of a ship or a flower. With lanterns in hand and blowing lustily on horns and trumpets, the crowd of youngsters parades the streets.—London News.

### Faith Cure Elephants.

The temple elephant in southern India is the object of great respect, for physical contact with him is supposed to do more good to the human body than the best medicine. Adult men and women warily feel his legs with their finger tips and press them reverently to their eyes, and ailing children are for a small consideration carried on his back the distance of a few strides that they may be cured.—Madras Mail.

### He Understood.

"Walk right in, dear. Your supper's ready, your slippers are right where you can find them easily, and your pipe and tobacco are on the writing desk, handy for you."

"All right, Molly," groaned the tired, suspicious husband. "You can get that new dress tomorrow."

### Knowledge.

Properly there is no other knowledge but that which is got by working. The rest is all yet a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try to fix it.—Carlyle.

### The Good and Beautiful.

To see the good and the beautiful and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountain of Nebo, with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see it.—Olive Schreiner.

### Cheerful.

Hook—Jones is the most melancholy fellow I know. Rook—I should think so, indeed. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to be his widow.

### Rolling on a Barrel.

The public in general and life savers in particular should be warned of the danger and folly of rolling on a barrel the bodies of apparently drowned persons. This process has never yet helped to resuscitate, though it has undoubtedly killed many, half drowned persons. The idea that it "pumps out" the water is entirely fallacious. In the first place, no water enters the lungs of a drowned man till he has been absolutely dead for many hours. In the second, the removal of water from the stomach is quite a secondary consideration compared with the importance of re-establishing the action of heart and lungs, and rolling a body on a barrel is about the surest way of preventing both heart and lungs from resuming their normal functions. Artificial expansion and contraction of the chest by alternately stretching the arms above the head and compressing the chest with them is the correct first aid to the apparently drowned, but never can rolling on a barrel be anything but deleterious.—New York Times.

### Pretty Thin Coffee.

During one of George Graham Vest's campaign tours in the early nineties it was necessary for him to sojourn overnight in the town of St. Charles. The best hostelry the place afforded was poor enough, and at breakfast Vest was especially put out by the stuff that was placed before him for coffee. After having sampled the beverage Vest, with a frown, called for the proprietor. When that individual appeared the senator asked, with a wave of his hand toward the offending liquid smoking innocently before him, "Sir, what is this stuff?" "Coffee," meekly replied the proprietor, somewhat taken aback. "Coffee!" repeated Vest in fine scorn. "My friend, I could insert a coffee bean in my mouth, dive into the Missouri river, swim to the town of Alton, Ill., and I'll guarantee that one could bail up much better coffee than this, sir, over the entire route!"

### How to Detect Base Coin.

Several cases of making and circulating counterfeit coin have been heard at the central criminal court during the last few days, and at the conclusion of one of the cases the foreman of the jury asked the authorities if they would take a suggestion from twelve business men who during the year had to deal with considerable sums in silver coin. There was, he said, a most simple test for the detection of base coin. It was to sharply cut the milled edge of a good coin against the milled edge of the suspected coin. If spurious the metal would almost immediately begin to shave off. After making a personal test the common sergeant said he quite agreed with the suggestion of the jury as to the usefulness of the test and said it ought to be made known.—London Queen.

### The Sachem of Pokanoket.

The sachem of Pokanoket, known in the history of New England as King Philip, was the youngest son of Chief Massasoit. His Indian name was Pometacom, but his father was friendly to the English colonists, who gave him the name of Philip. His warfare upon the settlers some fifty years after the first landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth rock harassed them greatly, but Philip was at last killed at New Hope, and the war thus ended. The title of king corresponded better with his English name than the Indian title of sachem would have done.

### Danish English.

The following advertisement is from a Danish paper: "The hotels charmingly situation, surrounded of a nice garden the good cuisine, the kindly accommodation with moderate charge and good conveyances with easy occasion for salmon and trout fishing, the ascending of the surrounding mountains has done this place well known and praised of all travelers. N. B.—The Landlord is spoken English very good."

### The Siege of Lisbon.

When Lisbon was besieged by the Spanish in the fifteenth century such Portuguese as were captured were maimed. Their eyes were put out, their noses, lips or ears were cut off, their finger nails or fingers amputated, and in this miserable plight they were sent back into the city with the announcement that when it was taken all the defenders would be similarly treated.

### Refused the King.

Henry VIII. had six wives. The most extraordinary ambition was displayed by the fair sex in general to obtain the dangerous distinction of being his queen. One instance alone is quoted of his meeting with a refusal and that was on the part of a witty Duchess of Milan, who replied to his offer that she unfortunately had but one head and could not afford to lose it.

He who does not improve today will grow worse tomorrow.—German Proverb.

**Weak Lungs Bronchitis**

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. Meyers, Washington, D. C.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

### Caterpillar Fever.

The symptoms of the ailment known to doctors as "caterpillar rash" are intense irritation on the palms, and sometimes on the face, accompanied by a number of blisterlike swellings which, when they occur round the eyes, sometimes have the effect of obstructing vision. The preventive is to leave hairy caterpillars alone. As the "palmer worm," the hairy caterpillar of the gold tail moth, one of the commonest and most beautiful objects of the country at midsummer, passes from hand to hand, it leaves on every palm a few of its loosely attached hairs, and those hairs are possessed, for the protection of the caterpillar against birds and browsing animals, of what scientists call "urticating properties." "Urtica" is the Latin for "nettle." Many other hairy caterpillars are almost as bad as the "palmer worm," and as a general rule the less you handle any hairy caterpillar the better.—London Mail.

### The Benefit of Exercise.

Exercise does for the body what the mountain side does for the stream of water. When the water runs down the mountain side it is a babbling brook, leaping out into the air now and then, throwing itself into spray, exposing itself to the air and sunshine and the waters are crystal pure. In the valley or on a level plain the waters may form stagnant pools and get covered over with slime of all sorts and inhabited by all kinds of filthy creeping things. Some people let themselves get into the condition of that stagnant pool and then wonder why the frogs croak in their brains and why the birds do not sing instead. When a person gets into the condition where the body is like a stagnant pool a radical change must be made in his life. He must begin by getting vitalized, new blood into all his cells and tissues.—Good Health.

### Jackson In Triumph.

After the battle of New Orleans, says Thomas E. Watson in his magazine, when the victor had been crowned with laurel in the cathedral and acclaimed like a demigod through the streets, it was of his mother that he spoke to the officers whom he was about to disband—their glorious work being done. "Gentlemen, if only she could have lived to see this day!" As you follow the narrative of Andrew Jackson's career, you will hear him say many things that you will not approve, will see him do many things which you cannot applaud, but when you recall that at the very top notch of his success and his pride his heart stayed in the right place and was sore because his mother could not be there to gladden her old eyes with the glory of her son you will forgive him much in his life that was harsh and cruel and utterly wrong.

### Sweetheart of "Robin Adair."

"Robin Adair" was written by Lady Caroline Keppel, the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Robin was a real character, a young Irish doctor who had been forced by a scandalous adventure to leave Ireland and seek his fortune in England. Chance threw a rich patient in his way, a lady of quality, and at her house he met Lady Caroline, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her parents objected and sent her away, and during her absence she produced the song.

### England's Youngest Bride.

The youngest bride who was ever led to the altar in England, so far as we can discover, was little Catherine Apsley, who had only seen four summers when she became the wife of the first Earl Bathurst, who was exactly double her age. The tiny ring worn by Catherine on this occasion, over two centuries ago, is still preserved. Lord Bathurst survived to see the eighty-third anniversary of his wedding day, while his lady was a wife for seventy-six years.—London Chronicle.

### Objection Removed.

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living, didn't you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class."

"Well, it's all right now. May he call tonight?"

"Has some one left him a fortune?"

"No, but he's lost his job."—Cleveland Leader.

### Wanted Some of the Same.

A little boy was taken by his father into a cafe for dinner. As they were eating their dessert the father handed the waiter a bill, which that worthy carried to the cashier's desk, returning presently with a little pile of change on a silver plate. Robby's eyes grew bright. "Oh, papa," he said, "I'd like a plate of that too!"—New York Herald.

### Gounod's Progress.

"As you advance further in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will come to think of the great poets of the past as I now appreciate the great musicians of former times. When I was your age I used to say 'I;' at twenty-five I said 'I and Mozart;' at forty, 'Mozart and I;' now I say 'Mozart.'"

### Familiar With His Habits.

First Disconsolate Widow—Are you going to the medium's tonight to see if you can get a message from your husband? Second Disconsolate Widow—No, it isn't any use tonight. Saturday night was always the night when he went off to spend his salary.—Somerville Journal.

### Had Noticed It.

Church—Did you know that pigs were afraid of water? Gotham—Well, I noticed today on a car, when it began to rain, all the end seat hogs got up in the middle of the car.—Yonkers Statesman.

### Delicate Operation.

"Yaas," suddenly declared Cholly Braneless, "I'm going to work. I've made up my mind."

"You have?" exclaimed Miss Peppery. "My! What a delicate operation!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Bringing It Home.

Her Father—What are you and young Shortleigh going to live on in case you marry? His Daughter—Well, if you must know, papa, look in the mirror.

### English Trains on Time.

The public service rendered by the British railway lines, the convenience to the traveler and the shipper, is far in excess of anything to be found in this country. The British isles are absurdly small when compared with our vast areas, and this of course simplifies the operating problems. There are no snowdrifts to delay schedules, no sections of crudely built track awaiting perfection, and the locomotives are never far from their home shops. Yet even with allowance for these advantages both freight and passenger traffic are habitually handled with a regularity and certainty that deserve the highest degree of praise. In any large terminal in England the number of passenger trains that arrive either exactly on time or a minute or two ahead is far greater than that of trains even the least overdue. Five minutes is usually a safe margin for an important connection. At Finsbury Park, a suburban station just outside London, trains pass on an average of one every two minutes night and day, yet this tremendous traffic is handled with clocklike precision.—Ray Morris in Atlantic.

### Queer Russian Ways.

If you drive through a Russian village about 10 p. m. you will be struck by the absolute quiet that pervades the scene. Not a creature, man or dog, is visible moving about. The place has the air of a deserted village. Suppose by some rare untoward chance you come upon a group of men standing together, apparently in conversation, you will notice that they speak in subdued tones, and, wait so long as you please, you will never hear them laugh. The cause is simply this: These Russian peasants believe in evil spirits; but, unlike the Chinese, they believe that they are attracted, not frightened, by sounds. And so if some unlucky fate decree that the moujik be out of doors after 11 p. m. he is a painfully silent man. This feeling also extends to some of the southern towns. Kiev, the holy city of Russia, is a model in this respect. After 10 p. m. you may practically have the streets to yourself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### Bearing Another's Burden.

That it is not impossible to ring a new change on woman's aversion to telling her correct age has been proved by the rector of a New York church. He does not appear to be more than fifty years old, but declared to an inquiring parishioner that he was seventy-five and added, "I shall be seventy-seven my next birthday."

"The other evening," he explained, "my wife and I computed that our combined ages foot up to a hundred years. Now, of course, no lady is ever over twenty-five years old, so to keep peace in the family I suppose I must say I'm seventy-five."

"But why will you be seventy-seven your next birthday?"

"Because my wife's birthday and mine happen to fall on the same date, and"—with a sigh of resignation—"of course I shall have to shoulder both of them."

### Presidential Coincidences.

John Adams was eight years older than his successor, Thomas Jefferson; he eight years older than James Madison; he eight years older than James Monroe, and he eight years older than John Q. Adams. George Washington ended his term as president in his sixty-fifth year, and so, too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day, July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. One other president, James Monroe, died on July 4. His death occurred in 1831.

### Perfect Features.

In a perfect face every feature should bear a certain proportion to every other feature. The width of the face should be equal to five eyes. The distance between the eyes should be exactly equal to one eye. Another important relation is that between the eyes and the mouth. The width of the eyes should be equal to two-thirds that of the mouth. The nose should be equal in length to the height of the forehead, of a regular shape and precisely defined outline.

### Enjoyments.

I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself and never let them annoy others.—Southey.

### She Knew.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?"

"Jasper," replied Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."

### A Difference In Kicks.

People are queer. If a man's neighbor is kicked by a horse the neighbors are serious and concerned for the injured man's welfare. But if the neighbor is kicked by a mule, the best the neighbors can do for him is to laugh.—Kansas City Journal.

### Would Be More Careful.

Heavy Father (violently)—Now, see here, Molly, don't let me catch you and young Dovecot flirting together in the conservatory again. Guileless Daughter (demurely)—No, father, you shan't.—Bystander.

Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.—Schreiner.

### Romance Versus Reality.

Cumback—What became of that pretty Miss Dreamer who used to declare she would never marry until a handsome knight rode into town on a fierce charger with a glittering sword by his side and claimed her for his own? Homer—Oh, after breaking into the spinster class she was married to a man who drove two chargers hitched to a milk wagon, and she did remarkably well at that.—Chicago News.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1906.

## *A PROSPEROUS OUTLOOK.*

Undeniably business has been rather dull in this city for a year or two, but it will revive, signs of which are already apparent, and there are no real grounds for discouragement on the part of our business men.

A glance around the town will bear out these remarks, and dispel fears for the future. Building operations are a fair index to the business of a community. What is being done in this line in Woburn? In the way of public works our city is erecting a 125,000-dollar schoolhouse, that will be an ornament and great benefit not only to the schools but generally. This is to be ready for occupancy by Jan. 1, 1907. The city is also building a commodious, up-to-date, brick 8,000-dollar hosehouse at Central Square for No. 6, and when completed will be as fine as anything of the kind in the county. St. Charles Parish has in course of erection a large, handsome and costly parochial schoolhouse on the site of the Freeman machineshop, which will add much to the character of our public buildings. These important works now employ a large number of skilled mechanics, and are a help to present trade. Besides these, the General Government has appropriated $12,000 for a site for a postoffice, bids for which have already been forwarded to Washington. This recognition by Congress of Woburn's importance as a business centre and faith in its future growth is in the brightest degree encouraging, and our people feel proud of it.

In addition to these favorable works and signs, our real estate men report the erection of some residences and improvements of homes. Taxes are coming down; our municipal affairs are in satisfactory hands; and a more bouyant and hopeful feeling prevails among business men.

## *PROMOTED.*

Mr. Dana J. Flanders, for many years General Passenger Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and one of their most valuable officers, has been promoted to the responsible position of Passenger Traffic Manager of the Company, and after a half year's leave of absence, or on May 1, 1907, which he is to devote to American and European travel, will enter on the discharge of the duties thereof. His successor as General Passenger Agent is Mr. C. M. Burt from the Central Railroad of New Jersey, a man splendidly equipped for the work of that Department.

Mr. Flanders is one of the ablest and most widely known railroad men, in the passenger line, in this country. His home is in Malden, where he is held in the highest esteem, and whose people, as well as everybody else, warmly congratulate him on the call he has received from the B. & M. Co. to come up higher.

## *REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICTS*

As per public notice the Middlesex County Commissioners held a meeting last Tuesday to divide the County into Representative Districts.

The 20th consists of Woburn, Reading, North Reading, Wilmington and Burlington, the last three being added to the old District, an increase of population demanding it.

The town of Stoneham alone constitutes a District—the smallest in the county.

Winchester and a part of Medford form a District as heretofore.

☞ Surprise is frequently expressed by citizens of good morals and standing that so many kitchen barrooms are allowed to do business unmolested in this city. That they are numerous and fearlessly carry on their traffic is well known. Court records and street scenes prove this beyond controversy. That licensed liquor sellers are wholly to blame for this condition of things, or that the police are responsible for it, nobody believes. It is for the interests of the licensees to close kitchen barrooms, and the police obey orders, whether direct or tacit. In the campaign last fall the assurance was given that if the rum party were defeated all laws would be strictly enforced by the new administration during the present year. This was to be especially true of the liquor laws. Has the pledge been kept? How many raids of kitchen barrooms have been made in this city since Jan. 1, 1906?

☞ In Boston politics is hot, but outside everything appears to be quiet. Moran and his lieutenants keep the pot boiling, although the Bourbons profess to see an ominous lull and considerable falling off of enthusiasm in his campaign. The plan to choose Tom Lawson as Moran's running mate has slumped through, so it is reported, and on just who that honor will fall is not known. Judge Dewey, a Republican of some prominence in certain ways, threatens to make it warm for Gov. Guild, but his followers are few and scattering. It is not likely that he will cut much ice in the campaign At last accounts Eugene N Foss still adhered to his determination to run for Lieut. Governor against Draper, and beat him, if he can. That last sentence is well put in.

☞ The order introduced by Ald. Wallace at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening to buy two horses for Hose 6 instead of one was a step in the right direction. The same remark applies with equal force to Ald. Feeney's order to buy two horses for Hose 1. Both were sent to the Finance Committee and deserve to be favorably reported on. Ald. Wallace said that the No. 6 carriage, with no men on it, weighs nearly 3,400 pounds, which anybody with a modicum of common sense can see without stopping to think about it is too much of a load for one horse to haul when responding to a fire call. The Finance Committee oughtn't to stop a minute to report the orders, nor the Council to put them through.

☞ Already two candidates for the Republican nomination for State Senator have made their appearance in Medford, and each of them, with his partisans, is putting up a stiff fight for it We were not aware that the Republican leaders in the towns and cities composing the 6th District had determined on where the nominations should begin and how run, but this may have been attended to without our knowledge. If Medford is to lead off then, we suppose, the Republicans of that city will be allowed to choose their candidate and the rest of the District turn to and elect him. The same rule to apply thereafter.

☞ The Massachusetts Press Association are to hold a meeting and indulge in a summer outing at ancient Plymouth on next Monday, August 13, Providence permitting. Plymouth Rock, sacredly preserved under a noble granite canopy as the first trod by Pilgrim feet, when they landed on these inhospitable shores Dec. 20, 1620; Pilgrim monument; Memorial Hall; the graveyard of our pious emigrant ancestors; will be visited by the newspaper scribes, and a fine fish dinner with potable trimmings in abundance, disposed of. We wish them much joy.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

G. Place—Wanted.
J. H. Hern—Monuments.
Hammond & Son Co.—Sale.

— Mrs. A. D. Ditmars and daughter are in Nova Scotia.

— C. B. & P. T. Strout spent last Sunday at Ogunquit, Me.

— Flossie M. Gott is at Brooklin, Maine, for a vacation visit.

— Miss E. M. Brown of Arlington Road is at Falmouth Heights.

— B. T. H. Porter and wife have returned from Pine Point, Me.

— Miss Mabel Moore is at Little-John's Island for her vacation.

— Mrs. Lizzie M. Allen of Church avenue is taking her vacation in Maine.

— A Boston correspondent of the JOURNAL says Abijah Thompson is at Ogunquit, Me.

— Dr. Benny Lewis and family of Cleveland avenue have returned from their vacation.

— Mrs. G. F. Hartshorn and her two sons, Walter and Lester, are at Jackson, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. William Sentner of Bow street are entertaining a neice of Mrs. Sentner.

— Capt. William C. Parker and family of Arlington Road are to visit relatives at Erie, Penn.

— Herbert Dennison is again at his post of duty at the drugstore corner of Main and Walnut streets.

— Misses Lottie and Nellie Callahan, and Miss Edith Estabrook are spending their vacation at the mountains.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hill and daughters are occupying a cottage at camp Ellis, Old Orchard Beach.

— Miss Nellie J. McCarthy, chief clerk in the postoffice, is taking her fortnight's vacation in Vermont.

— Major H. C. Hall has furnished us with late Norridgewock, Maine, papers for which we return thanks.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin of First church choir left here last Monday for her home at East Washington, N. H.

— The alarm from box 69 at 2 40 Monday afternoon was a false one, the box being pulled by some malicious person.

— The contract for plumbing the new hose house at Central Square has been awarded to Chester L. Smith of this city.

— Many people are housing their stocks of coal for winter. August seems to be the favorite month for doing so.

— E. B. Blanchard, formerly of this city, is connected with Frank T. Morrill & Co., ink makers and sellers of Boston.

— William Stevenson has gone to New York for his vacation. He is foreman of the Woburn Machine Co's establishment.

— Miss Anna Cummings, bookkeeper for the coal firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., is enjoying her vacation at Pine Point, Maine.

— Rev. Dr. Calkins of the Montvale church is at Gloucester for the rest of this month. There will, however, be preaching every Sunday.

— Miss Claire Shay, one of Braintree's popular school teachers, returned home today after a two week's delightful vacation with friends here.

— Miss Ellen M. Dow, her sister and visiting friend, take their vacation outing by piecemeal, and return home on Pleasant street every evening.

— Mr. Griffin Place, Real Estate dealer at 428 Main street, wants a house, barn and land, as will be seen by his notice in another column.

— An immense crowd of people attended the National Band concert last Friday evening, and were well paid for coming out, for it was a splendid musical treat.

— Mr. John Bradley and Mr. Thomas Kearns have returned from a delightful vacation at Warren, N. H., which is at the base of the White Mountains.

— Representative H. S. Riley has returned from a vacation outing passed at Bridgton, Oxford county, Maine, not far from Sebago Lake, a popular summer resort.

— We return our sincere thanks to Miss Helen Sylvester, the gifted young favorite of this city, for a handsome postcard bearing a picture of a piece of St. Johnsbury (Vt.) scenery.

— Mrs. Oliver Sevrens and daughter Grace, and their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Wilkins of Lexington, are summering on one of the 365 islands in Casco Bay, Maine.

— James Bryenton, clerk, spends his vacation at West Lebanon, York county, Maine, the ancestral home of Mr. T. Marvin Parker, and a town noted for the fine quality of its huckleberries in the summer time, and hard cider in winter evenings.

— Dr. S. W. Kelley and wife are taking their vacation in Maine.

— Mrs. Maud Jones, daughter of Capt. J. M. Ellis, and children are at Nahant.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to give another concert on the Common this evening.

— Mrs. Charles F. Lyford, daughter of Mrs. Garland, has been visiting here. Her home is at Milford.

— Mr. and Mrs. Chester R. Smith of New Jersey have been circulating among friends in this city during the last few days.

— Miss May Holland, bookkeeper at the Boston Branch grocery store and her sister Annie are taking their vacation in New Hampshire.

— At a meeting of the City Council the other night Ald. Feeney blocked the sale of the schoolhouse bonds. It was not a very praiseworthy job.

— Latest advices inform us that Mr. George G. Hart, of the Hart express, and lady are taking their vacation delights in the good Green Mountain State.

— Rev. Fr. J. J. McCafferty of St. Thomas church Jamaica Plain is to conduct a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre near Quebec, the same to start from Boston Friday evening, Aug. 17.

— James Rooney, a likely graduate from the JOURNAL office back in the 90s, now employed as a linotype operator on the New York *World*, is visiting his home and family on Border street.

— The patent leather factories are resuming operations full handed after a brief lull in manufacturing, which means more business in the city. Woburn is a great centre for patent leather.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson reported to the JOURNAL office 95 in the shade at 2 o'clock last Monday afternoon. On his breezy hill on Court street it was 92 in the coolest place that could be found.

— The Edison Company are widening their business in this city as fast as demands require. They have just extended their house circuit on Cross street in compliance with the requests of citizens.

— It is expected that the Democratic City Committee will turn their party in Woburn over to Moran without a dissenting voice. That is what a leading Democrat said to a JOURNAL man the other day.

— Miss Hannah Reardon, the telegraphic operator, clerk and newsdealer at Holdridge's store, goes off on no long, hot and tedious vacation tours, but sensibly takes the comforts of the season at home.

— The wife and daughter of Mr. J. Foster DeLand, the energetic successful and popular General Manager of the Hammond & Son Co, Principal Clothiers, are at North Conway, N. H., the "Paradise of Artists."

— Edward H. Lounsbury, Esq., has removed his law office to the Oliver Building 141 Milk street, Boston, where, we understand, he has a plenty of clients. He is a sound headed Lawyer and successful Advocate.

— Mr. Hern has completed and set up a large imported Scotch granite monument on the lot of A. V. Haynes in memory of his wife and daughter. It is six feet high, highly polished on four sides, and is easily seen from Salem street.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis invited Mr. George Buchanan and Col. W. T. Grammer to take a fish dinner with him at Nahant, and at 1 o'clock this afternoon the trio will start in an auto for that famous seaside resort and the dinner table.

— Miss M. Louise Bacon, a writer in the insurance office of S. B. Goddard & Son, is at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, of which our former esteemed fellow townsmen, Ruggles & Turnbull, are the popular landlords. May she enjoy her vacation.

— Frank McKittrick, formerly engineer at the Merrimac Chemical Works at N. W., after serving three years on the Woburn police force, has resigned and returned to his old employment, for which favorable inducements were offered by the Company.

— John Hardy would have drowned in Silver Lake, Wilmington, last Sunday but for the prompt action and hard struggle of John F. O'Brien of this city who risked his life to save the drowning man. He was successful, but both were greatly exhausted when they reached the shore.

— Three weeks more of vacation, then home again for the wanderers. And, on the whole, how much better off or how much more rested and satisfied with their summer outings are they than they would be had they remained at home, or are those who did not leave quiet home life for seaside and mountains?

— Miss Elizabeth Page, who will be 85 years old tomorrow, Aug. 11, was a guest of Mrs. Harriet Sawtelle on her 82d birthday anniversary last Tuesday. She is in the enjoyment of good health, and bids fair to meet the hope of her friends that she may stay here to celebrate many more birthday anniversaries.

— Lightning last Saturday night gave Supt. Spencer and his men a plenty of work to do in the shape of bursted water mains. It occasioned so many breaks that he and his helpers had to work all Saturday night and Sunday to mend them, and when all was finished they were pretty well jagged out.

— Tomorrow the 5th Regiment M V. M, will go into camp at South Framingham for a week's duty. If precedents are followed, hot weather may be depended on. On the 18th the Regiment go to Ottawa, Canada, to be the guests of the 43d Regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles. The boys expect to have a splendid time.

— Work on the new schoolhouse is progressing in the most satisfactory manner. The little hitch between the architect and contractor was smoothed over last week and work at once resumed. It did not amount to much, and Mayor Linscott found no difficulty, with his colleagues on the Board, in bringing the parties to a harmonious basis of action.

— Mr. Peter P. Meehan, letter carrier, has the sympathy of this community in the loss of his good wife who died suddenly at the Mass. General Hospital last Tuesday in consequence of a surgical operation. The funeral was held yesterday. Mrs. Meehan was an estimable woman and had many friends.

— Miss Mary Lennon, daughter of Mr. Timothy Lennon and sister of Charlie, the B. & N. motorman, of Court street, was given a delightful birthday surprise party by her young friends last evening at her home. It was a very pleasant one. She received fine presents, and the hours were spent with music, amusements, and an elegant collation. It was indeed a surprise party.

— An appreciative review of the life of Harry T. Goold, who died at his home in Lexington two weeks ago, appeared in the last issue of the Arlington *Advocate*, and also in a recent issue of the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Times* Previous to his settling in Lexington Mr. Goold had been a resident of Woburn for 25 years and commanded here the respect of everyone who knew him. He was an honest, upright man, a good citizen, and esteemed as a neighbor and friend.

— About 6 years ago the Mercering Co. brought suit against the Hampton Co. and others for infringement of patents and royalty, in the trial of which Mr. William W. Crosby, then Principal of the Lowell Textile School, was summoned as an expert witness. Manufacturers of textile fabrics all over the country were involved in the legal controversy, and the suit was desperately fought by both sides, for an immense amount of money was at stake. A few days ago the Supreme Court handed down a decision which gave judgment for the party in favor of which Mr. Crosby, and other textile experts, gave testimony about a year ago, which, of course, was highly gratifying to our popular young townsman.

— Last Tuesday, August 7, 1906, Mrs Harriet Sawtelle, widow of the late Joseph A. Sawtelle, a former business man of Woburn, reached the ripe age of 82 years. The anniversary was observed at 7 Franklin street in a manner pleasing to all concerned in it. Mrs. Sawtelle is the aunt of Mrs. Frank A. Winn and her sister, Miss Carrie W. Thompson, both of No. 6 Highland street, of Mrs. John R. Carter, and is related to other people in this city. A resident here of many years, of kindly disposition, socially inclined, and highly esteemed, Mrs. Sawtelle has a great many good friends in Woburn and elsewhere whose kind regards and congratulations she is the recipient of in her old age, and exhibitions of which she is grateful for. The celebration was a modest affair, but very pleasant.

— A microscopic search failed to discover more than two business men of this city here at home between 9 a m. and 6 p. m. on last Wednesday, or Merchants Day, and they were L Waldo Thompson, trader; and Joseph H. Buck, Deputy Sheriff. There may have been others, but, if so, our reporter failed to find them. To a disinterested observer casting an eye from the vantage point of a 3 sided 2d-story bay window the above named brace of eminently respectable citizens, when perambulating the streets that day, appeared to feel lonely and unhappy, and to regret that they did not join the ninety and nine, several times multiplied, and go to the beach in the morning for fun and a shore dinner. The rain stopped and the weather cleared at nine o'clock on Merchants Day, Aug. 8, and a nearly perfect day followed. Merchants and clerks betook themselves to various resorts, chiefly to the beaches, and enjoyed their annual outing in the most agreeable and praiseworthy manner. It is meet thus to throw off business cares, suspend work for a day, and go out and have a good time.

— For several days previously it had been plenty warm enough for comfort, but on Sunday, Aug. 6, following rain Saturday evening, heat and humidity got a grip on the weather to such an extent that life came pretty near to being unbearable. In this city on Sunday thermometers indicated 90 degrees in the coolest places that could be found; evening brought scarcely any relief; but Monday was worse yet. A temperature of 97 was reached in some localities; 95 was a common report; and the air reeked with hot water. Heat and humidity had it all their own way, and humanity panted and suffered There was no relief anywhere, except in icehouses and down cellar. Tuesday forenoon was a successful competitor for a torrid term prize; it was hot and muggy; but early in the afternoon the wind shifted into the S. E, the coolest quarter it could possibly blow from, and living immediately became more endurable. This particular wind is subjected to a great deal of abuse every spring and early summertime, but it was a welcome visitor last Tuesday, and no doubt many vows were recorded to abstain from abusing it hereafter. But they will be forgotten. The change of wind and temperature brought a refreshing rain on Tuesday night and Wednesday; people cooled off; and everything was lovely.

Attend To It Now.

September should see your Cemetery Lot at its best. Let us erect a Memorial before the snow comes. Best materials, best workmanship and prompt service.

JOHN H. HERN,
Salem St., - Woburn.
Woodbrook Cemetery.

— Hon. W. F. Davis and wife are at Flagstaff, Maine. W. F. Jr, is at home taking care of his political fences.

— Mr. J. F. DeLand, manager of the Hammond & Son Co, will go out on his vacation a couple of weeks hence. He and his wife will probably go to Paris Hill, Maine.

— The West Lebanon, Me., party consists of Mr. and Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. Effie, Mary and Norman Francis, Edith and Ethel Smith, Sadie and James Bryenton, Harry McDonald.

— Joyous over the arrival of a neat little fellow at the Central House a few days ago Mr. Anthony A. Doherty, the Landlord, gave all of his hotel employees the finest kind of an outing last Wednesday and paid the bills for it with a free hand.

— Miss Lou Merrill, granddaughter of Engineer Chase of Church avenue, is temporarily filling the office of Head Waitress at the Woburn Hotel on Bennett street. A big rush of nice young gentlemen boarders is expected at that hostelry as soon as it is known that Miss Lou is on deck there.

— Albert Cox of this city, had a narrow escape from serious injury last Monday morning, while on his way to work at Beggs & Cobb's shop. He was riding a bicycle, and when near Hudson street turned out to pass an ice team, and the front wheel of the bicycle caught in the track and he was thrown heavily to the ground.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp has returned from a short, delightful trip down through some of Rhode Island's gay summer resorts. He was in Newport during the celebration of "Old Home Week" and enjoyed it immensely. He also visited Rocky Point, one of the most popular "fish dinner" resorts in the country, and many other places, including Block Island.

— Last evening Mr. William W. Crosby and his mother, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby of Court street, left here for Sugar Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, to attend the annual meeting of the American Canoe Association, of which Mr. Crosby is Secretary, and today E. F. Wyer, F. Percyval Lewis and F. W. Cramphorn of Innitou Canoe Club and Mrs. Cramphorn, follow. The A. C. A. own Sugar Island and each Club belonging to it has a camp of its own there, that of Woburn being named Innitou Terrace. The meeting lasts two weeks, which time is devoted to all kinds of aquatic work and sports, and is the most notable canoeing event of the year and country. Mrs. Crrosby will make her headquarters at Gananoque Inn across from Sugar Island on the Canadian shore, and no doubt enjoy the great event with keen sportsman relish.

### A Friendly Letter.

WOBURN, August 8, 1906.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL: For many years it has been my pleasure to be a subscriber to your invaluable paper. Occasionally my eye has glanced over an item which went on to say the Editor had been entertaining some friend at his pleasant home. Simply passing over the item, little did I realize the full meaning of what it meant to receive the entertainment tendered by one of the craft.

Quite recently God, in his wonderful goodness, allowed me and mine to become fully acquainted in regard to this good thing. A few days ago there came to our humble home a sealed missive, which on opening, contained an urgent invitation to visit for a few days the home of an Editor of one of the brightest papers in the Old Bay State. Of course. we were jubilant. But the family exchequer was low. Notwithstanding this fact, this glorious opportunity was not to pass by without due consideration. So my partner of many years and myself counselled together for a long time. The final result of said counsel was, that if we should exclude from our table during the coming winter the delicacies which only occasionally graced it, possibly the depleted treasury would in due time be able to recover from this severe draft now made upon it.

Subsequently, donned in our best attire, Madam and self sallied forth to accept this kindly offer. In due time we arrived safely at our destination. The reception from host and hostess which awaited us and the unlimited hospitality extended would gladden the heart of an English Lord. Later on when we repaired to the ample dining room and placed our feet "under the mahogany," and saw before us the tempting viands so lavishly placed before us, we, indeed, thought it was "the time of our life."

In addition to all this was the intellectual feast which followed from the brilliant Editor and his excellent wife. The bright thoughts which were offered, the ready wit and quick repartee, gave to us the thought that we were in excellent company—and so we were.

When the time came for our departure it was with great reluctance that we turned our steps homeward, but with the feeling of the disciple of old "that it was good that we had been there." Our enjoyment will not end with our visit, for as we take up the duties and struggles of every day life our thoughts will turn backward to the pleasant outing of those few days spent in the cultured society of those charming people in the Editor's home, and, we doubt not it will be an incentive which will inspire us to higher motives and broader views of the goodness of mankind.

In the future, when we read in your paper, or any other of as high order, where the Editor has been doing the honors as host, we shall now understand the good fortune which has come to the much honored guest. We rejoice in the fact that we have awakened to a keener sense of realization of the largeness of the Editor's heart.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### In Memoriam.

After a long and severe illness Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Frederick W. Bosworth, passed away Saturday morning, August 4, at 1.30 o'clock, aged 74 years, 6 months, 1 day.

Mrs. Bosworth was born in Woburn, February 3, 1832, in the house now occupied by Mr. F. Chandler Parker, Arlington Road (formerly Canal street.) Her parents were Joshua and Almira (Coburn) Stoddard.

On June 10, 1858, she married Mr. Bosworth, and two children were born to them, a son, W. Frederick, who died several years ago, and a daughter, now Mrs. Henry L. Andrews. All her life had been spent in Woburn, where she had many friends who attested their friendship by many kindly acts during her illness, and by floral gifts on the day of her funeral.

The services were held Tuesday afternoon, August 7, at 3.15 o'clock, from the house, 12 Burlington street. Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian church officiated. Mr. George N. Parker sang two selections, "Far Away," and "All through the Night."

The bearers, all family relatives, were: Charles F. Lyford of Milford, Mass., Granville Garland, C. Walter Gilbert, and Henry L. Andrews. Interment was in the family lot in Woodbrook Cemetery, Woburn.

The surviving family are husband, daughter, Mrs. Hattie B. Andrews, and three sisters, Mrs. Catherine Pickett of Boston, Mrs. Helen V. Emerson, and Mrs. J. Augusta Garland of Woburn.

The funeral arrangements were in charge of Messrs. Dearborn & Fessenden.

Mrs. Bosworth was a woman of strong domestic tastes, and intensely devoted to home and friends. Friends she made she retained, and all were welcome to her home. She will be missed not only in the home, but by all who had acquaintance with her.

Her father, Joshua Stoddard, was keeper of the canal locks at Horn Pond, and many anecdotes relating to her early life and about the lock have been listened to with interest by those about her.

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## Democrats Confident Now of Defeating John B. Moran.

## WHITNEY MAY BE CANDIDATE

### Conservatives Think He Can Defeat District Attorney.

The Democratic leaders in Massachusetts feel much more confident today of preventing the nomination of District Attorney Moran than they have at any other time since he announced his candidacy. The characteristic methods of the district attorney are not as pleasing today to the Democratic masses as they were a few weeks ago. Some of the people can see through a millstone when there is a hole in it, and some of them have evidently begun to see through the tactics of Mr. Moran. The conservative Democrats have all along declared that his chief stock-in-trade was hot air, and that if he were given sufficient time he would prove their statements to the satisfaction of everybody.

There were many Democrats who assumed that Mr. Moran had only one object in view, that being to enforce the law. Since he announced his candidacy for governor they have been wondering whether there was not after all an ulterior purpose in all the fuss and feathers he was making. The old line Democrats declared that he was a four-flusher, that he had not made good as district attorney, and that whatever he had done was only a hot-air performance.

In the last week or two Mr. Moran has put his foot in it very completely. One of his first great mistakes, according to the view of conservative people, was his appointment of Felix McGettrick to investigate the alleged bribery of the great and general court of 1906.

### Another Error of Judgment.

He has just made another error in attacking the construction of the new normal school buildings in Boston, on the allegation that there was graft in connection with putting in the foundations.

When the charges were first made by Mr. Moran they caused a great sensation in the city. He alleged that the foundations were laid with much less than the necessary amount of cement mixed with sand and stone, and intimated that these foundations ought to be torn out and relaid. This was a very serious charge to make, and the schoolhouse commissioners immediately began an investigation of the matter. They appointed a commission of experts in that line of work, aided by architects of the highest standing, to look into the matter and report their findings. That report is a complete vindication of the work which has been done thus far upon the foundations of this group of buildings.

The conservative and careful Boston Transcript declares that rarely has a contracting company received a more complete vindication of its work than that given to the Worcester company, which is putting in the foundations for this group of buildings.

It is evident that Mr. Moran is not a sufficiently careful man to be governor of Massachusetts. He has neither the executive poise nor the executive care and discrimination. The collapse of his charges against the contractors at work on the normal school buildings may be prophetic of the collapse of the Moran boom for governor. Certainly the district attorney is not left in any enviable position. The commission which investigated his charges declare that the work on the new buildings is of excellent quality, and in every essential respect conforms to the specifications. The concrete construction is declared to have been thoroughly well executed in accordance with the terms of the contract and specifications, and is in every respect a proper and adequate foundation.

### Has He Overreached Himself?

The Transcript declares that Mr. Moran has "recklessly over-reached himself in his part in the transaction. He put his ignorance of construction against the experience and knowledge of experts. He took testimony from irresponsible witnesses, and his detectives seemed as far astray in their conclusions as he was himself. When he discovered that puddingstone was being used instead of trap-rock, he felt that his position was impregnable, though the fact that this was with the knowledge and approval of the authorities should have indicated to him that there was good reason for the change."

In the opinion of men of good judgment, Mr. Moran was looking for trouble to strengthen his political capital. He thought he had discovered it in the construction of the new normal school buildings. Without waiting for a careful expert investigation, he rushed in where a more prudent man would have declined to tread. The result of his attempt to discredit the schoolhouse commission and the contractors engaged upon the normal school buildings illustrates, better than anything else which has gone before, the methods of the district attorney. He does not like the petty details and ordinary duties of his office. He desires to deal only with large and dramatic offenses which will entitle him to place in the newspaper headlines, and where he cannot discover actual graft he seems to have it imposed upon him by credulous friends who bring him only trouble.

### Dewey is Discontented.

Former Judge Henry S. Dewey of Boston is out in what seems another attempt to divide the Republican party. Mr. Dewey was last fall a candidate for the Republican mayoralty nomination. He did not succeed in getting it, but Louis A. Frothingham of Boston did. Thereupon Mr. Dewey proceeded to run as an independent candidate and succeeded in defeating the election of a Republican mayor over John F. Fitzgerald.

To shine in the limelight seems to be one of his especial fads, and he sometimes takes sensational methods of compelling attention.

Mr. Dewey is not satisfied with the tariff views of Governor Guild, and thinks the governor should retire in favor of Lieutenant Governor Draper, because he believes that Mr. Draper is a "stand-patter," and that as such he best represents the rank and file of the Republican party.

However that may be, Governor Guild and Lieutenant Governor Draper both ran for office last fall on the same platform, which was for tariff revision immediately. The Republican delegation in congress from this state attempted to the best of its ability to secure tariff revision at the last session. They were, however, unable to convince a majority of Republican members in congress that immediate revision was advisable or necessary, and no action was had prior to adjournment. A great number of the western members of congress declared that while the country was so prosperous it would be folly to upset such prosperity by attempting to revise the tariff merely because Massachusetts demanded it.

The Boston Journal treats the position of Mr. Dewey as a huge joke not to be taken seriously by anybody, and as expressing merely an individual opinion which is by no means generally held. It makes fun of Dewey personally and of his position individually.

The Journal seems to believe that Dewey is angry because he was not appointed as head of the Boston police system rather than Stephen O'Meara.

### Was Quincy For Bryan?

The troubles of the Democratic party are not yet ended. The plans for the Bryan reception are giving some of them no end of trouble, notably Chairman Josiah Quincy of the Democratic state committee, and Mr. George Frederick Williams, the sage of Dedham, who was once the party leader in this state. Mr. Williams is much disturbed because Mr. Quincy is so prominent in the plans for the Bryan reception. It is evident that Mr. Williams neither loves nor trusts Josiah. He has met him before and experience is a wise teacher. Mr. Williams evidently does not believe that Mr. Quincy voted for Bryan, holding to the opinion that he probably bolted him for a gold Democrat or McKinley. Now comes Mr. Quincy and makes a formal denial of bolting Bryan. He also declares that he did not oppose his election, taking no part whatever in the 1896 presidential campaign. In 1900, he adds that he came home from Europe and took the stump for Mr. Bryan.

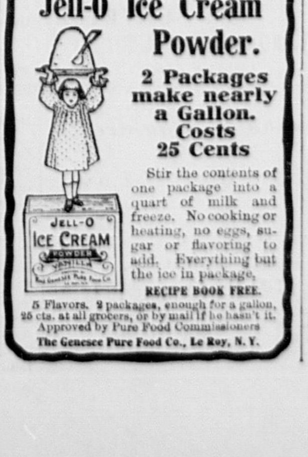
Mr. Quincy then proceeds to state that the chief menace to the candidacy of Mr. Bryan and to his success at the polls in 1908 comes not from the so-called conservative wing of the party, but from the political activities of the extreme radical or socialistic element. He recognizes Bryan as a radical but as a conspicuous opponent of socialism.

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.



Jell-O Ice Cream Powder.

2 Packages make nearly a Gallon. Costs 25 Cents

Stir the contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking or heating, no eggs, sugar or flavoring but the milk. Everything in the package.

RECIPE BOOK FREE.

5 Flavors. 2 packages, enough for a gallon, 25 cts. at grocers. If he hasn't it send his name and 25c.

Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

If You Want a Loaf of Bread

that is a bit better than any bread you ever ate, ask your grocer for Hathaway's Log Cabin Loaf (Malted.)

It contains pure malt and the richest milk, but that isn't all, we know how to make this delicious bread. Every loaf has a band around it with the words Hathaway's Log Cabin. Price 10c. at the grocer's.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Coffee Bargains

—AT THE—

Boston Branch Grocery

**Our Best Mocha and Java**
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

**Boston Blend Coffee**
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c. lb.

**Santos Coffee**
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

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Marked Down to Close
$8.00 and $10.

Outing Suits
will be closed out at
$5.00

All Our Straw Hats
AT JUST
One Half Price

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS
Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen W. Hinckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Benjamin S. Hinckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

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A STORE:
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Those desirous of sending a photograph of

**Dr. Daniel March**

to friends, can obtain one printed upon a post card, stamped for mailing.

Photo taken at church entrance 3 days before he became

**Four Score and Ten.**

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**Whitcher's PILL BOX**

**Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.**

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**To Please YOU**

is what we are here for. If you come here to buy perfume we know of no surer way to please you than to show you THELMA. We believe this because it has pleased everyone else especially people who know what's what! THELMA is delightfully sweet and delicate, a perfume of quality.

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**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
**Notary Public**
— AND —
**Justice of the Peace.**
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GO TO **BASS POINT**
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY **BOAT** FROM **LYNN**
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St., Woburn Mass.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 25, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 25, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

**WARD 5.**
**Non-Residents.**

JOSEPH PAUL LAVORE HEIRS OR DEVISES.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 290, 291 on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, 59. Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 255 and 256 on Plan A. Montvale Park Land Co.; easterly by lot 292 on said plan B, Montvale Park Land Co.; southerly by Elm avenue; westerly by lot 289 on said plan B.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 1½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Dragon court socalled, and being the third lot of land described in deed of Geo. Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 47

JOSEPH MARSHALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, near Dragon court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Aaron Weston; south-easterly by land now or late of Amos Nichols and being the second lot described in deed of George Porter to Joseph Marshall, dated December 26, 1881, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1589, Page 6.
Tax of 1904, 1 49

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 668, 669 shown on plan C, of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 642 and 643 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; easterly by lot 670 on said plan; westerly by lot 667 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

MOSES WILLIAMS, JR., ET AL., TRUSTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS TAX TITLE COMPANY.—About 3,309 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 608 shown on plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 607 on said plan; easterly by lot 609 on said plan; southerly by Perry street on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 18

PATRICK W. MCKENNA.—About 14,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 69, on plan of Woburn Agricultural & Manufacturing Co., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 2, Plan 29, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 78 on said plan; easterly by lot 68 on said plan; southerly by A street shown on said plan; westerly by lot 70 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JOHN H. PONCE.—About 3 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and J, shown on plan of lands belonging to L. K. Homans, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 27, Plan 44, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kinsman street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by a street shown on said plan; westerly by Mill street.
Tax of 1904, 9 80

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11, Block 6, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 59

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,798 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10, Block 2, shown on Plan No. 1 of Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 49

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 2,000 square feet of land being lot No. 2, Block 1, shown on Plan No. 1, Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 20

EDWARD E. LYON.—About 7,030 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19, Block 5, shown on Plan No. 1 of the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, at the end of Book 2451.
Tax of 1904, 39

MARGARET SHARKEY.—About 2,790 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 85, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 7 on said plan; easterly by Henshaw street on said plan; southerly by Sherman street on said plan; westerly by lot 9 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 59

ANNA B. SMALING.—About 4,882 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 166, 167, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Chase street; easterly by lot 168 on said plan; southerly by lot 200 on said plan; westerly by Pine street.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

JULIA E. WILSON.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 105, 106, shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly Bird street; easterly by lot No. 107 on on said plan; southerly by lots 139 and 140 on said plan; westerly by lot 104 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

EMMA TAINTER.—About 7,956 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 57 and 58 on plan of Suburban Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 95, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly lots 4 and 11 on said plan; easterly by Merrill street on said plan; southerly by lots 2 and 13 on said plan; westerly by Henshaw street.
Tax of 1904, 1 57

JACOB W. WILBUR—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 151 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 117 shown on said plan; easterly by lot 152 shown on said plan; southerly by Chase street; westerly by lot 150 shown on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 261 shown on Plan A of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Dale street; easterly by lot 262 on said plan; southerly by other land now or late of said Wilbur; westerly by lot 260 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 98

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 420, 421, shown on Plan B of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 4, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lots 384 and 385 on said plan; easterly by lot 422 on said plan; southerly by Gregg street; westerly by lot 419 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 5 acres and 36,165 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 1 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Nol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan; easterly by said lot No. 2 on said plan; southerly by Middle[illegible]; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 15 19

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 40 acres of land with dam and water privileges belonging thereto, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 2 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owners unknown; north-easterly by land now or late of Dearborn and by land now or late of Richardson Heirs, known as the Steele Lots; southeasterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lot No. 3, on said plan and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 1 on said plan and by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation.
Tax of 1904, 35 28

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres and 14,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 3, on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 2 on said plan about 137.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 13 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 298 feet; westerly by the Mill Pond known as lot No. 2 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 24 01

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 17 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 4 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of J. L. Brooks et. al. and land of J. Ames et. al. and land of Samuel Brooks; easterly by land of A. M. Morse; southerly by land now or late of H. R. Nelson et. al.; westerly by land of R. B. Eaton and land of Steele.
Tax of 1904, 5 88

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 17,219 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 5 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall and by the Weston Lot shown on said Plan and by land of Davis; easterly by land now or late of said Davis about 258 feet; southerly by land now or late of H. J. Nelson and by Mishawum Road; westerly by lot No. 13 on said plan.
Tax of 1904 7 84

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 7,280 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 6 shown on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by lot No. 7 on said plan; southerly by lot No. 7 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan about 262 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 13 acres and 10,755 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 7 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road; easterly by land of owners unknown; southerly by lots No. 9 and 12 on said plan; westerly by lot No. 8 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 211 68

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 7 acres and 7,855 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 8 on Assessors Plan 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 157 feet; easterly by lots 6 and 7 on said plan; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and lot No. 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1904, 6 86

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 20,514 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mishawum Road about 243.75 feet; easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 694.5 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 24,730 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 11 on Assessors Plan No. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by lot No. 8 on said plan; southerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 36.5 feet; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation about 585.75 feet.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 1 acre and 5,817 squre feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 13 on Assessors Plan N. 37, Vol. 1, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of owner unknown about 252.5 feet; easterly by lot No. 5 on said plan; southerly by Mishawum Road about 128 feet; westerly by lot No. 3 on said plan about 378 feet.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 415 to 443 inclusive, shown on Plan No. 2 Mishawum Additions recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 98, Plan 98, reference being hereby made to said plan and record for a more particular description.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398 and 399 shown on plan No. 2, Mishawum Addition dated June, 1896, Shown on Woburn Assessors Plan No. 14, Vol. 1.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ISABELLA E. WISWALL.—About 8 acres and 31,258 square feet land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of said Wiswall; easterly by land of Massachusetts Rifle Association; southerly by land of owners unknown; westerly by the Buch Meadow Brook.
Tax of 1904, 7 84

ALVAH WISWALL.—About 4 8-10 acres land situated in said Woburn, being lot I, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE FOR LONGWOOD HILL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 1 66-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot N, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 3 8-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot Q on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

About 2 96-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot T, on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 92

ALVAH WISWALL, GEORGE H. NEWHALL and GEORGE A. INGALLS, TRUSTEES LEPPINGWELL LAND COMPANY:—About 1 78-100 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn being part lot A, bounded as follows:—Northerly by land now or late of Wiswall; easterly by land now or late of Wiswall; southerly by land now or late of Bates Trustee; westerly by land of Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation and land of Wiswall.
Tax of 1904, 141 12

About 3 3-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot D shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 4 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn being lot E, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 4 41

About 6 1-10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot G, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 2 35

About 4 7-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot J, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 96

About 16 5-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot K, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plan; 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 12 54

About 4 6-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot M, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 3 43

About 2 29-100 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot R, shown on plan, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

About 8 9-10 acres land, situated in said Woburn, being lot H, shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, 160, Plan 8.
Tax of 1904, 7 06

About 4,000 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 6, shown on plan of Leppingwell Land Co., recorded at end of record book 2451, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 15 in said block; easterly by Edmund street on said plan; southerly by lot 17 in said block; westerly by lot 7 in said block.
Tax of 1904, 39

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

**Macullar Parker Company**

**Our August Price Reduction Sale is now going on in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Departments.**

Low prices on Men's and Youth's Outing Suits, Boys' Wash Suits and Men's and Boys' Shirts, Neckwear, etc. to clear up Spring and Summer Goods.

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**BOSTON**

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Woburn, Mass.

### Mrs. McSweeney.

When Mrs. Margaret McSweeney passed away last Friday afternoon, Aug. 4, 1906, at the residence of Mr. Bryan McSweeney, the insurance agent, 7 Munroe street, with whom she had made her home many years, this city lost its oldest inhabitant. She was born near the famous Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, on Dec. 26, 1808, and came to America more than 50 years ago. Coming of a long lived family, Mrs. McSweeney was a woman of strong vitality, and withstood the infirmities of extreme age as few others could. She left a son, Mr. Bryan McSweeney, and several grandchildren, from whom she received the kindest care and attention in her declining years.

The funeral was held on last Sunday afternoon at St. Charles church, the services being conducted by Rev. James F. Doherty.

### The End of The World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### Base Ball.

"Pete" Sears of the Winchester team played with the Woburn Knights last Saturday.

At the Park last Saturday the St. Charles and K. of C. teams had a dispute and the game was called off.

The St. Charles second team went to Malden last Saturday and gave the crack St. Mary team quite a scare.

The South Ends will play the strong Bennett A. C. team at Somerville next Saturday. McCarthy and Fallon will be the South End Battery.

North Woburn was scheduled to play Stoneham at Stoneham last Saturday, but on account of some misunderstanding between the manager and the players, it was postponed until tomorrow.

A series of games will be played between the Woburn A. C. team, winner of the July 4th purse, and the North Woburns, the first two to be played on Wednesday afternoons, and the third on a Saturday or Labor Day. The winning team will take the receipts of all the games.

### In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since. Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Board of Public Works.

The Board held a meeting on last Monday evening.

Eight bids for heating and ventilating the new schoolhouse, ranging for system 1 from $11,754 to $13,350; and for No. 2 from $10,576 to $12,207, were opened. The two lowest were retained, and checks returned to the other bidders. The contract was not let.

A new contract with the Edison Co. for lighting the streets, at a reduced scale of prices, was discussed and the matter tabled. An agent of the Edison Co. was present and argued in favor of a new contract.

### A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Burlington.

There are no smarter women of her age in this town than Mrs. Augustus Prouty. She is active, capable, and a true helpmeet to her husband. Last week Wednesday, August 1, was a gala-day at the Prouty home, for on that date Mrs. Prouty, the good housewife, reached the 80th anniversary of her birthday. It was made much of by the family and friends, who gathered at the homestead in goodly numbers to celebrate the event. The day was given up to congratulations, greetings, and the pleasures of feasting. The visitors brought tokens of love and esteem, and everybody was happy. Mr. and Mrs. Prouty received their friends and neighbors graciously and cordially, and good cheer prevailed. Mr. Augustus Prouty is one of Burlington's most highly respected citizens. He is an industrious and successful farmer, and may he and his spouse enjoy many more years of happy life.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—9th Sunday after Trinity. 7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 3, Margaret McSweeney, aged 97 years, 7 months, 8 days.

In this city, Aug. 4, Mary A., wife of Frederick W. Bosworth, aged 74 years, 6 months, 1 day.

In this city, Aug. 5, John F. O'Donnell, aged 42 years.

In this city, Aug. 6, William J. Griffin, aged 2 months, 7 days.

In Boston, Aug. 7, Catherine G., wife of Peter P. Meehan of Woburn, aged 43 years, 9 months.

### Literary Notices.

Three boys in a sailboat in a spanking breeze look out from the cover page of the August AMERICAN BOY. The names of Stratemeyer, Tomlinson, Alger, and Harbour stand out in the text in four stirring serials now running. Every boy knows that where these names appear there is something of interest to him. The title of the stories are additional evidence of their stirring character—In Defence of His Flag, The Camp-fire of Mad Anthony, The Young Book Agent, and Four Boys in Camp. But this is not all of the good material in this number. There are: Silver Prince, Follow Your Leader, Billy's Grit," Capturing a Python, The Nicknames of the States, The World Today, My Young Sportsman, Drums and Drummers, and the Butterfly, The Return of the Coyote, Hennipin and Fields, Sensationalists, Tom's Commission Houses, Robert E. Lee. Then there are puzzles, prize essays, clever work with a pocket knife, how to make dry batteries, chemistry for boys, workshop notes, photographs, stamps, coins, and curios, and interesting matter with reference to THE AMERICAN BOY Legion of Honor and the Order of THE AMERICAN BOY, with sprinklings of good advice from the editor. In addition there are over 80 illustrations. Subscription price, $1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**The Cool Way.**

One way to keep cool in Summer is to stop baking bread. What's the use of baking bread anyway when you can buy better bread than can be made in most homes?

CREAMALT BREAD (the oval loaf) is the richest and most satisfying bread ever made.

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### WINCHESTER.

Lawyer Samuel J. Elder and wife have gone to Europe for a continental tour and visit.

The Mystic Valley Trolley Club keep things humming. They make trips early and often, and greatly enjoy them.

The Winchester County Club are in a flourishing condition. They are in fine fettle—never more so than at the present time.

A new industry called the Manufacturing Equipment and Engineering Co. is about to be established here to be located on the McKay site. We expect a good deal of benefit from it.

Mr. Whitfield Tuck is a strong and zealous advocate of the nomination of Bryan for President, notwithstanding the radical change of principles that the Nebraskan statesman has recently experienced.

The Faultfinder and Grumbler has resumed his pen in the columns of the *Star*. His forte is growling. How easy it is to criticise others; and how hard it is to cast the beam out of our own eyes that we may see more clearly to pluck the mote out of our brother's eye!

Lewis Parkhurst, member and executive manager of the famous old business house of Ginn & Company of Boston, was given a rousing reception by members and employees of the firm one day last week, in honor of his 50th birthday anniversary. He is one of our most highly respected citizens.

Our folks are proud of the fact that Mr. Arnold Lawson, son of "Frenzied Finances" Tom Lawson, is to make his future home in this town, which is also his father's legal residence. He was recently married to Mrs. Lucie Mitchell of New York, and they are now on a honeymoon yachting voyage.

### Picking Peanuts.

The seeds of the peanut are planted like beans, and when the vines have come up and the nuts are ready for harvesting the farmer takes a cultivator especially made for that purpose and starts down the long rows. On either side of this cultivator are two long knives which sink into the ground sufficiently to cut the taproot of the vine. The same process is gone through with on the other side of the vine. The main root being thus severed and the ground loosened, the vines are lifted into shocks like corn. They are cured by allowing them to stand in the sun for about ten days, when a colored woman and children are sent into the field to pick the nuts from the vines. An average picker will pick about five bushels a day, for which he is paid at the rate of 10 cents a bushel.

### Material For 1,200 Eggs In a Man.

German scientists announce that the material for a man weighing 150 pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of 1,200 hens' eggs. Reduced to a fluid, the average man would yield ninety-eight cubic meters of illuminating gas and hydrogen enough to fill a balloon capable of lifting 155 pounds. The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make seven large nails, the fat for fourteen pounds of candles, the carbon for sixty-four gross of crayons and phosphorus enough for 820,000 matches. Out of it can be obtained, besides, twenty teaspoons of salt, fifty lumps of sugar and forty-two liters of water.

### Leading Authority.

"Mister," said the sad faced individual who had sneaked in the big skyscraper, "can I sell you the great 'Encyclopedia of Sporting Events?'"

"Nope," replied the busy man. "We have one encyclopedia of sporting events already."

"That so? Where do you keep it?"

"Why, we try to keep him on that stool over there, addressing envelopes. I mean the office boy, and he is an encyclopedia on everything from a game of skiddoo to the Olympic games."—Chicago News.

### Love Plants of West Indies.

"Did you ever hear of the love plant?" asked a sea captain who was showing several visitors over his craft the other day. "I have several in the cabin."

He showed three small leaves attached to the ceiling by strings. They were without any soil or foundation, but were green, and from each there sprouted a dozen or more little leaves, greener and fresher than the main leaf itself.

"During our last cruise in the West Indies," the captain continued, "I visited a deserted English fortress, which was grown over with shrubbery. A native plucked several leaves from a vine and told me to hang them somewhere and write the name of my best girl on them. 'If they die,' he said, 'she does not love you. If they sprout, she does.' I put my wife's name on one and my two daughters' names on the others. You see, although they have been without nourishment for three months, all three are sprouting well and my family's affections seem assured."—Philadelphia Record.

### Colors.

White is the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In the judge it indicates integrity; in the sick, humility; in the woman, chastity. Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love and royalty. White and red roses express love and wisdom. Blue, or the sapphire, expresses heaven, the firmament, truth from a celestial origin, constancy and fidelity. Yellow or gold is the symbol of the sun, of marriage and faithfulness. Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope—particularly of the hope of immortality and of victory, as the color of the laurel and palm. Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth or passion and suffering. Purple and scarlet signify things good and true from a celestial origin. Black corresponds to despair, darkness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death.

### A Rhapsody on a Mutton Chop.

When a primitive man wants breakfast he takes a sheep, kneels upon it, holds it between his legs and cuts its throat. He skins it, and, taking a slice out of it, fries it on the coals for breakfast. We also demand not less imperatively cutlets for our breakfast, but we manage it another way. We procure an individual some way off to kill the beast and another out of our sight to cook it. We have a paper frill put around the bone to disguise it, and set a pot of flowers straight before us to look at while we eat it; but, to the sheep—to the sheep—it can make little difference which way it is eaten. We still do our unclean work, but we do it by proxy. And it may be questioned whether what we gain in refinement we have not lost in sincerity.—Fortnightly Review.

### The Mineral Jade.

Most people have probably seen jade ornaments without having a very clear idea of the material of which such things are composed. Jade is an exceedingly tough but beautiful mineral, much of which is found in China. It is of five colors, the most highly prized jade being the white, yellow and green varieties. The rarest of all is red jade, but this is so scarce that it has no place in market valuations. The mineral is frequently found in the beds of streams, and in searching for it Mohammedans are generally employed, as it is believed that people of this faith are sensitive to its presence, and, like the dowsers or water finders, are affected with shuddering fits when passing over a place where jade is to be found.

### Animals Clever With Their Feet.

Goats are the most sure footed of our native animals. They can walk upright where the average human being would not crawl. Horses are the daintiest treaders, however, though they cannot climb. No horse will step on a man if it can possibly help it. It is a standing rule in cavalry regiments that if a trooper is dismounted he must remain perfectly still, when the whole column passes over him without injuring him. Camels are careless, on the other hand, and the man who came out unharmed from under the feet of a camel corps was not born to be run over by any beast or vehicle.

### Weighing a Hair.

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task," said the refiner of the assay office to a friend recently. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount of hair on a man's head and then weighing a single hair. The weight of the former divided by that of the latter will, of course, give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard I can show you." A long and straggling one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale which was inclosed in a glass case and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminum he piled up one arm until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three kilograms. "If you reduce this to figures," said the speaker, "it would require 8,000 hairs to weigh one ounce, [illegible]"—New York Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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Half Pints 15c. Pints 25c. Quarts 45.

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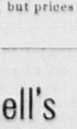

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# Her Masterpiece

By MATIE K. NAWN

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Coming through the hall Fred Dickson stopped to examine the long envelope lying on the hall rack. In one corner was printed "Barber's Publishing Company." He smiled in brotherly derision.

"Oh, Marge!" he called. "I guess this is your manuscript. Back from Barber's," he added maliciously.

Marge went to the door of her room and called down irritably:

"Well, you needn't publish it!"

"No; it would be better if they did," flung back her brother.

"It's funny," he mused, "but the things you don't want published are always getting into print, and the things you want to see in print end up in the 'masterpiece' trunk." This in reference to an old box in which his sister was wont to deposit her effusions after they had gone the rounds.

Marge came downstairs, digging her heels viciously into the carpet at each step.

"Where is it?" she asked.

With an obvious desire to be as annoying as possible her brother replied, "Where's what?"

Marge treated him to an eloquent silence. Suddenly she spied the envelope and pounced upon it. Then she flung into the sitting room and flopped angrily down on the rug before the fire.

For half an hour she sat there, reading and tossing aside the pages. The loud ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded with increasing monotony through the long, conscientious perusal. Finally she sighed.

"It wasn't any good," she confided to herself. "It was too long and too prosy, and the idea was old. Still," she added in self justification, "I've seen just as bad stuff as that published."

Her mother entered the room. Marge looked up at her with grieved eyes.

"It came back," she said in explanation of the pile of paper at her side, "and they'll keep coming back as long as I stay here. I'm tired of the city. If I could get away into the country where I could be absolutely alone day in and day out I could collect my thoughts."

Her brother chuckled irreverently.

"I could collect my thoughts," she repeated. "My brain is just seething with ideas, but the moment I begin to write somebody interrupts, and when I get back to my work the inspiration is gone. And," she added somewhat bitterly, "here I'm elbow to elbow with the everlasting economies we're forced to practice. It's always material things that receive the first consideration—it's the coal or the gas or something—all the time. If I could get out into the country for a couple of months, for a month even, where nobody knew me, where there was nothing to remind me of the interest and the water taxes, where I could feel for once in my life that writing was a recreation and not a grind, I could write a story that would be worth while. I know I could."

Mrs. Dickson stood silent during her daughter's tirade. The look of sympathetic understanding in her eyes gave place to a harmonious twinkle. "Marge is very young," she reflected, "and she certainly was never meant to be a writer."

Marge had been a stenographer to a successful author, but had lately resigned her position, electing to support herself and keep the family in luxury by writing. Mr. Bergen wrote little stories without beginning or end, for which he received fabulous checks. It was easy. She could do it too. She had "written," but her stories had all come back, and now she demanded to go away.

Mrs. Dickson sighed. "You were such a good stenographer," she said, but stopped abruptly at sight of her daughter's face. She took refuge under cover of the "previous question."

"I don't see how we can manage it, dear," she said gently. "There are so many bills to be met and soon the insurance money falls due. We might let that stand for a month or so," she said, avoiding her son's eyes.

"We can't do that," he said with asperity. "Marge can write here as well as in the country. She rattles on about the 'artistic temperament' and its 'requirements' and the 'proper environment' and all such nonsense. I've heard her at it time and again. Now, I don't know anything about the 'artistic temperament' and I don't want to, but up to date I've furnished the 'requirements' and the 'environment,' and that is where the 'artistic temperament' has got to sit up and take notice. As far as I can see, the 'artistic temperament' is a constitutional inability to turn brains into money. If Marge had had any sense she would have stuck to her typewriting and stenography. She was a good stenographer."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"And," her brother went on, "it isn't too late yet. You can write your 'masterpieces' on the side," he added humorously. "Tell you what, Marge," he continued more gently, "why don't you go to work for a couple of months and save enough for this trip?"

Mrs. Dickson brightened at the suggestion.

"But I've lost my speed," said Marge disconsolately.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then her brother strode out of the room and slammed the door.

"Don't mind him, dear," said her mother. "Men are all like that."

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Shortly after lunch next day the bell rang and Mrs. Dickson opened the door. A small boy confronted her.

"They's a telephone fer Miss Dickson at the drug store. She's to call her brother up," he said and was gone.

"Marge, oh, Marge!" called Mrs. Dickson.

"Yes, mother?"

"You're to call Fred up at once. The boy just came with the message."

Marge came downstairs and took her hat from the rack.

"I wonder what he wants," she said and left the house.

Fifteen minutes later she returned, breathless. "Fred met Mr. Roberts at lunch, and he told Fred he was in an awful fix. His stenographer had been taken very ill and had gone home, and he asked Fred if he knew a good girl who could substitute until she was well. Fred told him I would help him out, and it's $18 a week," she finished excitedly.

Her mother sighed, but there was a contradictory twinkle in her eyes. "It's too bad you haven't kept up your speed. Of course you won't be able to take the position," said her mother.

"Won't I? I guess I will! He wants me right away. It's the Mr. Roberts," said Marge lucidly.

Mrs. Dickson smiled. "And you can go to the country now, dearie," she suggested.

"Yes, if his stenographer only stays ill long enough—poor girl," she amended, feeling that her remark was more human than humane.

For a month Mr. Roberts' stenographer lay ill. When she came back, late in May, Marge packed her trunk and went into the country to "write her masterpiece."

Her letters home were frequent. In one she wrote:

"The country is glorious at this time of year. It grows lovelier each day. This morning as I sat beneath a fine old maple tree awaiting inspiration I was startled by a familiar voice, and who do you think it was? Mr. Roberts. He said he was city tired and wanted a whiff of pure country air. He doesn't know how long he'll stay. He says it all depends. I find him very congenial, although he laughs at the idea of women wanting a career. * * * I intended working this afternoon, but he has asked me to take a walk, so I shall have to postpone work until tomorrow."

Her letters glowed with accounts of pleasure trips taken with "Mr. Roberts," but only in the first was there any mention of work.

Mrs. Dickson remarked this to her son.

"Don't worry, mother," he said knowingly. "The kid'll come around all right. She's the writing bee in her bonnet, and she's stung some, too, but a sting isn't fatal, and the treatment she's taking now will effect a permanent cure."

His mother sighed.

"She was such a good stenographer," she said ruefully.

Two weeks later Marge came home, rosy and bright, with a new happy light in her eyes.

"The vacation has done you good, dear," said her mother. "I have never seen you looking better or happier," she added reflectively.

"Did you do any writing, dear?"

"Yes, read us what you've written, sis," said Fred.

"I—I—that is—well, it isn't—in shape yet to be read," replied Marge nervously.

Fred winked at his mother.

"But can't you give us some idea of it?" he persisted teasingly.

* * * * * * *

In the evening the "city tired Roberts" called. Marge met him at the door. His first words were, "Have you told them, dear?"

Marge hesitated.

"Oh, Billy, I couldn't!" she said at last. "I tried to, but Fred was horrid and teased me about my 'masterpiece,' and mother thought I had been working all the time I was away, and I couldn't tell them then. You do it, Billy," she said imploringly.

And Billy did.

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### Parentage of a Famous Joke.

Two attempts have been made by a contemporary to trace to its source a well known law courts joke. The first credited Sir Frank Lockwood with the jest; the second made the then Mr. Henry Hawkins its father. As a fact, the mot seems to have originated with the first Lord Chelmsford, then Frederick Thesiger. Sir Cresswell Cresswell was trying a case in which the name of a vessel was frequently introduced. When mentioned by Sergeant Channell, who was deficient in store of aspirates, the vessel was the Ellen; when alluded to by Thesiger she was the Helen. "Stop!" cried Cresswell presently. "I have got on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" In his blandest tone Thesiger replied, "Oh, my lud, the vessel was christened the Helen, but she lost her h in the chops of the channel." The joke will be remembered against the victim long after other records of him are forgotten, which makes it worth while to note that the only education he ever received was at a poor private school, but that he raised himself to the bench by industry which would be the death of most men.—St. James' Gazette.

### Past and Present.

"I don't want to ketch none of my darters smokin' them punk cigarettes," declared the horny handed son of toil.

"Your sentiments do you credit, sir," said the elderly boarder from the city.

"No, sir. A pipe wuz good enough fer their maw, an' a pipe has gotter be good enough fer them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Life Line on the Foot.

Starting from the base of the big toe there is a distinct line. That is the life line. In one foot it will curve along until it terminates under the instep far toward the lower base of the little toe. This means long life. If broken in the hollow of the foot it denotes a sickness at middle age, and if it terminates in the hollow of the foot it means a short life. This line is the most interesting one on the foot. The experiments that have been conducted have proved this to be an almost unfailing reading of longevity.

### Simon and Grevy.

Jules Simon said that the most exciting moment of his life was when he was trying to obtain a concession on tariff from a foreign diplomat with whom President Grevy was playing billiards. He whispered to Grevy to lose the game, but Grevy insisted on playing to win and relented only when he observed that the minister was in anguish.

### Language of the Heart.

The language of the heart which comes from the heart and goes to the heart is always simple, graceful and full of power, but no art of rhetoric can teach it. It is at once the easiest and most difficult language—difficult since it needs a heart to speak it; easy because its periods, though rounded and full of harmony, are still unstudied.—Bovee.

### Measure For Measure.

"And the name is to be"— asked the suave minister as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces.

"Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrinton Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks."

"Dear, dear" (turning to the sexton). "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—London Tit-Bits.

### Ready For a Test.

"Do you think that absence really makes the heart grow fonder?" inquired the young man who was not a particularly welcome caller.

"I have never given the matter much consideration," was the young lady's response. "Suppose you stay away for five or six years and we'll see."—Pittsburg Post.

### Known by Instinct.

To understand war, says the author of "A People at School," is an instinct. To illustrate the aphorism he tells a story of an English general whose understanding of sounds was phenomenal. One night, he says, after dinner they were all sitting talking at headquarters. They were expecting an attack, and sentries and pickets were posted far out beyond the stockade. Suddenly we heard one shot. Of course every one jumped up. The bugles sounded; the men fell in; the officers ran to their posts. General Symons alone had not moved. After listening intently for a moment or two he had sat down again. I myself was between two minds whether to go out with one of the parties hastily assembling outside or to stay with the general. So I stood irresolutely by the door.

"You can sit down,'" said Symons. "It is nothing. A sentry has let off his rifle by accident. That is all."

So it proved. While he was leaning upon his rifle it had gone off, and so had his fingers.

### Trying to Charm Away Epilepsy.

We need not go to Servia or Natal or farther than Devonshire to find superstitions. Only the other day in a Devonshire village a woman was supposed to have had epilepsy exorcised in the following way: She went to the village church, accompanied by twenty-nine married men, who left her sitting silent in the porch while they entered the building for service. After service each of the twenty-nine as he passed out dropped a penny in her lap, and when the churchwarden had made a similar contribution the thirty pence in copper were changed by him into a silver half crown, out of which he had a ring forged to be worn by the epileptic as an infallible charm against her disorder. If, however, the woman uttered a single word from the moment she left her house till her return the charm must fail.—T. P.'s Weekly.

### Varying Weight of the Body.

A physician points out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight in a given period may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons, says the investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a matter of fact, the weight of the body is continually changing owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent of the body contains water, and its weight varies constantly. The inference to be drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.—Milwaukee Citizen.

### Gold Horseshoes In Olden Times.

Roman writers inform us that Commodus caused the hoofs of his horses to be covered with gold leaf and even the fetlocks to be gilded. Nero's short journeys were invariably performed on white mules wearing gold shoes on their fore feet and silver behind. The beasts which drew the chariots of his wife, Poppae, were shod all around with gold. Several others among the dignitaries and potentates of the riotous days of the Roman empire shod their horses with gold and used the same material for bridle bits, buckles, spurs, etc.

## THE BLUEBEARD STORY.

### It Has a Mythical Rather Than a Mythological Origin.

The fascinating story of Bluebeard has a mythical rather than a mythological origin. No one has found his prototype in the Vedas or in the old Greek or Roman authors. The story is supposed to be of French origin, and it has even been suggested that Bluebeard was no other than the much married Henry VIII. There is, however, better reason for believing that the original was Giles de Laval, lord of Riaz, who was marshal of France early in the fifteenth century. He was a brave soldier whose exploits in the wars between England and France are recorded in history. According to Mizeray, he murdered his wives as soon as he tired of them, and was himself eventually strangled in 1440.

The story of Laval has, however, not many points of resemblance, for there is no mention of a key, and Giles de Laval, moreover, used to entice persons of both sexes to his castle for the sake of their blood, which he wanted for certain incantations he indulged in. Nor, indeed, does the story fit in with our own Henry VIII., and we are left to believe that, whatever the origin, the key and Sister Ann were added for the sake of effect. A variant of the story of Giles de Laval is told by Holinshed, in whose version the name is Giles de Retz, Marquis de Laval, who lived in Brittany, and was strangled and burned for the murder of his seven wives. Dr. C. Taylor, it may be added, regarded the story simply as fiction, a satire on or type of the castle lords of the days of knight errantry.—London Globe.

## OAK AND PINE.

### The Value and Usefulness of These Classes of Woods.

Though generally assumed that oak is the wood capable of being put to the greatest variety of uses, it is known, as a matter of fact, that the pine is really the most used, on account of its great abundance. Nevertheless, the timber of the oak combines in itself the essential elements of strength and durability, hardness and elasticity in a degree which no other tree can boast, unrivaled as a material of shipbuilding, also superior in architecture, cabinetmaking, carving, mill work, cooperage and innumerable other purposes, while the bark is of great value as furnishing tan and yielding a bitter extract in continual demand for medicinal purposes.

But of uses for the pine details would be well nigh endless. The timber is invaluable in houses and ship carpentry; common turpentine is extracted from it in vast quantities and immense supplies of tar, pitch, resin and lampblack. In the manufacture of matches, and, above all, paper pulp, thousands and tens of thousands of acres of pine forests are cut down every year, and, briefly, the timber of this tree, constituting as it does the chief material of English and American builders, may be said to be more used than all other kinds of wood put together.

### Feminine Logic.

"The female sex," said M. Calino lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered M. Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 12.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke xv, 11-32. Memory Verses, 17, 18—Golden Text, Mal. iii, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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Our lesson is entitled "The parable of the two sons," but it had better be called "The love of God the Father," for the whole chapter is one parable, a threefold parable, setting forth from the lips of God manifest in the flesh the love of the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The spiritually poor, maimed, halt, blind, the publicans and sinners, are glad to hear Him, while the self righteous scribes and Pharisees are ever murmuring, watching, deriding (verse 2; xiv, 1; xvi, 14). It was in derision that they said, "This man receiveth sinners," but it was and is a glorious truth, for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and He Himself said, "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance" (I Tim. i, 15; Matt. ix, 13). In this fourfold aspect of the sinner we see sinners as sheep going astray, dead in sin and as indifferent to it as a piece of metal, sinfully indulging self like the prodigal and self righteously holy, like the elder brother, in no case knowing God, yet in each case loved by God. Two of the most prominent facts in all Scripture are the unfailing love of God and the inveterate sinfulness of man. In the story of the lost sheep the shepherd does all—seeks till he finds, lays it on his shoulders and brings it home rejoicing. In the story of the silver the woman does all, and in the case of the two sons the father does all. The condition of every sinner before God is described in such words as these: "Without strength, ungodly, enemies, in us no good thing, enmity against God, children of disobedience, children of wrath, dead in trespasses and sins" (Rom. v, 6-10; vii, 18; viii, 7; Eph. ii, 1-5). It is impossible for such people to please God, to do anything toward their own salvation (Rom. viii, 8; Heb. xi, 6). All other religions except that of the Scriptures, the salvation of Jehovah, set before people something to do, but the Scriptures bring in all as guilty before God and then present for the sinner's acceptance a free and full salvation in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii, 19-24).

The only way to know God is through His word, which people will not read, and therefore how can they know Him? Neither the younger nor the elder son in our lesson knew his father, and this is God's great complaint, that people do not know Him. "Israel doth not know;" "Thou hast not known me," "They have not known the Lord," "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" (Isa. i, 3; xlv, 4, 5; Hos. iv, 6; v, 4.) "Have I been so long time with you, yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" "Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee" (John xiv, 9; xvii, 25).

If this younger son had known his father he never would have preferred the father's gifts to the father himself. But there are many such who are ever seeking peace or joy or some experience or health of body rather than God, in whom are all blessings. The God of peace must include the peace of God and all else, for in Christ dwelleth all fullness (Heb. xiii, 20; Phil. iv, 6, 7; Col. i, 19; ii, 9). The far country in this lesson means away from God, but in xix, 12, it is in the presence of God. "Far off" is the condition of all sinners, and the blood of Christ alone can make nigh (Eph. ii, 13). All we have—life, time, talents, possessions—are from God, and if we use His gifts simply for ourselves, for our own gratification, we shall soon find ourselves in want, in a land of famine, and the citizens cannot help us, for there is nothing apart from God that can satisfy the soul. All that the world has to offer, however attractive it may seem, is like husks which swine do eat, for the Spirit has compared all who are merely of this world to dogs and swine (Matt. vii, 6; II Pet. ii, 22; Rev. xxii, 15).

His unsatisfied hunger brought him to himself, as it has many others who, having tried all that the world has to give, have been compelled to confess all as only vanity and vexation of spirit (Eccl. ii, 11). Those who are truly spiritual are counted "beside themselves" by the world (Acts xxvi, 24), whereas the truth is that a man only really comes to himself when he turns to God. How comforting it is to know that the father sees the returning wanderer when he is yet a great way off and hastens to welcome him and without one word of upbraiding takes him to his heart, falls upon his neck and kisses him just as he is in all his uncleanness. Then follow quickly the best robe, the ring, the shoes, the feast, the joy, and the prepared penitent speech is never finished, and the merriment has never ceased. Do we know God as such a Father as this, and do we love and trust Him accordingly? Note the joy in each part of the parable and also the joy in the presence of the angels over the penitent sinner (verses 6, 7, 9, 10, 23, 24). The one thing that causes special joy in heaven is a sinner turning to God, and the one thing that causes special joy on earth is when the word of God is believed and Jesus Christ is received as a personal Saviour (Acts viii, 6, 8, 39; Rom. xv, 13; Neh. viii, 12, 17). They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.

We would think that the elder brother who remained faithfully at home would know and rejoice in such a father; but there are many elder brothers who have the same spirit of faultfinding when outcasts are received home. A kind word or look, a place at the table or in the same pew in church are things unknown, and yet these people are professedly the Lord's.

### Two Types of Biographical Writing.

It is an interesting fact in the history of literary genres that two of the great examples of biographical writing occur almost side by side. Less than a decade separates the completion of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" from the publication of his own life by Boswell. Yet with the latter book a new type of biography came into being. Johnson, in the main, had, like most of his predecessors, followed a simple narrative and expository method, prefixing a plain story of the poet's life to a systematic account of his character and a critical estimate of his works. He gathered his facts and impressions together and spoke for the author and for himself. Boswell, on the other hand, making use of a more dramatic method, succeeded in his attempt to let the author reveal himself, and, instead of an exposition of character, painted a picture of personality to which his own comments were subordinate. What we see as a type of mind and character in Johnson's work we see as a living man in Boswell.—William T. Brewster in Forum.

### The Art of Idling.

Cultivate the art of idling. There is no doubt that to be able to idle at will is a most valuable gift and one which is becoming rarer every day. The art of loafing is not properly understood by the majority of people. Much has been written on the subject. Stevenson dealt with it in an essay; Mr. Kenneth Grahame touched on it in "Pagan Papers," and Mr. Barry Pain has some illuminating remarks on the subject in his Canadian canoe book. There is a subtle difference between the views of these experts. Mr. Grahame advocated absolute idleness. Mr. Pain pointed out, with more truth, that the great art of loafing was to do the easiest thing and that sometimes it is easier to work than to be idle. This is the secret of the whole matter. The superficial idler thinks it his duty to be idle on every occasion. The man who has studied the subject knows that this is an entirely erroneous view. There are times when we feel that we must be up and doing. If we sternly repress this inclination our peace is disturbed. The really scientific idler is the man who can idle at will.—London Chronicle.

### History of the Typewriter.

"The history of the typewriter is interesting," said an inventor. "The first patented machine was Henry Mill's. It was as big as a bureau and made no popular appeal. This was in England in 1714. The first type bar machine was made in America. Its inventor was A. H. Beach. The patent was taken out in 1856. The Beach typewriter was not practical. The first practical typewriter was invented by Latham Sholes in 1867. Sholes had for partners S. W. Soule and Carlos Glidden, but these two men became discouraged and dropped out. It wasn't till some years later that Sholes got his machine ready for the market. Then he took it to a big firm of gunmakers, the Remingtons, and it at once began to sell on a large scale. Sholes remained in the employ of the Remingtons up to the time of his death."

### Resin.

The resin of the shoemaker and fiddler is obtained from different species of the fir tree—as the Scots fir, the larch and the balsam fir of Canada. It is well known that a resinous juice exudes from these trees, which hardens into solid tears. The clear juice itself, before it has dried up by coming to the surface, is known in commerce as turpentine and is in the main composed of oil of turpentine and resin. When the juice is distilled, the oil comes over, and the resin remains behind. When the distillation is carried on to dryness, common resin is formed, but when water is mixed with it while yet fluid the resulting mass is the variety called yellow resin, which is more preferred for most purposes because it is more ductile than the former, owing probably to its containing some oil.

### Graves and Gravediggers.

"Gravedigging is not a gay business," said a gravedigger, "but it is a very old one, and many curious superstitions surround it. One of these is never to buy a new spade. To dig a grave with a spade that is new is supposed to bring death in the family within a twelvemonth. Hence gravediggers buy their spades second hand as a rule. Another superstition with some is that a grave should never stand open overnight. It should not, they say, be dug till the day of the funeral. If it is made the day before, beware. There is a third superstition that if a cock crows once while a grave is being dug one friend of the digger will die; if it crows twice, two will die; if thrice, three."

### The Orange Tree.

The orange is the longest lived fruit tree. It begins to bear the third year after budding, and for 100 years it will yield abundant crops. Orange trees have been known to attain the ripe age of 300. The orange requires less care and attention than any other fruit tree. Its early growth is rapid. In the first two years it grows more than it will in the next fifty. This refers of course to its height and breadth alone—its fruit stems and consequently its crops increase more rapidly after the first ten years.

### The Society Butterfly.

That maligned creature the "society butterfly" is as hard working in its way as Solomon's ant and goes about its duties with a steady application and a determined disregard of fatigue and boredom which not a few industrial and other workers might imitate with advantage. Take, for instance, the charity bazaars and festivals.—London World.

### Too Strong Competition.

Country Mouse—How are you getting on with your business, doctor? Country Doctor—Bad. Too close to London. Why, Lady Cashbags went to town and paid two guineas to have a corn extracted. I'd have amputated her foot for that.—London Answers.

### In His Enthusiasm.

Judge (to prisoner)—Why did you take only the money and leave the basket of silver? Prisoner—Because it was too heavy. Judge (excitedly)—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you lazy man?—Fliegende Blatter.

### An Appraisement.

Marian—Now, there is Algy Van Piffleglider, for instance— Jane—Oh, he is so haughtily statuesque that I have often wondered if he can really be ticklish on the bottoms of his feet like common people.—Watson's Magazine.

To be respectable implies a multitude of little observances from the strict keeping of Sunday down to the careful tying of a cravat.—Victor Hugo.

### Aroused Her Suspicion.

"Mamma," asked the little girl, "has Mr. Brown got heart disease?"

"I don't know, my child. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it says in my new book that faint heart never won fair lady, and when I saw Mrs. Brown I made up my mind that something must be wrong with his."—Toledo Blade.

### To Tell Eggs' Sex.

"It is usually possible," said a chicken farmer, "to tell from an egg's look whether it will hatch out a rooster or a hen. The egg that will hatch out a hen is, you see, quite smooth at both ends. The one that will give a rooster is wrinkled at the point. Sometimes this rule fails, but as a general thing it holds good."

### He Couldn't Run Off With It.

The freaks were forming a club. The elastic skin man had the chair.

"Next in order," said he, "are nominations for treasurer. Has any one"—

The wild man of Borneo rose.

"I nominate," he said, "the legless wonder."

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### Tried the Effect of a Title.

Among the neighbors who annoyed Carlyle none perhaps gave him so much trouble as the boys who played about near his house. They made no secret of their dislike of the philosopher and stood in dread of his stick when he went abroad. James Waylen, who did a great part of the research for the "Cromwell," and who was at Carlyle's house almost daily, was one morning standing on the doorstep of the house in Cheyne row waiting to be let in when one of these young urchins came up to him in a deferential manner, and, touching his cap, said: "Please, sir, would you ask Lord Carlyle to give me my top? It's tumbled down his airey." During the morning's work Carlyle and Waylen chuckled together over the conciliatory title which the lad had created for his enemy.

### An Uncanny Plant.

On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's noose." Dunstan, the naturalist, discovered it while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog he found the animal held by black, sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant, which has been aptly named the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

### Where Total Eclipses Are Rare.

It is a fact well known to astronomers that the average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four; that the maximum is seven and the minimum two. Where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are a great many more eclipses of the sun in the course of a year or a hundred years than there are of the moon. This fact notwithstanding, however, London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be a place where such obstructions to the sun's light seldom occur.

### A Better Match.

Briggs—That was a narrow escape Bildergate had, wasn't it? You know he was just about to marry a girl when he found that she spent $2,500 a year on her dresses. Griggs—Yes, but he's married all the same. Briggs—True, but he didn't marry that girl. Griggs—He didn't! Who did he marry, then? Briggs—Her dressmaker.—London Mail.

A carefully greased needle will float upon water, though, of course, the steel is much heavier than a similar bulk of water.

### Real Mortifying.

"George kissed me last night," she said, "and I'm so mortified that I hardly know what to do."

"Why, do you regard kissing before you are engaged as a disgrace?"

"No, but in my surprise I forgot to make a pretense of fighting him off for a while."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Giving Him Hope.

The pretty girl was lavishing a wealth of affection on her mastiff, and the very soft young man was watching her.

"I wish I were a dog," he said, languishingly.

"Don't you worry," she replied. "You'll grow."—London Tit-Bits.

Neither evidence nor common sense nor reason has the slightest effect upon prejudices.—Goethe.

### Lots of Care.

"You know, George," she was explaining, "I was brought up without any care."

"Marry me, my darling," said George, "and you shall have nothing but care."

### No Nonsense About Her.

Skidds—Did she say it was so sudden when you asked her to marry you? Askin—Of course she didn't. She was a widow.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of men.—Burke.

## BLUE PAPER.

### The Process of Making It Discovered by an Accident.

"A woman," said a paper maker, "invented blue paper. It was by accident that she did it though. Before her time all paper was white.

"She was the wife of William Eastes, one of the leading paper makers of England in the eighteenth century. In passing through the paper plant one day she dropped a big blue bag into a vat of pulp. Eastes was a stern chap, and so, since no one had seen the accident, Mrs. Eastes decided to say nothing about it.

"The paper in the vat, which should have been white, came out blue. The workmen were mystified, Eastes enraged. Mrs. Eastes kept quiet. The upshot was that the paper was sent to London, marked 'damaged,' to be sold for whatever it would bring.

"But the selling agent in London was shrewd. He saw that this blue tinted paper was attractive. He declared it to be a wonderful new invention, and he sold it off like hot cakes at double the white paper's price.

"Eastes soon received an order for more of the blue paper—an order that he and his men wasted several days in trying to vainly fill.

"Then Mrs. Eastes came forward and told the story of the blue cloth bag. There was no difficulty after that in making the blue paper. This paper's price remained very high, the Eastes having a monopoly in it."

### Philanthropic Sparrows.

An incident which, the writer declares, raised the pugnacious sparrow several degrees in his estimation is described in Outing. It shows that the sparrow has other good qualities besides his sturdiness and self reliance. For several days four or five sparrows had visited a certain place on the roof near my window. They always brought food for another little fellow, who never tried a flight from the spot. The visiting sparrows never came empty billed. They would drop tiny morsels of food near the little sparrow. When it began to eat the crumbs the others set up a great chirping and then flew away. After watching this for a few days I went out on the roof and approached the lone bird. It did not flutter away from me and made no resistance when I picked it up. The sparrow was blind. Its eyes were covered with a milklike film.

### Common Case.

The Scotchman's disposition to regard his own judgment as the best that can be found is well illustrated in a story once told of the moderator of a Scotch presbytery. This man's opinion differed widely on a certain question relating to church discipline from that of the associates with whom he was ostensibly consulting. At last he said that he would lay the matter before the Lord in prayer and then wait for his guidance. "O Lord," said the moderator fervently and with perfect sincerity of purpose, "O Lord, grant that we may be right in this matter, for thou knowest that we are very decided."

### Easing His Conscience.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman (inspecting himself in mirror)—Caroline, I don't really believe I ought to wear this wig. It looks like living a lie. Mrs. Goodman—Bless your heart, Avery, don't let that trouble you. That wig will never fool anybody for one moment.—Chicago Tribune.

### Fooled.

Geraldine—You have been ill, haven't you?

Gerald—Yes. I was threatened with brain fever.

Geraldine—What a big joke on the fever.—New York Press.

### The Millionaire's Offense.

"That millionaire yonder has cheated me out of a fortune."

"How? Wouldn't he let you marry his daughter?"

"Worse than that. He never had a daughter."

The first instance of collaboration in English literature was that of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

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## SUNDAY TRADING.

### Markets and Fairs in Churchyards in Early England.

It may safely be asserted that from the time of the Conqueror (1066-1087) Sunday trading received much attention. In early ages markets and fairs were held on Sundays and frequently in the churchyards.

In 1305 the inhabitants of Cockermouth presented a petition to parliament, as their market was fast declining through the inhabitants of Crosthwaite dealing in corn, flour, beans, flesh, fish, at their church on Sundays and that thereby they were unable to pay their tolls to the king (Edward I.). An order was issued for closing the church market at Crosthwaite.

At Bradford, Yorkshire, during the same reign the market was held on a Sunday, doubtless in the churchyard. The toll yielded £3 per annum.

In 1285 a statute was passed enacting that henceforth neither fairs nor markets be held in churchyards, for the honor of the church.

In 1312 a market was granted to the town of Sedgefield, Durham, to be held on a Friday, but was soon changed to Sunday.

In 1367 the archbishops of Canterbury and York delivered charges directing, among other things, that "we firmly forbid any one to keep a market in the churches, the porches and the cemeteries thereunto belonging or other holy places on the Lord's day or other holy festivals."—Notes and Queries.

### A Wonderful Woman.

"What sort of a woman is your friend madame the countess?"

"She is a woman of sixty, who looks fifty, think's she's forty, dresses like thirty, and acts like twenty."

Wisdom and honor are the avenues to a happy immortality.—Plato.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 38.

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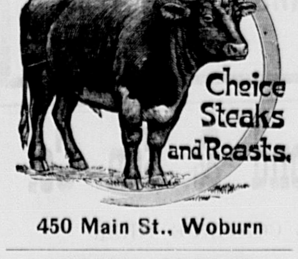

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. Return at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. Sunday at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
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| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
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| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
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| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
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| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
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# LOVERS' LUCK

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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On a bright May morning as Barry O'Gill was crossing the fields by a well worn footpath, balancing a bag of meal on his back, he caught sight of Moira Nolan washing linen in the little river that brawled its way through the village of Ballymoran. The brook gushed and sang over its pebbles, and Moira's young voice sang with it as her white arms flashed in the clear water. She was on her knees, straight and supple as a willow, her bare feet tucked under her with only the rosy heels showing. The wind caught a strand of her hair and whipped it out till it shone like beaten gold in the sun. Barry paused, dazzled, and gazed at her, his mouth agape, his sack of meal forgotten on his back. Presently the girl was aware of his presence and that he was watching her.

"What are ye gaping at at all?" she questioned.

"At the loveliest girl in all Ireland," said Barry, never taking his eyes from her.

"Sorrow be to ye if your mother knew it," laughed Moira, bending to her work again. "And angry she'd be to find ye here. Ye'd best go back to her."

Barry flushed till his cheeks were redder than his hair. "It's here that I'll sthop," he said decidedly, dumping down his sack and seating himself on the grass.

Moira's thrust had been a keen one, for all the village knew that he lived in fear of his mother's tongue. "Shure, it's the sting of a wasp she has entoirely," was the verdict of her neighbors, from whom the Widow O'Gill held somewhat aloof, though now and again she condescended to call on Mrs. Terhune for "a bit of gossip and a dish of tay."

Barry was Mrs. O'Gill's only child and the idol of her heart. Did he so much as look at a girl, Mrs. O'Gill was filled with alarm. So while the other lads lingered about the church steps after mass that they might see their sweethearts, Barry was hurried off homeward by his mother. Therefore it was with a sense of recklessness and novelty that he gave himself up to a talk with Moira. She bade him help her wring the clothes and then laughed at his awkwardness and splashed him with glittering drops. The time went quickly. It was noon before they knew it, and Barry sped home to his dinner and a scolding. Yet he hardly heard the words his mother heaped on him, so engrossed was he with the memory of Moira's gray eyes and the exquisite curve of her lips. Love comes swiftly when one is young in Ballymoran.

He and Moira met often after that, sometimes at the edge of the little river and sometimes on the roads by which the hawthorn hedges bloomed, a mass of pink and green. The more Barry thought of Moira the more he realized that his mother would never consent to his marriage. Moira's beauty was the only dowry the girl had. Of all the poor folk in Ballymoran she was by far the poorest.

Nor was Barry much richer. It was his mother who held the purse strings. Once, in desperation, he thought of giving up Moira, and for three whole days he did not see her. Then quite by accident he met her coming across a field. She was about to pass him with averted face.

"Moira!" he cried brokenly.

At that she turned. She was pale and there were deep shadows under her eyes. All that Barry had kept pent in his heart rushed to his lips, and Moira listened, looking down and plucking at a bit of hawthorn she held in her hand, A lark rose from the long meadow grass near by, and soaring into the air poured out a song that seemed but an echo of the ecstasy that was in their hearts. It was Moira who made the first return to earth.

"Does your mother know of it?" she questioned.

"Divvle a bit," said Barry cheerfully, "and where would be the good o' telling her? She'd niver consent to it in the wide woruld. 'Tis a runaway match we'll have to make, mavourneen. We'll be afther taking a thrip to the next parish and back some foine day."

"But where will we live at all, Barry, darlint?" cried Moira, still troubled.

"Rest aisy," said Barry; "I can make somewhat working in the bogs, and that will give us a bite and a sup. And there's owld McShane's cabin that's been desarted ever since he went to America. Troth, it's a ramshackle place, and there's no denying it! The roof lakes, but I can mend it with fresh turf. And though the room is as small as a nut, what a foine view we'll have from the doorway. And if the chimbley is owld and shmokey, after all, 'twill be our own. Arrah, trust to luck, Moira, achree! And lovers' luck, shure, it's the best of all!"

"True for ye, Barry," agreed Moira, and, happy and improvident, they drifted back into their lovers' paradise, and one morning before the first birds were astir and Ballymoran lay in the cool grayness of the dawn they slipped away to the next parish. By the middle of the afternoon they were back again, and all the village knew of their romance.

Mrs. Terhune hastened to bring the news to Mrs. O'Gill, but the latter, pushing forward a chair, did not wait for her to speak.

"Have ye seen aught of my boy Barry?" she demanded. "The lazy gossoon! Gone since morning, and not a bit of work has he done the day, bad cess to him!"

It was a fine opening for Mrs. Terhune, and sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, she told her story, Mrs. O'Gill interrupting from time to time with passionate ejaculations. "The curse of all the crows upon him! And sorrow to me for having a bowld, decaitful son murthering my heart with his cruel actions! May he niver cross my threshold again! 'Tis a serpint's tooth he is, a serpint's tooth!"

Mrs. Terhune wagged her head wisely.

"He is so," she agreed, with relish, "he is so! The most good for nothing lad in the parish, and he marrying the poorest gurl of it! There's not a boy for miles around but what would have more sense! My children, now, they're foine, clever lads, and, och, woman, dear, it's often I've said to myself I pitied ye having such a great, awkward, shtupid galloot for a son!"

But Mrs. Terhune had ventured too far. While she was speaking Mrs. O'Gill's face had flushed and then paled again. After all, Barry was her own son, blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, and the mother in her rose, armed. Eyes and voice ablaze, she turned on Mrs. Terhune.

"Spare your pity," she cried breathlessly, "spare your pity! My boy has married where his heart led him, and if the gurl is poor, so much the better. He is not like some I know, who spend their days hanging after the rich. Aye, ye may wince, Bridget Terhune, for ye know what I mean. Clever children, indaid! 'Tis myself that's thankful to heaven that my Barry is not like your jabbering, knockkneed omathons! 'Twas like ye to come here with your spiteful words, and now, if ye've had your say, ye may take yourself off!"

But Mrs. Terhune had already gathered herself together and was stumbling down the road, muttering as she went. On the way she passed Barry and his bride, walking hand in hand toward the forlorn, tumbledown cabin they meant to make their home. She went by them flapping like a wet hen, and they failed to recognize in her their saving angel. Instead, they looked fearfully ahead to where Barry saw a familiar figure approaching over the crest of the hill, a spare, keen eyed woman with a red shawl about her shoulders.

Mrs. O'Gill faced the culprits grimly.

"'Tis a foine hour for ye to be coming home," she cried sharply. "The supper's been set for the both of ye this long time, and 'twill be ruined entoirely."

She gave Moira a piercing glance. The last light of the afterglow touched the girl's face with a pale glory. "'Tis a slim creature ye are," said Mrs. O'Gill, her voice softening. "When I was a gurl I had bright eyes, too, and the same color o' hair. Ah, heaven be with thim owld times! 'Tis long since I was young!" She turned from them abruptly and went on ahead, leading the way home.

The lovers followed in a happy daze, too overwhelmed to question how such fortune came about. "Did I not tell ye," said the rapturous Barry, "that lovers' luck is the greatest in the worruld?"

### This Hat Always In Style.

Fashions in women's headgear come and go in regular cycles, but there is one class of women in this country who stick to one kind of hat through the summer season year after year, with never a thought to the prevailing fashions in other circles of society. These are the "canalers," who invariably are seen in the sunbonnets, no matter what part of the country their homes are afloat in. Considering that most of the time they live under the awnings suspended over their cabin homes, one would scarcely think all this shade was necessary. But they stick to their favorite hats, nevertheless. It is a curiosity of the taste in headgear of the women who spend their lives working as cooks on the vessels of the great lakes that one rarely sees a sunbonnet among them, and yet awnings on these craft are seldom used. But that is only another evidence of the fact of what variety there is among the eternal feminine.—New York Press.

### A Legend of Agincourt.

For many centuries we English have plumed ourselves upon the victory of Agincourt. Indeed it is from King Henry V.'s address to his soldiers on that occasion, as given by Shakespeare, that the motto of this journal is taken, "Familiar in their mouths as household words." But the French have an account of the affair not so much to our credit. It was arranged, according to this fable, by the two leaders that only the nobles on each side were to fight. King Henry V. then artfully ennobled his whole army and hence got the best of the enemy. Shakespeare unwittingly gives a little countenance to the legend when he makes the king declare in the above mentioned address, "Be ye ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle your condition."—London Standard.

### Getting Into His Place.

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire Colonel Barrett, an estimable member of the governor's staff, died, and there was an unseemly scramble of would be successors for the office, even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate, somewhat bolder than the rest, ventured to call upon Governor Head, thinking to ascertain the bent of the governor's mind upon the important question.

"Governor," he asked, "not to speak in a manner too positive, do you think you would have any objections if I was to get into Colonel Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly, "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."

### He Knew.

"Did you never," asked Miss Solefool earnestly—"did you never meet a person whose very presence filled you with unutterable feelings—whose lightest touch seemed to thrill every fiber in your being?"

"Oh, yes," responded Mr. Oldbatch; "you mean the dentist."—Cleveland Leader.

### A Bowing Acquaintance.

Two young men met a woman and one of them raised his hat immediately. "Who was that, Charlie?" asked one of them. "I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know! You must know, for you raised your hat to her." "Yes, but, you see, I'm wearing my brother's hat, and he knows her!"—London News.

### Unmatched.

Brooks—My dear fellow, you need not thank me so profusely for a mere box of cigars. Rivers—Oh, but you gave me a box of matches with them, you remember, and they were the best matches I ever used.—Tit-Bits.

## THE BAY LEAF.

### Famous For More Than Its Use For Culinary Purposes.

"Two-thirds of modern recipes seem to call for 'a bay leaf,'" said a young housekeeper the other day, "and somehow it is always the one thing in the whole formula that a housekeeper will omit. One never has a bay leaf, probably for the reason that they are so elusive. Other necessaries confront you on market stalls and shop counters, but the bay leaf rarely does.

"When I finally obtained mine (a small glass jar of them) a short time ago I had not the faintest idea of a connection between the little withered looking things in the glass and the laurel leaves of the poets. To my surprise I now find that they are one and the same. I believe most sister housekeepers would be amazed to find that when they send a bay leaf fluttering into the pot of soup or stew they are really consigning to it the historic 'bays' which wreath the brows of Homer and the bard of Avon. The scientific name is Laurus nobilis, and it belongs, according to my encyclopedia, to the laurel family, which includes the familiar sassafras. It is the 'green bay tree,' to which the wicked man is likened in the Scripture.

"My delvings into this subject have revealed amid much laurel lore the fact that Bacon and other celebrities appreciated (gastronomically) its spicy flavor."—New York Press.

## LOVE OF HOME.

### An Instinct That Is Remarkably Strong In the Horse.

The strongest instinct in the horse is that of home—all his thoughts and interests lie there—and the most wearing pain he suffers is that of nostalgia—the longing for the familiar stall and the well loved surroundings. What wonder that our pets almost invariably return to us from such unhappy experiences mere shadows of their former selves and in such wretched bodily condition that it is months before they regain their usual health and spirits. We blame the man in charge, poor feed, bad stabling, insufficient pasturage, etc., and overlook entirely the fact that it is our own fault and the direct result of heart hunger which no grass, grain or rooftree could entirely assuage. Of course the little used muscles have, from lack of exercise, shrunk and lost their firmness and plumpness; the crest has fallen from the same cause; "poverty lines" appear in the quarters and shoulders; the tail and mane are all out of shape or all worn away; the feet stubbed off; the coat dingy and sunburnt; the skin full of all manner of scars, cuts and abrasions; all these are the effect, not the cause, of the lack of bodily condition which is two-thirds due sheerly and solely, in the high bred, nervous, sensitive horse, to simple homesickness.—Exchange.

## POOR LITTLE PENGUINS.

### Many Are Nursed to Death by the Adult Birds.

An antarctic explorer writes: "I think the penguin chicks hate their parents, and when one watches the proceedings in a rookery it strikes one as not surprising. In the first place, there is about one chick to ten or twelve adults, and each adult has an overpowering desire to sit on something. Both males and females want to nurse, and the result is that when a chicken finds himself alone there is a rush on the part of a dozen unemployed to seize him.

"Naturally he runs away and dodges here and there till a huge 'emperor' falls on him, and then begins a regular football scrimmage, in which each tries to hustle the other off, and the end is too often disastrous to the chick. Sometimes he falls in a crack in the ice and stays there, to be frozen, while the parents squabble at the top.

"Sometimes, rather than be nursed, I have seen him crawl in under an ice ledge and remain there, where the old ones could not reach him. I think it is not an exaggeration to say that of the 77 per cent that die no less than half are killed by kindness."

### "Red as a Sapphire."

To say that a young girl's eyes are as blue as sapphires is as absurd as it would be to say that her mouth is as red as velvet. Sapphires, no more than velvet, are exclusively one color. The sapphires of Ceylon run from a soft blue to a peacock blue, which last is practically a green. There is also a red sapphire, sometimes called a Ceylonese ruby, a stone as precious as a Burma ruby. Besides blue, green and red sapphires, many fine ones are yellow and white.

### Against a Snap Judgment.

A boy in a Chicago school refused to sew, evidently considering it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must, "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know. Time will tell," said he seriously.—Popular Education.

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother that God did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor.—Lamartine.

### An Ancient Recipe.

An ancient recipe for making a sweet perfume for the ladies runs as follows: Take storax, calamite and benjamin, of each half an ounce, laudanum one ounce, musk two grains, and put them together in a fair brass mortar, which you must first warm so hot in the fire that with the heat thereof and beating with a little pestle it may work like wax, which, being thoroughly wrought, you may make it in little cakes or balls and so lay it up.—Home Notes.

### A Marine Fire Alarm.

Many ships have a pipe running from the hold to the deck. It is a precaution against fire. If even a trifling fire occurs in the hold smoke will ascend the pipe and upon issuing from the top will be noticed by some of the crew. Checking it would then be comparatively easy. In the absence of a pipe, though, a fire might begin and remain unnoticed until it assumed such proportions that conquering it would be almost impossible.

## "THE SONG OF THE SHIRT."

### It Proved the Most Popular Thing Hood Ever Wrote.

During his last illness Tom Hood in an idle moment made an imaginative sketch of his own tombstone. He drew himself reclining at full length on a thick slab of stone, on the edge of which in large capitals he wrote, "He Sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" This was the only inscription, and, as he himself has said, Tom Hood needs no other.

How much he felt and prided himself upon the song by which he became known and loved by millions is shown by this and the following fact: "If I were ennobled these are the arms I should adopt," said he one day, showing a rough vignette to a friend. The sketch contained a very beautiful and pathetic idea. It represented a heart pierced by a needle threaded with silver tears, and beneath was the motto he had inscribed on the imaginary tombstone.

"The Song of the Shirt" appeared in the Christmas number of the fifth volume of Punch. It was unsigned, but every paper in the land quoted it, and it speedily became the talk of the day. Hood himself did not think it very remarkable, but Mrs. Hood had said to him as she folded it for press: "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mrs. Hood was right. The song was translated into French, German and Italian. It was printed on cheap cotton handkerchiefs and parodied times without number.

## THE FIRST MONEY.

### It Is Credited to the Lydians of Asia Minor.

It is difficult to realize that prior to B. C. 700 there were no true coins, that ingots or buttons of gold and silver were weighed at every mercantile transaction. The Lydians of Asia Minor are credited with having been the first to cast and stamp with an official device small oval gold ingots of definite fixed weight, an invention strangely delayed, but of inestimable importance to industry and commerce. A coin has been described as "a piece of metal of fixed weight, stamped by authority of government and employed as a medium of exchange." Medals, though struck by authority, are only historical records and have no currency value.

The bright, far flashing intellect of Greece saw the import of the Lydian invention and adopted it quickly, and every Greek state, nearly every city, island and colony, established a mint, generally at some one of the great temples, for all early coin types are religious in character. They bear symbols of some god as a pledge of good faith. The offerings, tithes and rents of the worshipers were coined and circulated as money. Temples thus became both mints and banks. Our word "money" is said to have been derived from the Roman shrine of Juno, Moneta, the earliest Latin mint.

The first shape of these early coins was that of an enlarged coffee berry, punched on the rounded side with official letters or sinkings, as they are called.

### Earth Curvature and Vision.

One of the "seven wonders of the ancient world" was the Pharos, or light tower at Alexandria. If you have a popular account of that great structure handy, read it carefully and note that you are informed that the tower could be seen at a distance of from 100 to 150 miles. Let us see if this could possibly be true. The curvature of the globe is 6.99 inches to the mile. This being true, we find that an object 100 feet high can only be seen at a fraction over thirteen miles. Figuring on the basis of an earth curvature of even seven inches to the mile, we find that the light tower in question must have been over a mile in height if visible even at a distance of 100 miles.

### Old Workmen.

An Englishman who is a large employer of labor has been investigating the arguments of those who say that a workingman under modern conditions becomes at an early age valueless. He has kept a record of all accidents that have incapacitated his men for three days and upward. The people engaged in his employment are from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, and he asserts that more accidents occur to men under thirty than to those over fifty. He says, "I would much rather intrust an exceptionally dangerous job to a man over fifty than to one of thirty years of age."

### Dodged.

Rivers (stopping to sharpen his pencil)—How do you spell the plural of "dodo?" With or without the "e?" Brooks (who isn't quite sure)—You don't have to spell it. There's no such blamed bird now. It's extinct.—Chicago Tribune.

Something better always makes its appearance when the old and wornout things fail.—Andersen.

*Is It Your Own Hair?*

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hairgrower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## A BRETON WEDDING.

### Picturesque Parade to Display the Household Furniture.

A typical Breton wedding is as curious as it is improvident. So poor often are the young pair that the only way they can set up housekeeping is by presents from their friends of food, flax, furniture and money. The youth desirous of matrimony simply offers his hand to the object of his choice. If she accept she must confirm her acquiescence by drinking wine with him. Her father's consent is asked by proxy, the deputy holding a piece of furze during the interview. The father usually offers an old woman, a young widow and a child before granting the request.

On the wedding day a cowherd leads round the village an ox wagon laden with the wedding furniture. On the top of this load two maidens are seated, one spinning hemp and the other flax.

The bride shows her fine breeding by making her friends drag her to church. On either side of the altar burns a wax taper, and it is expected that whichever of the two is nearest to the least brilliant light will die first.

The bride on leaving the church is presented with a distaff to remind her of her duties. Tripe, butter, buckwheat bread and cider form the marriage feast, toward which each guest pays his portion.

At nightfall, according to an ancient custom, the mother gives her daughter a handful of nuts. The happy pair are serenaded and are served with soup containing crusts threaded together, in symbol of unity.

## SPECTACLE LENSES.

### How the Glasses Are Ground, Polished and Finished.

In the manufacture of spectacle lenses the bit of glass to be formed into a lens is fastened by means of pitch to a small block of hard rubber, so that it may be held. It is ground by being pressed against a rapidly revolving cast iron disk on a vertical spindle and with curvature equal and opposite to that desired in the lens.

This is the "rough tool" and is kept moistened with emery and water. Several grades of emery are used in succession, changing from coarse to fine as the grinding proceeds.

The glass is then transferred to the "fine tool," made of brass, and compared from time to time to a standard curve in order to insure accuracy. In this second grinding the abrading material is rough.

Finally, the lens is polished by being pressed against a piece of cloth powdered with rouge and fastened to the rotating tool. The glass is now loosened from its block, turned over and the reverse side of the lens ground. When this has been accomplished the lens is placed on a leather cushion and held firmly in position by a rubber tipped arm while a diamond glass cutter passing round an oval guide traces a similar oval on the glass below. The superfluous glass is removed by steel pinchers and the rough edges are ground smooth on Scotch wheels.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Man and His Money.

Almost every woman has her basis for the valuation of a man. One girl who recently broke off an engagement to be married certainly has hers.

"I couldn't stand him," she said, "because he carried his money in a fish scale purse. That seemed to me the limit. To my mind there is only one really manly way for a man to carry money, and that is to throw it around loose in his trousers pockets, so that when he wants a nickel he has to dig up change by the handful to get it. For bills, of course, I can stand one of those flat leather pocketbooks. They have a businesslike aspect and do not detract from a man's dignity. But to see a big strapping fellow who has the appearance of a real live man draw a little purse from his pocket and fish around for a dime is too much for me."—New York Sun.

### Rome's Great Fire.

In A. D. 64 ten of the fourteen municipal districts of Rome were destroyed by a conflagration instigated, it is said, by the Emperor Nero. The number of lives lost is known to amount up into the hundreds, but the value of the property destroyed cannot be estimated. By the emperor's command thousands of Romans rendered homeless and destitute were employed in removing the debris and rebuilding the burned city. Nero, to divert the odium of the crime from himself, charged it upon the Christians, and thus began one of the greatest persecutions in the history of the early Christian church.

### The World's Coal.

The total known coal production of the world is something like 790,000,000 tons per annum. Experts state that even at this rate of production there is sufficient coal to last for thousands of years. Some faint idea can be gathered from these figures of the enormous quantity of coal there is on this planet. At the same time there is the statement made by Sir Robert Ball that all the coal on the earth would not supply the sun's heat for one-tenth of a second.

### He Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes; he changed his mind."

The first smile of an infant, with its toothless gums, is one of the pleasantest sights in nature. It is innocence claiming kinship and asking to be loved in its helplessness.—Dr. D. Livingstone.

Work is not hard; it is the eyes that are afraid of it.

### The Worst.

"Doctor, I must positively insist upon knowing the worst."

"Well, I think my bill will be about $100."

Everybody exclaims against ingratitude. Are there so many benefactors? —Bougeart.

### When Cod Become Blind.

Several large cod are kept in one of the tanks of the Amsterdam aquarium, necessarily near the surface and therefore exposed to a strong light from above. Now, the cod, though not a deep sea fish, is not a surface swimmer and lives at depths where the sunlight must be very much modified by passage through the water. It lives in what to us would be semidarkness. Every one of these cod exposed to the strong light is suffering from an extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye. The whole organ has become overgrown, as if in the effort to adjust itself to the use of more light rays it had become overequipped and then useless. The cod, in fact, are blind. The most interesting feature in this change is the extraordinary rapidity with which increased supply of light rays has overdeveloped the organ for its use. It has taken place not by slow degrees from individual to individual, but in a course of time to be measured by months and in every individual in the tank. If this example is a measure of the rapidity with which such changes take place among fishes, the adaptation of those creatures which have migrated from the shallow waters of the deep seas, shown by the total loss or enormous development of their eyes and the growth of illuminating organs to light the abyss, may have been as rapid as it is marvelous.—London Spectator.

### A Hotbed of Violence.

The island of Sardinia is a hotbed of violence. The "Granary of Rome" resists the softening influences of civilization and remains with many of the peculiarities which distinguished it in the middle of the last century. "In the country," writes a traveler of that time, "the men are clothed in goatskins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, for they are all robbers and assassins, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardes are the Malays of the Mediterranean."—London Chronicle.

### A Leopard Collar.

"A leopard collar," he said, taking up a dog collar studded with sharp spikes three inches long. Fitting the collar on his dog, he resumed: "This piece of armor—for that is what it is—illustrates an oddity of the Himalayas—namely, the fondness of the Himalayan leopard for dog flesh. In the Himalayas last year I found that all dogs wore these murderous looking spiked collars. The explanation was that the Himalayan leopards conducted an unceasing dog hunt, and that in attacking a dog they always fell upon his neck. This collar with its sharp spikes is a great protection. It has saved many a dog from a hungry leopard. Often in the Himalayas a dog comes trotting home safe and sound, though with smears of blood and yellow hairs upon his collar spikes."

### Names and the Law.

Speaking generally, the law of England allows a person to assume and use any name, provided its use is not calculated to deceive or inflict pecuniary loss. So the court of appeals laid down the law in Dockrell against Dougall, and this attitude of the law, the Law Journal remarks, is characteristic of our British love of liberty. French law is much more strict. It forbids any citizen to bear any name other than that which is expressed in the registry of his birth or to add any surname to his proper name. German law is the same, only it goes a little further in imposing a penalty on any one giving a false name to an official.—Dundee Advertiser.

### Guns.

The Germans were the inventors of the first gun. About 1378 Schwartz, a German machinist, manufactured numerous crude guns which were brought into use by the Venetians in 1392. It is a strange fact that cannon were made before small firearms. At Amberg there is still a piece of ordnance marked with the date 1303. Cannon were first used in war at the battle of Crecy, in 1346. It was not until 1544, however, that they were made in England.

### Well Turned.

"How old are you?" asked the insurance agent of the lady.

It was thoughtless of him, and her indignant "Sir!" brought him straightway to his senses.

"Of course, you will understand," he went on, "that we have to be careful about making contracts. I merely wished to assure myself that you are legally of age."

### Equally Ignorant.

The author of "Reminiscences of a Country Politician" once asked a laborer in an English village how old he was.

"I be just the same age as the queen," he said. "It be either a fortnight older or a fortnight younger. I don't rightly know which, and I don't suppose her knows either."

### A Witty Forlornity.

A forlorn looking man said, "I've tried everything that I could turn my hand to, but couldn't make anything answer, and now I have decided to go up among the hills, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a friend, commenting upon a widower who remarried, though his wedded life had been unhappy, "it is triumph of hope over experience."

### Unique Rainmaking.

One of the oldest rainmaking plants is the invention of a native of one of the Indian provinces. By means of a rocket he sends more than a mile into the air a reservoir of ether attached to a parachute. This, being released at the highest point, floats gently back to earth, the condensation being caused by the evaporation of the ether. It is said to be decidedly efficacious even where there is scarcely a trace of cloud.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17, 1906.

### *AN INJURY TO WOBURN.*

What a shame and a disgrace it is to the pretty city of Woburn to have displayed on the main avenues on its borders and in its centre huge billboards entirely covered with flaring posters proclaiming the merits of a number of different makes of whiskey and beer. One of the big signs is even in close proximity to the stations. What an injury this must be to Woburn, as a place for a home, and what must be the effect on the minds and the morals of the children and boys as they read the enticingly worded advertisements. The citizens should use every effort to have these drunkard-making signs removed which are an injury to every piece of real estate in Woburn.—*Winchester Star.*

True as preaching—every word of it! These signs are not only "an injury to Woburn," but a disgrace. Winchester bars them from its territory, and so does every other self-respecting town and city. What Woburn needs most is a good reputation—a name that will induce people outside of its limits to come here and make homes. Will the liquor signs that the *Star* condemns aid in securing such a reputation? We read in Ecclesiastes that "a good name is better than precious ointment," and Thomas Campbell in his "Pleasures of Hope" wrote: "Who hath not owned * * * the magic of a name?" What sort of a name do these huge Rum and Beer advertisements, so conspicuously displayed, give Woburn abroad?

### *WILL FIGHT MORAN.*

It is reported that Henry M. Whitney has yielded to the earnest solicitations of the regular Democracy and finally consented to become their candidate for Governor. This, we are bound to believe, does not suit Mr. Moran and his campaign manager, Mr. Feeney, for Mr. Whitney enjoys extraordinary popularity with his party, and will probably carry the Democratic convention. Of course, Mr. Moran will put up a hard fight for the nomination and may get the Boston delegates; but when the returns come in from the country towns it is surmised that he will fall considerably short of winning the prize.

### *FIGHTING FOR DELEGATES.*

We gather from the columns of the Medford *Mercury* that Ex-Mayor Lovering and Representative White of that city are engaged in a hot contest for delegates to the next Republican Senatorial convention. White is a baker and got into the Massachusetts House of Representatives as a candidate of the union labor element. The *Mercury* claims that the Republican City Committee acted illegally in apportioning the number of delegates to Wards 1 and 6 and in favor of White, which action is to be reviewed by higher authorities.

☞ Hon. John P. Feeney, who is managing John B. Moran's Gubernatorial campaign, declared to newspaper reporters last Saturday that Moran is absolutely certain of capturing the Democratic nomination, but he had not, at that time, heard of Henry M. Whitney's consent to run. While up to within a few days it has looked as though Moran would carry the Democratic convention, recent events have raised serious doubts as to his ability to do so, and the entry of Whitney into the lists makes it almost certain that Manager Feeney's words will fail to prove true. Outside of the large cities Moran will have but little political backing.

☞ A well authenticated report reaches the JOURNAL to the effect that a large number of the leading members of the Republican party in this city have unanimously made choice of Hon George F. Bean as their candidate for Representative to the Legislature, and are asking him for his consent to accept a nomination. Highly appreciating the source from whence the call comes, and not being averse to wearing the honors of the position, it is believed that Mr. Bean will accept a nomination, if tendered to him without a contest, as is quite certain to be the case. The Republicans could not have made a better choice for their Legislative candidate.

☞ Ald. Fred J. Brown is as staunch a friend of the taxpayers as there is in the City Council, and no member enjoys a larger share of public confidence than he. His chief aim seems to be to serve the people honestly, to deal fairly by all, and to guard and promote the interests of the whole city without fear or favor. Ald. Brown has a mind of his own, and does not hide his opinions under a bushel. He is not a politician; has no axes to grind; no friends to reward or enemies to punish. His name has been mentioned in connection with the next Mayoralty.

☞ The Home Market Club are crowding Governor Guild into rather close quarters on the reciprocity and tariff question. According to the Club's Secretary Mr. Guild is a good Republican, meaning that he is a protective tariff man, but caters to the Foss element because he thinks the people of the State want reciprocity, in other words, he is a reciprocity man purely as a matter of political policy. Policy never won a permanent victory, in politics, religion, socially, or in any of the affairs of life.

☞ Eugene N. Foss, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, has established headquarters in Boston and proposes to fight it out if it takes all summer. He is rich and can afford to run a headquarters. As near as we can learn, his candidacy is not, to use a backneyed term, taken seriously by anybody in Boston, except by Foss, and it is doubtful if even he has much confidence in his ability to beat Lieut. Gov. Draper.

☞ The Woburn Democratic City Committee unanimously endorsed John B. Moran, Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk county, for Governor at a meeting held last Wednesday evening at the Central House. No one dreamed that the Committee would do anything else seeing that John P. Feeney is the political Boss here.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**New Advertisements.**

E. F. Jeansen—Citation.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
Geo. E. Morrill—For Sale.
Hammond & Son Co.—Goods.

— Elsie Quimby is at Salisbury Beach.

— Mrs. Mary A. Seeley is at North Conway, N. H.

— We have had some charming weather this week.

— Grace L. Bryant is spending her vacation at Wells Beach.

— Labor Day comes in two weeks from next Monday, Sept. 3.

— The National Band will give a concert on the Common to-night.

— Mrs. Jessie Carpenter and daughters are visiting in Pennsylvania.

— Com. Kennedy is taking good care of our highways. He knows the business.

— Blueberry picking has about ended here, and there has been a lot of it this summer.

— The South End Social Club had a successful trolley trip to Revere Beach last Saturday.

— John Maloney, salesman and clerk in Maloney's grocery, is away on his summer outing.

— Elwyn G. Preston, Mrs. Preston and the boys are in New Hampshire for summer pleasures.

— D. J. McDonald, telegrapher and clerk at the Centre B. & M. station, is away on his vacation.

— President W. E. Blodgett of the City Council went to York State last week on a business errand.

— Grace L. Hathaway of Bennett street takes her summer rest and pleasure at Sunapee, N. H.

— Over five hundred people from this city attended the Band Concert at Reading last Tuesday night.

— Mrs. Mary Plannett and her niece Miss Bertha Smith are at Sanbornton, N. H., for a visit of three weeks.

— Please read the advertisement For Sale in this paper. It affords a good opportunity to buy fine furniture cheap

— Carrie Brown has left her home on Mt. Pleasant street for a vacation visit and tarry at Ocean Point, Maine.

— There is a loud call for more dwellinghouses at North Woburn. Indeed, more are needed all over the city.

— Rev. Dr. Norton and son Paul will soon start out on vacation. The Madam will keep house during their absence.

— The tenth annual gathering of the John Bean Association is to be held at the Franklin House, Lawrence, on Sept. 13.

— Co. G boys who go with the dandy 5th Regiment, will have the time of their lives at Ottawa, Canada, next week.

— Now that the brickwork on the new hose house at Central Square is completed, work can be pushed ahead more rapidly.

— William E Kenney of the post-office force goes to Peak's Island, Casco Bay, Maine, next Monday for his fortnight's vacation.

— The family of Mr. Willis Buckman, the popular Highlands grocer, are at Ocean Point, Maine, enjoying their vacation outing.

— The City Seal has been put on the new schoolhouse as a matter of ornament, and to sort of making it more binding, as it were.

— Fred Lowell, of Hammond & Son Co.'s store is doing his vacation season on the coast of Maine near the mouth of the Kennebec River.

— Mrs. Tebbetts chaperoned as fine looking and well behaved a party of ladies as one would wish to see to Canobie Lake last Wednesday.

— Edwin A. Symmes, a "quarryman" in Woburn Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, died at his home in Malden last week aged 41 years.

— Goldenrod is in bloom; waysides are brilliant with it, and so are the arms of its fair gatherers on their evening return to homes in the village.

— New Hampshire people begin a "Home Week" tomorrow. A fortnight ago this State closed the most successful one its inhabitants ever held.

— F. W. Clemson is building a large saw factory near Walnut Hill station. W. C. Bailey is also building one on the corner of High and Prospect streets.

— The concert which was to have been given by the Brass Band last Friday night, postponed on account of rain, was given Wednesday night on the Common.

— "Wonderland" at Revere Beach attracts thousands of people every week day, hundreds of thousands on Sundays, and Woburn furnishes its full quota of them.

— Mr. and Mrs. Putney of Georgia are visiting New England friends and scenes. They are Bay State born and bred, and as fine people as can be found anywhere.

— More than the usual number of Woburn people are patronizing Old Orchard this summer. Pine Point, just beyond O. O., is having a good many Woburn visitors, too.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton school, one of the most faithful and successful teachers Woburn ever had, has been passing her vacation at Jackson, N. H.

— Miss Mary Ellen Connolly, granddaughter of Janitor John Connolly of City Hall, is spending her vacation with the Winns in Burlington this week, and enjoying it very much.

— Ass't P. M. Nellie McCarthy is expected to return from her vacation in Vermont tomorrow evening, which will release Clerk Kenney and enable him to go to Portland next Monday.

— Mr. George S. Hudson, District Reporter for the Boston *Herald*, has been enjoying a yachting cruise along the N. E. coast lately, for which pleasure he is most admirably adapted.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Winn A. A. have arranged for a fine trolley trip on August 22. Nothing can be mentioned at the present time that is so fashionable and generally indulged in as country and beach trolley trips.

— Three weeks from next Monday, or on Sept. 10, the public schools of this city will begin work on another school year, for which we sincerely hope the teachers and scholars will be duly prepared.

— It was Margaret Lennon who was honored with a surprise party and some beautiful presents at her home one evening last week, instead of Mary, as was erroneously stated. It was a delightful affair.

— Mr. Charles P. Buckley, driver of Hook and Ladder No. 1, one of the oldest and most faithful and efficient members of the Fire Department, has left here for his annual vacation outing. He deserves a good one.

— J. W. Smith, Boston Director of the U. S. Bureau of Climatology, in his weekly report ending Aug. 13, gives a summary of the weather conditions and gives Monday, Aug. 13, the credit of being a record breaker for heat.

— An unusual occurrence on Park street the other day was Hern's monument wagon swing up to the old cemetery and take a stone to the Fowle lot. It was of handsome Italian marble erected and set at the grave of John F. Barrett.

— Mr. Rufus C. Hayward's horse although 28 years old, is as fat, sleek and sprightly as a colt. Skimming over the ground, with head and tail erect, one could hardly be made to realize that the horse is not in its youthful prime.

— W. R. C. 84 are very much pleased with their new hall, or the old one revamped and made over, and well they may be, for it is a fine one. Regular meetings of the Corps are to be held on the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

— One member of the Soakem Club who the Suffolk grand jury caught in their net and indicted is a Woburn citizen. His name isn't Nichols nor Brown & Gifford. He don't like the way Prosecuting Attorney John B. Moran has treated him and his Co-Soakems.

— Whitcher took a fine photographic picture of Rev. Dr. March as he was standing on the steps of First church 3 days before his 90th birthday anniversary, and offers it for sale on postcards. It is fair to presume that there will be a lively demand for this latest likeness of the venerable minister and author.

— The motto of Mr. George Durward being "Business before Pleasure" he denied himself the fun of muster work at South Framingham this week with Co. G, 5th, of which he is a member. Instead of training with the boys he is selling the best of meat and vegetables at his market at subsoil figures.

— The Woburn Industrial School closed for the season last Friday, with a fine exhibition of the work of pupils, and a large company of interested visitors present. Principal Frank Carter was pleased with the closing ceremonies. The School is of decided value to the young people of this city, and deserves public encouragement.

— After 21 years of good and faithful service Mr. Walter S. Stackpole is about to leave the employ, as florist, of Edward A. Dow and accept a responsible situation with Dobbins & Shannon, florists, on Lexington street. He possesses great skill in the cultivation of flowers and plants and will give valuable aid to his new employers.

— Col. White, State Inspector of Rifle Practice, has chosen James Durward, Jr., as a member of the Massachusetts team to shoot at Seagirt on Aug. 26. Lieut. Torrorse of Co. G, 5th Reg., would probably have also been selected by Col. White had he not preferred to go with the Company to Ottawa, Canada. He is a great rifle shot.

— Gateman Callahan's flowerbeds on the depot lawn never looked fairer than at the present time. Fine selections of flowers were made by him in the spring and the best of weather and careful attention have brought them to a state of perfection seldom, if ever before, reached. They are beautiful and greatly admired by all who see them.

— Angelo Crovo supplies this market with the best of everything in the line of fruit, of which he sells dead loads every day in the year, Sundays excepted. Fruit is about the only thing eatable now days that is not adulterated and doctored, the moral of which is eat fruit. Crovo not only sells the freshest and best, but his prices are reasonable and fair.

— Very Rev. P. J. Lally of Dublin, Ireland, is the distinguished guest of Mr. James F. McGrath at Elmwood this week, where he is glad to meet and greet people of Woburn whose birthplace was County Galway, or others from the Emerald Isle. Mr. McGrath and his son were guests of Very Rev. Lally on their recent visit to Ireland.

— A water main is to be extended on Lexington street which will be a good thing for the people in that section of the city. It ought to have been done before. Nothing helps a town more than the introduction and extension of useful modern improvements, to which the dwellers in more remote parts are as much entitled as those in more thickly settled sections.

— Mr. Samuel R. Dolliver has moved from San Francisco, California, where he had been in the mercantile business many years before the destruction of the city last April, to Palo Alto, same State. He was a heavy loser in the great earthquake, but has probably got enough filthy lucre stowed away to carry him through. He was formerly a resident of Woburn and a member of "The Sons of 24," of which Amariah Haynes is President; George Buchanan Secretary; and Marcus Eaton, Treasurer.

— Katherine A. Feeney is enjoying her summer outing at Bethlehem, N. H.

— Hon. William F. Davis and wife are again at their home on Arlington Road.

— Commissioner Peter E. McHugh of the Board of Public Works is taking his vacation.

— Julian E. Dow, at the close of his vacation, has returned to Birmingham, Ala., where he is engaged in business.

— The Band Concert which was to have been given by the National Band on the Common tonight has been postponed.

— Mr. George G. Hart and Mrs. Hart have got back from Vermont where they passed a pleasant vacation season.

— The J. M. Ellis Co. are to build the foundation for the Guastivino Co. at Central Square, and F. W. Graydon erects the building.

— Mrs. Dr. Sanborn represents W. R. C. 161 at the present National G. A. R. Encampment at Minneapolis. She left here last Saturday.

— "An Anxious Enquirer" wants to know who the colorist of City Hall and Charles street schoolhouse is. Can't tell him—don't know.

— Feast of the Assumption services were held in St. Charles church last Wednesday. There were three masses and a large attendance at each.

— At a meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening the plans for heating and ventilating the new schoolhouse were approved and accepted.

— Mr. Charles Sturtevant, formerly of this city, came down from Haverhill and has been visiting friends here this week. He was accompanied by his brother, with whom he lives.

— E. Prior, real estate dealer, says he could rent 30 good houses located near the Centre at once if he could get them. There is a brisk demand for dwellings the rent of which ranges from 15 to 20 dollars.

— The amount of sweet corn daily finding its way from Woburn farms to the Boston market is truly amazing. Cords of it pass the Common headed Hubward—every hour, and the husbandmen are growing rich on it. Talk about your "Carter corn," and "Maine corn," and other popular brands, but give us George W. Copp's corn every time, and others may fill themselves on any kind that pleases them best.

— Rev. Dr. H. B Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church in this city, is taking his vacation in York State, at Syracuse and thereabouts, and next Sunday Rev. Mr. Stuart, father of Dr. Stuart of Summer street, who is pastor of a church out towards the Hudson River, is to preach in Dr. Williams's pulpit at the union meeting to be held in that sanctuary. Rev. Dr. Williams preached at Brockton a couple of Sundays ago.

— The weather was uncommonly hot last Sunday until 6 p. m. when the mercury dropped from 83 to below 70 in the short space of 30 minutes. It cooled the atmosphere, and made things very comfortable indeed. The probable reason for the recent radical changes of weather experienced immediately following changes of the wind to the E. or S. E., is that an extraordinary number of icebergs of greater dimensions than usual are passing down the coast.

— Mr. John Cole Andrews, the Printer, Miss Dora A. Winn and Miss Maud H. Littlefield leave here tomorrow, August 18, for Orr's Island, Casco Bay, Maine, for a fortnight's vacation outing. Orr's Island is one of the choicest resorts on the Maine Coast, the beauties of which were splendidly portrayed with pen and camera by Miss Clara N. Fogg, a versatile reporter and special writer for the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*, last season. We hope our young Woburn friends will have a happy time.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, Commander of Burbank Post 33, G. A R, started last Saturday for Minneapolis, Minnesota, to attend, as a delegate, the annual National Encampment of the Order in that city. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nellie, who will greatly enjoy the trip. On their return they expect to meet Mrs. Moore and the daughter Jennie at Niagara Falls from whence the party will come home together. Commander Moore takes a lively interest in and contributes liberally to the G. A. R.

— Traders who would secure the patronage of the best class of people, of those who have money to spend, and whose patronage is valuable, should advertise in the JOURNAL, whose subscription list is composed of the cream of society, and always has been. The proprietor of the JOURNAL feels proud of the character of his patrons, and if our traders would make efforts to secure them, instead of "catering for a cheaper" class of business, there would be less cry of hard times. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient, but will our merchants heed it?

— The Buchanan neighborhood on Church avenue turned out enmasse last Friday afternoon to witness the departure of Col. W. T. Grammer, Mr. George Buchanan and Capt. Jacob M. Ellis, with Arthur Ellis driver of the handsome auto, for Nahant with the agreeable object in view of partaking of a grand dinner at Capt. Ellis's expense. The party left in fine feather amid the cheers of the populace and the waving of headgear and pocket-handkerchiefs. In anticipation of a delightful auto ride and prime seaside repast the party appeared to be a happy one.

— Company G, 5th Regiment, Thomas McCarthy, Captain, except a dozen members who left in advance, started for the muster field at South Framingham last Saturday morning by the B. & M. train, where they have been doing military duty all this week. They were a fine looking company of soldiers, and went out of the city in good spirits. At the close of the week's camp life and work the Regiment go to Ottawa, Canada, to be the guests of the Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles of that smart Canadian city. That the boys will do credit to themselves and the Massachusetts Militia goes without saying.

— Mrs. Catharine Pickett died in Boston Saturday, August 11. She was the daughter of Joshua and Almira (Coburn) Stoddard and was born in Woburn in 1823. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Frederick W. Bosworth who died Aug. 4, just one week earlier. Two sisters are living in Woburn, Mrs. Helen V. Emerson and Mrs. J. Augusta Garland. Interment was at Forest Hills.

— On Monday afternoon last Miss Josephine H. Sweetser celebrated the 13th anniversary of her birthday at her home, 15 Cleveland avenue, by a floral reception, entertaining a number of her young friends. Lunch was served under the trees and all returned to the bower for games and tableaux. Those present were, Frances Parker, Margaret Parker, Rachel Blodgett, Lillian Hill, Adelaide Emery, Bertha Emery, Lottie Ashbee, Ruth Prior, Gertrude Clement, Olive Fowley, Louise Sweetser.

— The Hammond & Son Co., with Mr. J. F. DeLand General Manager, as is well known, leads in the clothing trade in this city, as the house has done for many years past. Hammond's has always been noted for the exceptionally high quality of their goods, for variety, and reasonable prices at which everything is sold. It is a prosperous house, one reason for which has been its reputation for square dealing. People who buy are absolutely certain to get just what they bargain for, which cannot be truthfully said of all clothing establishments. The Company are doing a fine business even in these vacation times.

— On August 1, Miss H. Josephine Ellis of this city, who has been traveling in Europe several months, was at the Waldhause Dolder, Zurich, Switzerland, with U. S. Consul Lieberknecht, Madam and Miss Amalia Lieberknecht, and enjoying the beauties of that fair clime to the brim. Waldhause Dolder is charmingly located, judging from a picture of it and Mrs. L's assurance that they have "Venetian evenings" there, and from it the party send cordial geetings to the JOURNAL family, which are as cordially accepted. Miss Ellis is evidently having a lovely time among the rugged mountain heights and delightful Lakes of Switzerland.

— A JOURNAL correspondent now on vacation writes from Ogunquit, Maine, Aug. 15: Last evening a concert for the benefit of the Baptist church at Ogunquit was given in the church. Among those contributing to the entertainment were Mrs. Annie Strout, who rendered a piano solo; Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who read an original poem; and Miss Alice Josephine Whitcomb, who gave two monologues * * * The weather here is delightful and we are enjoying every minute of our stay. * * * The correspondent writes that the Woburn Colony at Ogunquit consists of Hon. E. E. Thompson, Mr. Abijah Thompson, Mrs. Annie Strout, Miss Alice Josephine Whitcomb, and Miss Grace M. Bryant.

— A few days ago President Wm. E. Blodgett of the City Council bought the best and, by all odds, the finest looking saddle horse that was ever owned by anybody in Woburn. It is a Kentucky thoroughbred, coalblack, proud stepper, elegant carriage, and a perfect beauty from the tip of his handsome ears to the end of his equally handsome tail. If this paper should presume to give the figure that President Blodgett paid for that superb piece of Kentucky horseflesh it would surprise our readers beyond measure. To adopt the idea and very nearly the pat and eloquent language of Dr. Ch—rs, we believe politics pays, although we hasten to remark that not the slightest suspicion of anything crooked rests on the present Council, nor has a breath of scandal emanated from that branch of the municipal government this year.

— Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, Treasurer of the local branch, has been notified by the manager of the Floating Hospital Charity that Thursday, August 23, has been assigned as Woburn Day for the Harbor excursion of sick children; and, also, that it is deemed inexpedient to issue tickets to individuals, as has been the custom, the attending physicians declaring that crowds of visitors interfere with their professional work on the boat. The Manager states to Mrs. Aldrich that visitors will be welcomed on board before the boat starts out on the trip and after her return to the wharf for examination, but cannot be taken on the sail, for the reasons given. It is expected that a considerable number of Woburn people will go down next Thursday to see the steamer and the children and parents on board, as well as to examine the arrangements for the care of the little ones.

— Last Tuesday morning we received, with grateful heart, a copy of "The Sachem," a 20 page beautifully illustrated descriptive book of Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, with the compliments of Mrs. Annie E. Strout, Hon Edw. E. Thompson and Mr. Abijah Thompson, all of Woburn, dated Aug 13, 1906, who are spending a delightful vacation season at "The Sachem," the largest and finest hotel at that charming seaside resort. The proprietor of this elegant and popular house is a Littlefield (W. B.), of course, for the name of about everybody in that section of Old Wells is Littlefield, descendants of Sir Edmund, while the balance of the population used to be chiefly Hatches and Hobbses. The souvenir, for which Mrs. Strout will please accept our thanks, is especially precious to us, for it vividly brings to mind the happy times when, as a boy, we fished for place in Ogunquit River and whiled away sunny summer hours on the finest beach along the Atlantic Coast.

Attend To It Now.

September should see your Cemetery Lot at its best. Let us erect a Memorial before the snow comes. Best materials, best workmanship and prompt service.

JOHN H. HERN,
Salem St., - Woburn.
Woodbrook Cemetery.

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

### Flower Mission.

Every Friday afternoon several ladies of the W. C. T. U. are in the kitchen of the Cong. church ready to receive donations of flowers.

At this time when so many beautiful flowers are in bloom, we wish all who have any would help in this work. Please bring a few, to speak silent words of cheer to some sad-hearted pilgrim on Life's journey.

Get the children interested if you cannot spare the time yourself. Let them pick some flowers and bring them, it will encourage them in acts of kindness.

PRESS Supt.

### Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Local News.

— The re-union of the 32d Regiment was held on Saturday last at Nahant. The Woburn attendance is smaller each year.

— The present address of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parker is Pine Point, the pleasantest spot on the Maine Coast, and will be for the next two weeks.

— A special agent sent out from Washington to inspect the sites offered for a government postoffice in this city may be expected to visit here within a short time.

— Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the District Court, and member of the Board of Assessors, and family leave tomorrow, August 18, for a fortnight's vacation in Vermont.

— Francis L. Beal, Missionary in charge of St. John's Mission, Saugus, will assist the Rector at the evening service at Trinity church on Sunday evening and will preach the sermon.

— McLaughlin & Dennison talk strong on the "Earlington" cigar this week, and what they say is right to the point. It is a leader, and the best smoker for the money that can be found in the market.

— Professor George H. Blakeslee of Clark College, Worcester, who was arrested in a Russian city a few days ago as a suspicious character and speedily released by influence of Consul Smith, was a College classmate of Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector of Trinity church, this city.

— The attraction at the King's Daughters Lawn Party at the Baldwin Mansion on next Monday evening will be dancing on the new fifty foot platform, Trinity Club Orchestra of eight pieces furnishing music; Mr. Charles H. Olin, "New England's Premier Ventriloquist," Prof. Jones Hypnotist, Fortune Teller and refreshments. Everyone invited.

### The End of The World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### Base Ball.

St. Charles will play the McManus and Atwood team at Chelsea Saturday.

The Institutes, a strong Stoneham team, will play the South Ends at the Park August 25.

At the Park last Saturday Woburn Council K. of C. lost to Concord in a close game, score 4 to 3.

North Woburn did not play Somerville at the Park last Saturday, they refusing to play after the K. of C. game.

At Arlington last Saturday the St. Charles team were defeated 6 to 2, by the Knights of Columbus team of that place. McMahon pitched a good game but got poor support.

The South Ends got theirs at Somerville last Saturday against the strong Bennett A. C. team who have not been defeated this season. The South Ends had the lead in the early part of the game but could not hold it.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Wilmington.

Last Saturday night, as the result of an operation for appendicitis followed by peritonitis, Dr. Frederick A. Roberts died at his home in this village, aged 33 years. He was a native of Waterboro, York county, Maine, and had been practicing medicine here about 5 years with success. A few years ago he had an office in Woburn a short time. He was a graduate from Colby College at Waterville, Maine, and the Philadelphia Medical College. He was a young man of marked ability and sterling character, and highly esteemed for his professional and personal qualities. A wife and one child are left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

### A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Rule for Hot Weather.

Stop baking bread and buy Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. If there is any difference it's in your favor, as this bread is always the best that can be made.

Winner Bread—the best 5c. loaf to be bought.
At all grocers—10c.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Hammond & Son Co.
STILL CONTINUE THEIR
Mark-Down Sale
—OF—
Dependable Summer Clothing.

There are some extra good Bargains in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing.

BOYS' STAR BLOUSES, $1.00 value, 50c.
BOYS' $1.00 KNEE PANTS, 69c.
" .75 " " 49c.
" .50 " " 39c.

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS, Lyceum Building, Woburn.

**HELP WANTED FEMALE.**

Agents–Something absolutely new, a genuine legally guaranteed silk petticoat; to be sold direct to consumer from manufacturer; splendid opportunity, liberal commission, exclusive home territory. Reference required. Address, P.O. Box 45, Sta. O, N.Y. City, N. Y.

**MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.**

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—10th Sunday after Trinity. 7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon by Francis L. Beal of St. John's Mission, Saugus.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

### Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 14, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Charles A. Temple of Woburn and Linnea W. Lindhe of Watertown.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 9, Joseph McCarthy, aged 1 year 8 months, 9 days.

In this city, Aug. 10, James A. Mosher, aged 71 years, 6 months.

In this city, Aug. 12, James Conole, aged 68 years.

In this city, Aug. 15, Colin M. Rome, aged 63 years.

1¢ A Plate

For the most delicious ICE CREAM is cheap enough, isn't it? That is all it costs when made with Jell-O Ice Cream Powder and it can be made and frozen in 10 minutes.

Simply stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking, heating or fussing; no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add, as everything but the ice and milk is contained in the package, and approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Five kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry and Unflavored.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. to us for two packages. Illustrated Recipe Book Mailed Free.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of James A. Mosher, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward P. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Factory: Akron, O.

Coffee Bargains
—AT THE—
Boston Branch Grocery

Our Best Mocha and Java
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

Boston Blend Coffee
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c, lb.

Santos Coffee
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hous
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts,**

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen W. Hinckley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Benjamin S. Hinckley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estate,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
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To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

Those desirous of sending a photograph of

**Dr. Daniel March**

to friends, can obtain one printed upon a post card, stamped for mailing.

Photo taken at church entrance 3 days before he became

**Four Score and Ten.**

Obtainable only at

**Whitcher's PILL BOX**

**Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.**

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**To Please YOU**

is what we are here for. If you come here to buy perfume we know of no surer way to please you than to show you THELMA. We believe this because it has pleased everyone else especially people who know what's what! THELMA is delightfully sweet and delicate, a perfume of quality.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

Office Hours:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GO TO **BASS POINT**
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
**BOAT**
FROM
**LYNN**
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot. Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## Whitney to Oppose Moran For Governorship Nomination.

## SITUATION IS MUCH MIXED.

### Conservative Democrats Feel Sure of Beating District Attorney.

The Democratic leaders in Massachusetts, or at least some of them, fully believe that they have now got John B. Moran beaten for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

It is quite possible that they are correct. The leaders of the conservative wing, men like Quincy, Mayor Fitzgerald, Congressman Sullivan, and Transit Commissioner Joseph J. Corbett, do not hesitate now to declare their belief that Moran is on a toboggan and going to the bottom of the hill as fast as speed will carry him.

It is probable that Moran has lost strength in the last weeks, as these leaders declare, but the end is certainly not yet.

When Henry M. Whitney, former president of the West End Railway company, consented to stand as a candidate for the Democratic nomination against Moran, the courage of the members of the conservative wing of the party took on immediate strength. The opponents of Mr. Moran have certainly had a bad scare. At one time they were ready to take to the woods and let the district attorney for Suffolk county play the game all by himself. It is said that Transit Commissioner Corbett was the moving spirit to give courage to the frightened city leaders, and that he is the man who stopped the Moran tidal wave by forcing Congressman Sullivan into the field merely as a stalking-horse while a stronger and more desirable candidate was picked up.

To this day Mayor Fitzgerald has somewhat temporized with the Moran movement. He would like wonderfully well to see the district attorney beaten, but he has not the courage to lead the movement, and he will not declare himself very strongly until he is convinced that Whitney is going to be successful in his move for the nomination. Mr. Fitzgerald's friends say that the mayor is brave, but when he has an opportunity to show it, as in the present instance, he declines it with alacrity. As a matter of fact, courage is not the strong point of the mayor.

### The Fight Is Still Hot.

But Moran is not yet beaten. The caucuses are more than a month hence and in the Democratic party there is a strong feeling for the district attorney. There is a strong conviction among the Democratic masses that the party has for years been used by designing politicians and scheming financiers for their own benefit, and that these men have had very little interest in the party except as it affected their personal political fortunes and their financial schemes. An Essex county lawyer, who has been a life-long Democrat, voiced the general discontent against the old-time control of the party when he declared that for a decade it had been merely an adjunct to the Boston Elevated Railway company and other corporations of that class desirous of controlling the city of Boston and the commonwealth, and securing legislation in the interests of these institutions. He declared that personally he had no sympathy with the class of men who have acquired control of the Democratic city and state organization for wholly selfish purposes. He declared that the party as at present organized had no sympathy with the common people and never would have so long as that class of men control it.

It is this feeling abroad among the Democratic masses which has made Moran such a formidable opponent to the Democratic machine, and come very close to insuring him the nomination for governor. And for that matter it is wholly within the limits of possibility that he may yet succeed in wresting the nomination from men who are today so busily engaged in an effort to nominate Whitney. There is no question that Whitney is a strong man with one wing of the Democratic party, but he appeals to an entirely different class to that included in the Moran following. He is essentially and primarily a corporation man. His sympathies have always been with the corporations, and as a candidate he does not especially appeal to the working man or the man of small possessions. He is as essentially a corporation man as is William A. Gaston or Josiah Quincy. While at the head of the West End street railway and as president of that corporation, he was severely criticised for his large expenditures of money to secure favorable legislation in connection with the bill to provide for the construction of elevated railways in Boston. The lavish hand with which these expenditures were distributed caused such general comment and criticism that public investigation was ordered by the great and general court and held by a committee of the legislature. This committee found that there was good ground for the criticism and itself condemned these expenditures on the part of the West End.

Of course all these things will militate against Mr. Whitney, and undoubtedly Mr. Moran will find a great many things about which to question him before the nominating campaign is over.

Democratic affairs are in such a foggy state that until after the caucuses very little can be done toward organizing the campaign. If Mr. Moran is nominated, the party will bring to the front issues similar to those outlined in the platform of the district attorney, which he issued some weeks ago. Aside from that, if he is nominated, an entirely different set of campaigners will compose the battle line. Mr. Moran will have very little confidence in the leaders of the conservative wing, and, if nominated, will probably relegate them to the rear and put his own trusted lieutenants in charge of the campaign forces.

Contrariwise, if Mr. Whitney is nominated, the old-time leaders will compose the staff which will direct the canvass against the Republicans.

Of course, Mr. Moran is already in the field. He has been nominated by one political party and yearns for the indorsement of the Democrats. He has been turned down by the Socialists, who were wiser than their cold-water brethren, the Prohibitionists, but he still has a standing as representing the forces of temperance, notwithstanding the fact that he is a recent convert to the teetotal idea. Consequently he must be a candidate at the polls, even though unsuccessful in his quest for the Democratic nomination. He will undoubtedly have a sufficient following among the Democrats to make the calling and election of Governor Guild certain whether he gets the Democratic nomination or not, but if he is turned down by the Democratic caucuses, it will be necessary for him to go upon the ballot by nomination papers, as the Prohibitionists are not a party within the legal meaning of that word, since they did not in the last election cast three percent of the total vote.

### Moran's Grave Mistake.

It is plainly evident that Mr. Moran made a grave mistake when he made his attack upon the Home for Intemperate Women, and released all the inmates confined there, on the ground that it was a prison and not a home. He tried to convey the impression that the home was a money-making institution and that the women there were obliged to work very hard for the benefit of the institution. One by one, however, these women are being brought into court for intemperance, and most of them elect to go back there in preference to being sentenced to the island or Sherborn. It was certainly a grave error of judgment in the district attorney to attack an institution vouched for by philanthropists and clergymen as well-conducted and beneficial.

What will come of his indictment of icemen, normal school contractors and others remains to be seen. In the grand jury room only the side of the prosecuting attorney is heard. There is no opportunity for a person accused to give evidence in his own favor. Therefore, while it is comparatively easy to secure indictments, it is quite another matter to secure convictions in court.

### Scientific Language.

"No wonder," said the poet, "that no one cares to read the works of Haeckel, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and so on. These men have much to say, but they don't know how to say it. They have never taken the time to learn to write." He drew his notebook from his pocket. "When Professor Thompson," he resumed, "hit on a new variety of cathode rays, he announced his discovery in these terms: 'Of an orthocathodic character, a deflectable fluorescifient excitant; of a paracathodic character, a deflectable fluorescifient nonexcitant; of a diacathodic character, a nondeflectable fluorescifient nonexcitant; of an isocathodic character, a deflectable, nonflorescifient nonexcitant'—and so on for forty or fifty pages."

### Badly Placed.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?

James (a novice)—All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

Lawley—Oh, just put in "great applause" and let it go.

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading, "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." (Great applause.)—London Express.

### Ignorance Might Have Been Bliss.

"A lady on a sultry summer afternoon called on some friends," said a lecturer. "The talk buzzed along briskly, fans waved and the daughter of the house kept twitching uncomfortably, frowning and making little smothered exclamations of annoyance. Finally with an impatient sigh she rose and left the room.

"'Your daughter,' said the visitor, 'seems to be suffering from the heat.'

"'No,' said the hostess. 'She is just back home from college, and she is suffering from the family grammar.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Wise Man.

"I'll take that," said the man, indicating a silver mounted hand glass, "and I want you to engrave on it 'From J. J. B. to Phyllis.'"

"Very well," replied the salesman, "we'll put it on the back here"—

"Oh, no. Put it around the edge on the front. I want her to see it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Macullar Parker Company**

**Our August Price Reduction Sale is now going on in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Departments.**

Low prices on Men's and Youths' Outing Suits, Boys' Wash Suits and Men's and Boys' Shirts, Neckwear, etc. to clear up Spring and Summer Goods.

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## BOTH WELL INFORMED.

### An Interchange of Compliments Between Grant and Lee.

Toward the end of the war between the states the value of a well organized scout service came to be fully appreciated by the leaders of both armies. Perhaps no commanders of modern times were better served in this respect than General Grant and General Lee. Both were kept informed daily as to nearly everything that went on within the enemy's lines.

General Gordon relates that one morning toward the end of the long conflict, when the Confederates, officers and men alike, were reduced to unpleasant straits for food, a captain from the Union headquarters went, under a flag of truce, with a communication to General Lee concerning the exchange of prisoners.

"General Lee," said the captain, with a smile, after delivering his message, "General Grant sends you his personal compliments and bids me assure you that he knows exactly what you had for breakfast this morning."

"General Grant must be misinformed as to this," replied General Lee, surveying the message bearer with a sad smile. "General Grant is a generous man, and if he had known with what a breakfast I had to content myself he would certainly have sent me half of his. But give him my compliments," he continued, with a sudden twinkle, "and say that although I do not know as to his breakfast I have full particulars concerning his dinner last night."—Youth's Companion.

## SLEEP HABITS OF ANIMALS.

### The Monkey Never Loses Its Instinct of Fear.

"When a monkey sleeps he picks out the highest perch he can find," said an animal trainer. "When the only home of the monkey was a forest, he lived always in deadly fear of the lion. A live monkey is the choicest morsel on the menu of the king of beasts. Although the monkey is wise and knows that in a zoo the lions are securely caged, the fear is born in him and he sleeps on the high perch.

"The lioness, when free from family cares, is prone to lie on its back with its legs stretched up straight in the air and paws pendent. The lion, when the excitement of the day is gone, stretches itself out flatly on its side with paws turned in and twitches and throbs during its slumber a good deal like a dog. Gorillas and chimpanzees sleep with their hands over their heads. Bears, which have no fear, sleep in any position. The same is true of wolves.

"Animals of a cunning or cowardly nature, however, are always on the alert, even when asleep. A seal sleeps like a human being. Once in awhile a seal will sit up with its head on its chest, asleep in the water. Its ears are kept under so that he may hear the approach of an enemy, sound traveling with great distinctness under water."

### Franklin on Catching Cold.

It is well known, says the New York Evening Post, that Franklin made a particular study of colds and had his own theory about them, which we believe is pretty much the theory of today. One of his assertions was that catching cold does not come from mere cold, but from unequal temperature over the body and from undistributed moisture. To prove this he made a number of observations on occasions when he did and did not suffer. A few of these follow:

By putting on a damp shirt on a dry body—yes.

By putting on a dry shirt on a wet body, though this wets the body ten times more—no.

By sitting in a room where the floor has been newly washed—yes.

By going into a river and staying there an hour (no sheets so wet)—no.

By wetting the feet only—yes.

By wetting all the clothes through the body and wearing them a whole day—no.

By sitting in a room against a crevice—yes.

By sitting as long in the open air—no.

### How Cyanide Was Discovered.

Scheele in 1783 laid the foundations for the manufacture of cyanide of potassium. With prussiate of potash for its base, dried animal matter of any and all kinds was dumped into the superheated vessels containing the potash, together with iron filings and borings. A stonelike black mass resulted from the cooling, and other processes brought the final lemon colored crystals which resulted from evaporations of the solutions. From these crystals prussic acid was evolved, of which a 2 per cent solution is the pharmaceutical preparation, yet so powerful that four drops will kill a large dog. A chemist, putting a cyanide solution in a gold lined dish in 1844, discovered that the gold was dissolved in the liquid. This was the beginning of the gold plating process by the use of cyanide and the further involvement of the poison came about in electroplating, in photography and in treating refractory gold ores.—Technical World.

### A Canadian Paradise.

Temagami is shaped like an octopus, with long stretched out arms, and its shores are indented with deep circling bays, island strewn and culminating in sharp points and curves that add to the beauty of this magical scene. "The lake of deep waters" is the meaning of the Indian word, and they lie very deep and cool in their bed of granite, in stillness a perfect mirror, in storm darkly menacing, with foam edged waves showing fanglike teeth. Being a hundred square miles in area, Temagami forms one of Canada's great natural reservoirs. Mighty rivers from the height of land to the north flow into it, and it in turn feeds the streams that flow southward, carrying their life giving waters through the forests to the peopled lands below. There are 1,400 islands in the lake, and the government has included the whole area in a magnificent forest reserve of a million and a half acres.—Kate Westlake Yeigh in Four Track News.

### Jammed Fingers.

Few people have escaped jammed fingers, and as the pain caused when the finger is jammed in a door is excruciating in the extreme for the first few minutes it is well to know of some means of relief. The finger should be plunged into water as hot as can possibly be borne. This application of hot water causes the nail to expand and soften, and the blood pouring out beneath it has more room to flow. Thus the pain is lessened. The finger should then be wrapped in a bread and water poultice. A jammed finger should never be neglected, as it may lead to mortification of the bone if it has been badly crushed, and amputation of the finger must follow. Jammed toes are usually caused through the falling of heavy weights and should be treated in the same way as a jammed finger.

110
100
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**NOW HONEST,**

wouldn't you gladly stop baking bread this summer if you knew for a fact that you could buy bread that would suit the family just as well as your own?

It isn't possible that you enjoy slaving over a hot oven when the thermometer is way up in the eighties.

Just ask for CREAMALT bread (the oval loaf) at your grocer's.

Fresh each day, 10c.

**GEO. G. FOX CO.,**
**Boston.**

### Don't Be Touchy.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offense is designed. They are terribly touchy. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinences in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offense are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for insult. Of course, such a mental condition is due to too much thinking about self and to an exaggerated self esteem, even though unconscious. The best remedy is to persistently put thoughts of self out of mind. Find something more absorbing and more elevating to think about if you are one of the touchy ones, and you'll soon lose the habit.

### A Storm Above the Clouds.

Professor John Wise, the eminent aeronaut, who lost his life in making a balloon ascension on Sept. 28, 1879, gave the following description of a thunderstorm which he once viewed from the "top side:" "The view of a stormcloud from above is one of the most interesting sights ever beheld by mortal man. A storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of ebullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the stormcloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a stormcloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray colored vapor."

### A Life of Freedom.

People sometimes think how delightful it would be to be quite free. But a fish, as Ruskin says, is freer than a man, and, as for a fly, it is "a black incarnation of freedom." A life of so called pleasure and self indulgence is not a life of real happiness or true freedom. Far from it. If we once begin to give way to ourselves we fall under a most intolerable tyranny. Other temptations are in some respects like that of drink. At first, perhaps, it seems delightful, but there is bitterness at the bottom of the cup. Men drink to satisfy the desire created by previous indulgence. So it is in other things. Repetition soon becomes a craving, not a pleasure. Resistance grows more and more painful. Yielding, which at first, perhaps, afforded some slight and temporary gratification, soon ceases to give pleasure and, even if for a time it procures relief, ere long becomes odious itself.

### Died Standing.

The incident of Ratisbon—a French officer, though mortally wounded, rides back to Napoleon, reports the capture of the city and then falls from his saddle dead—is paralleled by a story of Gettysburg. An officer of the Sixth Wisconsin regiment walked up to Colonel Dawes, who was in command—Colonel Bragg was in Washington on crutches. The officer was very erect and very pale. Dawes and Doubleday both thought he was coming with a report or to receive orders. But he was not. He had a favor to ask. "Colonel," he said to Dawes, "will you tell the folks at home I died as a man and a soldier should?" Then he unbuttoned his coat. His whole side was shot away. It was his last effort. He died standing.

### A Nose Tax.

A "nose tax" was in the ninth century exacted by the Danes from the householders in Ireland. It was so called not because it was levied on noses, but from the fact that a failure to pay was punished by slitting the nose from tip to eyebrow. It was continued during thirteen years, when the householders, objecting to this treatment of their nasal ornaments, rose in rebellion, massacred all the Danes in Ireland and put an end to the nose slitting.

### Quite a Difference.

Employer—Young man, I hear that you bet on horse races. You are discharged. Youth—But my brother-in-law is a bookie. I have netted $600 on his tips this week. Employer—Ahem—er—close the door, please. Young man, your salary is doubled. Consider yourself my confidential adviser.—London Tit-Bits.

### Ibsen on Friendship.

Friends are a costly luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a mission in life one cannot afford to have friends. The expensiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what one, out of regard for them, leaves undone. This means the crushing of many an intellectual germ.—From a Letter to George Brandes.

## WINCHESTER.

Merchants Day has become a regular Winchester institution and fixture.

Mystic Lake is the Mecca of boatmen and swimmers, aye, a paradise.

One of our popular City Fathers, Mr. W. E. Beggs, and wife are at Allerton.

The *Star* intimates that this town may have a Senatorial candidate of its own. Why not?

Some of our good people are already trailing home from seaside and mountains where they have been enjoying their vacation.

The gypsy moths are now depositing their nests on the trees in great and dangerous numbers. An increase of the pest is greatly feared, but Supt. Kirkland's 50,000 parasites furnish a silver lining to the dark cloud, always providing the parasites do their duty and don't die trying. Prof. Kirkland has unbounded faith in them—or some other means of destruction.

In a recent statement made by the Assessors some interesting figures are given. For example: the total valuation of real and personal property foots up to $10,596,900, an increase over 1905 of $120,700; total amount to be raised by taxation $192,769.76; rate of taxation $17.60 on each $1,000, an increase of 80 cents; number of polls 2070. Which shows that Winchester is growing.

— Ralph Whitten, only 13 years old, son of a prominent citizen of this town, is a golfer of renown. At Mt. Vernon last Saturday he won the "Grand" prize from a large field of professionals and experts, of which feat his many friends are exceedingly proud. He has been playing golf for a couple of years, or so, but nobody thought him such a wonderful fellow at it, and his success at Mt. Vernon was a big surprise.

Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Whitfield Tuck, has been appointed a member of the Reception Committee to welcome William Jennings Bryan home in America after an extended period of foreign travel and visits to foreign Courts. It is going to be the most magnificent political and social affair ever witnessed in the United States. It is a great honor that Mr. Tuck has received from the committee of the Commercial Travelers Anti-Trust League of N. Y., of which Gov. Folk of Missouri is Chairman.

**In Self Defense**

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since. Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate,

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah H. Morgan, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

**WANTED.**
A House and Barn
WITH FROM
10 to 5 acres of Land.
Cash Down will be paid.
Apply to G. PLACE,
428 Main St., Woburn.

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Chiffonier, Boston Couch, Morris Chair, Rockers, Tables and Kitchen Utensils, CHEAP.

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**GENTLEMEN ...**

who smoke will find the "EARLINGTON" equal to any 10c. Cigar on the market. This cigar which is of extra quality, long filler, has already become so popular we are obliged to buy them in very large quantities, thereby getting a better price, and hereafter we intend to make the Earlington a Big Leader, and will cut the price to

**7c. Each or 4 for 25c.**

If the cigar you smoke now don't quite suit, try one of these. Also a full line of Cigars, Tobacco, Pouches, Pipes, etc.

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Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
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☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

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Of all sorts are happily commemorated by a gift of silver. We have quantities of beautiful and useful articles in both sterling and long wearing plate.

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409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

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PEACH ICE CREAM made from fresh fruit.

Theonleigh Club
In Pint Bricks 25c.
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# EL TERREMOTO

By HONORE WILLSIE

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For three months now Eleanor had been on the desert edge fighting for her brother's health. At first the desperation of the struggle had kept her thoughts from straying eastward; had crammed with anxiety each moment that otherwise would have been wretched with homesickness.

But now, with the leisure that came with Jack's returning health, homesickness was beginning its inroads upon her. This made doubly hard to bear the fact that Jack was developing the fractiousness of the convalescent and that an ordinary pacific disposition was becoming so irritable that it taxed even the devotion of this most devoted sister. On this particular afternoon he had expressed an inordinate desire for a certain brand of cigars.

"But, Jack dear," objected Eleanor, "the doctor says that you must not smoke."

"Who says I want to smoke?" growled Jack. "I just want to look at them and sniff of them and feel them. And I want them today."

Eleanor sighed patiently. "It's five miles to town, Jacky. And though it's 4 o'clock, it's frightfully hot. Don't you want to wait until tomorrow?"

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to do the favor for me," replied the invalid, walking feebly across the tent to pick up a fan.

"Why, certainly I'm going, Jacky," she cried. "The heat won't last much longer," and she disappeared toward her own tent, leaving her brother looking a bit sheepish.

So now Eleanor was riding slowly along the blistering trail toward the sleepy little adobe village which boasted a single Yankee store, at which she thought she could get the cigars. She was a beautiful girl, slender of body and lovely of face, with the refinement of good blood through many generations showing in every lineament. Her dark blue eyes, shadowed by the heavy lashes, looked tired, and her figure drooped a little as if in utter weariness.

"It's getting pretty hard," she thought. "It's spring up there, with the snow melting into little rivulets, and the pussy willows out, and the wind flowers coming. Only the thought of Jack's getting well keeps me from going mad."

She started a little as a cheery halloo greeted her, and she saw riding down the trail toward her a broad shouldered, jolly chap in cowboy attire. He wheeled his mustang and rode beside her.

"I was taking a jaunt out to tell you that I have almost finished my work and must fly eastward again."

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Eleanor.

The man's fine brown eyes beamed. "I've only known you a week," he answered, "but it's been a mighty pleasant week."

"Jack will miss you," said the girl.

The man eyed her silently. "She's wearing herself out," he thought. "I wish I could take her away from here. Burwell's nearly strong enough to go it alone now. Gads! She's a beauty!"

Eleanor wiped the alkali dust from her face and told him the reason for her trip to town.

"Rather hard on you," commented Hartley.

Eleanor smiled, but said nothing, and they rode for some distance in silence, Hartley's gaze scarcely leaving for an instant the drooping profile beside him.

"I wonder," he thought, "if she realizes that she's never told me a word of herself, who she is or—by the Lord Harry, if she'd have me I'd marry her tomorrow even if they both came from a foundling asylum."

By this time they were riding up the street of the dirty little Mexican village, whose inhabitants were too absorbed in the sight of the Americanos to move from beneath the horses' feet until urged to do so by Hartley in a patois that made up in vigor what it lacked in lucidity.

The Yankee store was the only frame building for miles around. It was owned by an enterprising Vermonter, who was making a small fortune in the lazy little town, where money went faster than it came.

Hartley tied the horses and they entered the store. Just as they stepped within the door it slammed shut violently behind them and the tremor of its impact shook the entire building. The storekeeper, the only other person in the dusky room, looked up in surprise that quickly changed to alarm. The tremor instead of ceasing increased.

"What's the matter?" he cried, running to the front of the store.

"I don't know," replied Hartley. "If I were up north I'd think it was a dynamite blast, but"—

Here the crockery in the window clattered and a roll of turkey red fell to the floor.

"It's an earthquake!" cried the Vermonter. "Come on, get out of here quick," and he made a dash for the knob. But the door was fast and immediately the floor was rocking so violently that the whole room seemed filled with flying articles from the store shelves. Hartley suddenly pulled Eleanor toward him, as if trying to shield her with his body. Then a great rumble, with continuous shocks like explosions, a fearful crash and darkness!

It had all happened in so short a space of time that Eleanor had scarcely realized that she was actually encountering an earthquake. She had been thrown violently to the ground, as the final shock came, and now she felt out in the darkness and encountered Hartley's quiet form. Almost hysterical with fright, she called to him and chafed his hands feverishly. Then came the voice of the storekeeper:

"Hello, you two in there!"

"Yes," called Eleanor weakly. "I'm all right, but Mr. Hartley seems badly hurt."

"The whole dinged front of the store has fallen in," called the Vermonter, "but I got out through a hole. Can you stay still till I get help?"

"Yes," answered Eleanor, and again she fell to chafing Hartley's hands.

It was a long and arduous task to remove the debris without injury to the prisoners beneath. The work was doubly long, owing to the fact that what few natives had not fled to the desert were hovering over their ruined adobes with wails of "El terremoto! El terremoto!" so that the storekeeper did most of the work himself.

Long before their rescue Hartley had recovered his senses and by combining their two handkerchiefs Eleanor had bound the wound in his head that seemed to be his only injury. It was twilight when they reached the street, a quiet, southern twilight, with just the edge of a great full moon coming up over the edge of the desert.

As soon as it was possible Eleanor with Hartley on guard set out for camp. She was greatly disturbed over her brother, though the natives assured her that the shock was not serious where there were no buildings.

Hartley, looking like a picturesque bandit with his bandaged forehead, was in great spirits despite his aching head. He said little until they were well out on the trail. Then he rode close up to Eleanor's pony.

"Miss Burwell," he said, "an accident like this makes us friends of about ten years' standing, doesn't it?"

"It surely does," cried Eleanor.

"Then," he went on eagerly, "don't you think that two such old friends could safely care for each other and—and perhaps marry each other?"

Eleanor did not seem so much astonished as the short acquaintanceship might warrant. But she blushed deeply in the moonlight.

"But you don't know me and I don't know you," she said.

"Well, I'm an architect," he answered, "and I live in Chicago and"—

"Not the 'John Hartley, architect,' that all the world knows!" cried Eleanor.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, a little sheepishly.

Eleanor gasped. "My little name sinks into insignificance," she said.

Hartley looked at her suspiciously.

"You aren't E. Burwell, the illustrator!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," she mocked.

Hartley stopped the ponies and drew her close in his arms. "Whatever the names," he whispered, "we belong to one another, anyhow."

### A Bible Courtship.

A young gentleman at church conceived a most sudden and violent passion for a young lady in the next pew and felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but, the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text, second epistle of John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it with the following, second chapter of Ruth, verse 10: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to verse 12 of the third epistle of John, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the following week.—Scottish American.

### The Geese Won.

An English gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The king, thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds he accordingly chose for the time the evening, just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset and immediately, true to their instincts, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch farther, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in—the winners.

### Moving the Well.

A New England woman once had in her employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded them amusement to compensate for any trouble she might entail. One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the wood house is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's a fool I am, shure," she added hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Of coorse whin the well was moved ivery drop of wather would run out of it!"

### Rain Insect Oil.

In certain parts of India the oil extracted from a species of mite is used in medicine as an external counterirritant. The creature is about half an inch long and on pressure exudes an oil of a deep red color. It is only found for a few weeks at the beginning of the rainy season and is, hence, known as the rain insect. E. G. Hill contributes a note on the chemical composition of this oil to the Journal and Proceedings of the Asiatic Society. He concludes that the supposed medical virtues of the oil are imaginary and due probably to its red color.

### The Benefit of It.

Widow's Daughter—Mother, why do you tell people that I am only eighteen when you know I am twenty-four? Widow—Because eighteen's six years younger than twenty-four. Daughter—Yes, I know, but surely I do not need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I? Widow—Not at all, my child, but I do.—London Telegraph.

### Talking on a High Level.

We once heard Mr. Morley in a linguistic pride delightful as it is rare say that when he and Mr. Gladstone sat down to talk both unconsciously stiffened their backs and looked to their periods.—London Outlook.

### The Only One In His Class.

Mrs. Gottrox—I don't send Reggie to a public school because he is so unlike other boys. He has a private tutor of his own. Mr. Blunt—I see. Your boy is, as you might say, in a class by himself.—New York Herald.

### Too Swift.

"Do you think the opportunity ever seeks the man?"

"Yes, but some men go at such a rapid pace it can't catch up with them."—Detroit Free Press.

The wisest man cannot turn a good action into ridicule.—Euripides.

### Neatly Turned.

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?" "Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply. "Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate. "Yes, sor," said Pat; "both av thim."

## SPIDERS OF CEYLON.

### Their Golden Webs Will Ensnare Birds and Lizards.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

## ENGRAVED PICTURES.

### Their Romantic Origin Dates Back to the Fifteenth Century.

The art of engraved pictures dates its romantic origin to the chamber of a Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, in the fifteenth century, about the time that Gutenberg was struggling with his printing from movable types. Before that day pictures were drawn or painted by hand. Finiguerra was a celebrated worker in metals, and, being commissioned to make a pax of gold engraved with a coronation of the Virgin, he sought to test his design by filling in the lines with a preparation of oil and lampblack, which threw the picture into relief. By chance the face was laid face downward on a piece of damp linen, and when taken up it was discovered that the picture was printed. Sheet after sheet of damp paper was impressed by the same plate and the good news that the art of printing pictures was born spread like wildfire throughout Europe. The collection of old prints introduces Albrecht Durer, the "father of line engraving" (1471) in four brilliant impressions of "Adam and Eve," "Little Horse," "Melancholia" and "St. Gerome." "Melancholia" is a strange composition of extraordinary originality, and has been a mystery for over four centuries. This bit of yellowed paper, possibly pulled from the plate by Durer's own hands, has lost none of its fascination.—Chicago Post.

## NO SENTIMENT IN SIGHS.

### They Are Simply Caused by a Desire For More Breath.

The sigh, which from time immemorial and by all the poets whoever sung has been regarded as a matter of sentiment and connected with the emotions, is declared by physicians to be as purely a physical phenomenon as is the sneeze or cough. A well known Philadelphia doctor, speaking of this the other day, explained that the sigh is nature's method of making one take a deep breath. When the lungs have been getting insufficient air a sigh is the means by which they are replenished, or when the air has been impure the sigh which one often takes in stepping out into the open air is from the same cause.

The doctor admitted that people sometimes sigh from sorrow or other mental ill, but maintained that this is partly because it has been accepted as the expression of grief through ages as long as kissing and handshaking have been accepted as signs of affection or friendship. Another reason why a sigh follows a sorrowful thought is that such thoughts are often concentrated and intense enough to cause insufficient breathing. When the lungs suffer for a certain time from this insufficiency the sigh follows. Sighs are often caused, too, says the same authority, by certain sorts of indigestion.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Queer Cure.

"Riding on an elephant in Ceylon, behind a native prince on a hunting expedition," said a clergyman, "the conversation chanced to turn on indigestion, to which I said I was subject. The prince at once pulled out a black leather button kind of thing, which he was wearing on a string round his neck under his clothes.

"'What's this?' said I.

"'A hyena's snout,' was the startling reply.

"'What for?'

"'To cure indigestion.'

"'How can it do this?'

"'It is very simple. A hyena gets its living by digging up and crunching old bones. Now, it possesses in its snout this peculiar virtue—that when its nose approaches anything hard, such as bones, these tough substances instantly grow soft and enable the animal to eat them with comfort and benefit. So you will find that if you keep this charm hanging round your neck the proximity of the hyena's nose, though dried up and lifeless, will soften your food, however indigestible, to such an extent that you will never again suffer from indigestion.'"

### Populous Cheese.

A professor of the Swiss Dairy school at Sonntal has compiled statistics of the number of micro organisms found in cheese. His experiments lead to the conclusion that every gram (one-thirtieth part of an ounce) of fresh Emmenthaler (Swiss) cheese contains between 90,000 and 100,000 living germs. After two months the number has increased to 800,000. Cream cheese contains a still larger number of animalculae, a gram harboring after three weeks 750,000, rising to 2,000,000 after a month and a half. These figures apply only to the center of the cheese, while close to the rind families numbering 5,500,000 bacteria may be found in every gram of cheese. In about one and a half pounds of cream cheese, the professor estimates, there are as many germs as there are human beings on the face of the globe. It is supposed that all or most of these microbes are "friendly" ones and assist in the digestive process. We hope so.—Grocery.

### Poor Fellow.

Mrs. Browne—He certainly does live high. It seems to me his whole thought is of his victuals. Mrs. Malaprop—That's the truth. He's jest what you might call a reg'lar ipecac.

It is with feelings as with water—the shallow murmur, but the deeps are dumb.—Raleigh.

### A Sailor on Sea Pictures.

"I'll take a sailor along with me the next time I buy a marine painting," said a millionaire. "I bought two marines last month, and yesterday my old friend Captain Salthorse had a look at them.

"Salthorse said:

"'In this first picture we've got a trading schooner in charge of a tug towing away from a rock bound coast through a fearful jumble of sea. The schooner's maintop mast is gone, and all sails are lowered except her staysail, which is kept hoisted, though she is towing head on to the gale. Why that hoisted staysail? All hands, I suppose, are drunk.

"'In the second picture,' continued Captain Salthorse, 'the principal boat, an eighteen footer, is racing, yet has no flag flying. That's as incorrect as it would be for you to go to a dinner party minus a shirt. The crew of this boat are getting in the spinnaker, and, if they lower away, both spinnaker and boom will be in the water, for they have neglected to let the boom go forward. But I know what the trouble is with them. They, too, are drunk.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### His Visits to the Earl.

There is a well known English bishop who writes a very bad hand. This bad hand caused a sad error to happen some years ago. A young clergyman had written to the bishop to inquire about a vacant curacy, and the reply that the young man got informed him that the salary was small and the work difficult. But there was one mitigating circumstance. The incumbent, among his other duties, would visit the earl every morning and spend two hours there. The curate would have rejected the post but for the daily visit to the earl. That attracted him. There would, no doubt, he told himself, be many fashionable dinners to which he would naturally be invited. He would make many friends among the rich and powerful. These friends would be able to help him in his career. The earl, perhaps, had daughters. One of them—who knows?—stranger things had happened. And so the curate accepted the difficult and poorly paid curacy to discover on his first visit to the town that he had misread the bishop's letter and that his daily two hours' visit was not to the earl, but to the jail.

### The Fields of Peace.

It was the belief of the ancient Egyptians, according to a recent writer, that everything, material and immaterial, had its immortal double. Out of this grew the idea of a life in the future state of perfect happiness in the "fields of peace." For a long time the common people regarded these "fields of peace" not as a celestial place, but as situated in the fertile and well watered regions of the Nile delta in the northwest of Egypt, where the blessed ever breathed the cool north wind. Here they lived an ideal form of their life upon earth. They plowed their fields and grew the grain which supplied them with the "bread which grew not stale and beer that never became sour." Here was situated the duplicate of their earthly towns or villages.

### Portuguese Bullfights.

At Portuguese bullfights not only are the points of the bulls' horns sawed off, but the stumps that remain are carefully padded. The horses also are ridden with consummate skill, and every precaution is taken to prevent the bull touching them. Banderillas are used by the men on foot and on horseback and are planted in the neck of the bull, which irritates the bull, but cannot be described as torture. Just as much skill is shown as in a Spanish bullfight, and there may be just as beautiful a display of costumes, but there is no killing either of the bull or of the horses.

### A Woman's Revenge.

It is perfectly incomprehensible how man can go on wearing the clothes he does—how he can balance on his head a huge black jam pot with a ledge to it, incase his limbs in long, tight sacks of dingy hue and wear round his manly throat something resembling a shining metal band. Every new fashion for man that comes out appears to me uglier than the last.—Spinster in M. A. P.

### A Lofty Death.

Asama is a volcano in Japan. A young man of that country grew despondent the other day and threw himself into the crater, leaving this letter: "Suffering a feeling of despair impels me to throw myself into the crater of vehement Asama, thus winning a splendid death and ascending the mountain's smoke to a lofty life above the sky."

### Unslaked Lime.

Unslaked lime is useful in preventing rust because of its extraordinary capacity for absorbing moisture. Some careful workmen who take pains that their tools shall always be in the best condition make a practice of keeping a piece of lime in their tool boxes to absorb any moisture which might otherwise cause rust.

### A Safety Match.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully about to see if his wife is within hearing distance)—A safety match, son, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman.

### The Old Time Buccaneer.

Mr. Masefield's book, "On the Spanish Main," presents the old time buccaneer in a less abhorrent light than that in which most people have regarded him. He even had religious beliefs. No buccaneer was allowed to hunt or to cure meat upon a Sunday. No crew put to sea on a cruise without first going to church to ask a blessing on their enterprise. No crew got drink on the return to port after a successful trip until thanks had been declared for the dew of heaven they had gathered. After a cruise the men were expected to fling all their loot into a pile, from which the chiefs made their selection and division. Each buccaneer was expected to hold up his right hand and to swear that he had not concealed any portion of the spoil. If after making oath a man were found to have secreted anything he was bundled overboard or marooned when the ship next made the land. Each buccaneer had a mate or comrade, with whom he shared all things and to whom his property devolved in the event of death. In many cases the partnership lasted during life. A love for his partner was usually the only tender sentiment a buccaneer allowed himself.

### Just Like Him.

Arthur—You think I don't love you, darling? Why, I would die for you. Arethusa—Yes, and it would be just like you to do it so that your funeral would come on a day when I had to give up a real nice engagement to attend it. Oh, you men are so selfish!

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 19.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke xviii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Luke xviii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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Again we pass by a large portion between the last lesson and this one, two whole chapters, but we must consider them briefly in order to understand today's lesson. The story of the steward and also that of the rich man and the beggar point to the relation of the present and the future and the contrast between "before men" and "before God" (chapter xvi). Then follows a lesson on ingratitude and an admonition concerning loving or losing this present life with its opportunities. We are all stewards and must render an account of our stewardship. It therefore becomes us to consider what will be approved in the sight of God or otherwise, for much that men esteem is abomination before God (xvi, 15). Better to be a poor beggar with God's approval than a rich man without it, for after death comes happiness or torment (xvi, 22, 23), and the word of God gives the only and all sufficient light upon these things (xvi, 31). All are indebted to God for life and breath and all things, yet even among the saved there is but one in ten truly grateful, and many who turn from their sins to God in their hearts turn back, like Lot's wife. The age will end suddenly, and the future will reveal the folly of all who have not lived unto God. The second part of our lesson today makes plain who the truly righteous are, and the verses following concerning the rich young ruler show how near some may come to it and yet miss it. The first part of the lesson, with the verses following the ruler's story down to verse 34, shows us the suffering involved in being a follower of Christ, but also the deliverance and reward when the Son of Man cometh.

Having come out from the world, represented by the antediluvian age and such cities as Sodom and Gomorrah, the great enemy of God and man begins at once to harass and oppress us, for if he cannot keep us as his property he will do his utmost to make us wretched as far as he may be permitted to do so. The resort of the believer in his trials is twofold—the unfailing and infallible word of God and access to God in prayer, or, in a word, God Himself. In the time of "the great tribulation" through which those who are redeemed after the church is taken away shall pass we find the key to the situation in the words, "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints" (Rev. xiii, 10; xiv, 12). But even now in the ordinary tribulation of this present age we must be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises (John xvi, 33; Heb. vi, 12). Faith rests firmly on the word of God, and patience not only prays, but waits God's time of deliverance, remembering that God waits to be gracious, and it is blessed not only to wait upon Him, but wait for Him (Isa. xxx, 18; Ps. lxii, 5; xxxvii, 5). We are plainly taught here and elsewhere that we must persevere in prayer and pray without ceasing, or, in a phrase of Dr. Torrey's, "Pray through." So many grow weary in asking that they fail to receive because they fail to ask honestly and perseveringly.

If an unjust judge will attend to a poor widow because of her importunity, how much more will a just and holy God hear and answer those who perseveringly and expectantly wait upon Him. This is true of all true prayer and at all times, but this matter of God avenging His own elect and the mention of the coming of the Son of Man lead us to consider more attentively this particular parable and its context in the previous chapter, where we are reminded of Noah and Lot in the midst of ungodly people and the cry that must have gone up from them. Then we are carried on to the cry of the redeemed in the great tribulation—"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. vi, 10.) The coming of the Son of Man is His coming in power and glory with His saints to avenge and redeem Israel (Isa. xxxiv, 8; xxxv, 4; lxiii, 4), and inasmuch as it is not the part of the church to ask for vengeance, the interpretation of the parable must be for Israel and the tribulation saints, but there is an application of it to all believers in all ages. When our Lord comes for His church He will find abundance of faith on earth, but not when He comes with His saints to avenge His elect Israel and establish His kingdom.

The second part of our lesson makes plain what it is to be redeemed and who the redeemed are. There have been, there are and there will be those who think that they are righteous and despise others; who, being ignorant of God's righteousness, go about to establish their own righteousness (Rom. x, 3) and look down upon ordinary sinners as not worthy of being in their company by any means. There are people called Christians who cannot believe that any outside of their so called church have much if any hope of heaven, and there are some who say that some heathen are no better than brute beasts and have no souls. They trust in themselves and despise others. Such are probably like the rich man in chapter xvi, on their way to eternal torment. The truly righteous are those who see themselves as nothing but sinners and whose one cry from the heart is, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" (Verse 13.) They plead guilty before God and gladly accept the righteousness which He has provided in His Son.

### Dentists as Patients.

"Two of the most troublesome patients I have are members of my own profession," said a dentist in discussing the tortures of teeth. "Strange to say," he continued, "many dentists, whether from natural defects or early negligence, have exceedingly poor teeth, and as no practitioner can attend to his own we exchange services. If any of the patients of these two capable D. D. S.'s are revengeful of disposition it would do them good to see them in the chair. All men are much more difficult subjects for dentistry than women, according to my own experience, but the way the two in question wriggle, writhe, groan and cuss under the ordinary operations should be most gratifying to any one who has suffered at their hands."—New York Press.

### Perpetual.

"You always appear to be worried about your housekeeping," remarked the sympathetic friend.

"But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am really worried. One is when I haven't a servant and the other is when I have."

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### Earthquakes.

Among the many strange relationships which earthquakes hold to various natural phenomena there is possibly one between the times of their occurrence and of irregularities in the revolution of the world. For many years it has been observed that there are slight but irregular changes in latitude, or, in other words, the axis of our earth does not always point in the same direction. The pole wanders about in a mean position, sometimes in a path that is nearly circular, while at others it appears to be exceedingly irregular and even retrograde. The world top is not spinning truly, but it slightly wabbles. When the change in direction of its axis is sharp large earthquakes have been frequent. If a swiftly moving body is, so to speak, compelled to turn a corner, that it should be subjected to strains which might result in yielding is easily conceivable. Regarded from this point of view, the times at which strata in seismic strain give way are to some extent governed by erratic movements in the rotation of our sphere. The earthquake and the wabble may, however, be due to a common cause, and the question therefore is one which requires closer examination.—John Milne in National Review.

### A Good Horse's Color.

A good horse cannot be a bad color, it is said. It is certain that Derby winners are not drawn from certain colors. Has a gray ever won the race, or a dun or a skewbald or a piebald? Has there ever been a thoroughbred of the latter type? Quite black thoroughbreds are rare, white still more so, gray uncommon even among the less exalted of public performers. The "Stud Book" would not bear out these statements where colors uncommon on the race course are described. The explanation is, of course, that the horse is there described as he appeared as a foal. An owner of a bay thoroughbred looked up the "Stud Book" to find his purchase pictured as a chestnut and complained to the men of whom he had bought the horse. The former owner assured him that the description was correct at the time it was entered. Other owners, less certain as to what color may appear when the first coat has been cast, have before now made such singular entries as "gray, roan or chestnut."—St. James' Gazette.

### The Porcupine's Quills.

The spines are very loosely attached to the porcupine, and they are very sharp—as sharp as a needle at the outer end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.

### A Sad Picture.

At Varzin once, after sitting for some time sunk in profound reflection, Bismarck lamented that he had derived but small pleasure or satisfaction from his political activity, but, on the other hand, much vexation, anxiety and trouble. He had, he said, made no one happy by it, neither himself, his family nor any one else, "but probably," he continued, "many unhappy. Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less, the lives of 80,000 men would not have been sacrificed and many parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not now be mourners."—"Bismarck's Table Talk."

### Drew His Picture.

It is told of Major General Sir William Gatacre of the British army that during the Sudan campaign he was one day going the round of the sentries. Stopping before one he asked him what his orders were. "To keep a sharp lookout for the enemy and also for General Gatacre," was the prompt reply. "Do you know him by sight?" asked the general. "No, sir," answered the man, "but I was told that if I saw an officer fussing and swearing and rushing about that would be General Gatacre."

### Perhaps.

He—Why is it that unmarried women are usually "girls?" She—Possibly for the same reason that married men are mostly "boys."

### The Sunbird.

Very curious are the nests of the sunbird, scarcely larger than a butterfly. It chooses some exposed spot, probably close to the public road, and proceeds to build on an overhanging twig. The finishing touches being put to the small abode, it is left, according to one authority, severely alone until spiders have woven their webs over and around it. Another naturalist says that the birds themselves turn ragmen and, collecting any rubbish they can find in the way of moss, faded leaves, ends of cotton and other such trifles, stick them on the outside of the nest by means of pieces of purloined webs. In either case the result is the same, and they make their future home a thoroughly disreputable object. Then, and not till then, does the little hen sunbird lay her two greenish white eggs, which she hatches under the shelter of a small porch which has been constructed over the nest, shielding her from sun and rain.

### Banana Bread.

Bread made from banana flour is common enough in Europe and England. One pound is said to contain more nourishment and energy producing material than one pound of the finest beefsteak, is much more digestible and less than one-sixth the price. Sir Henry Stanley was a firm believer in the banana. He went so far as to advise that its consumption would cure rheumatism, gout and all liver affections. When lying at the point of death from gastritis a light gruel of banana flour mixed with milk was the only food he could retain and digest. The secret of the banana as a health and strength producing food lies in its high percentage of proteids and the great number of its calories, respectively 20 and 391.71. It is a perfectly balanced ration if sliced for breakfast and served with milk and sugar.—New York Press.

### The Nose.

The nose is intended for breathing, the mouth for speaking and eating. Who has ever seen a horse breathing otherwise than through his nostrils? Minute scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the number of people who breathe through their nostrils are becoming gradually but surely fewer in number. The consequence is that the nostrils decrease in size, while it has been found that the prevailing nose is quite an inferior organ to that of our forefathers. It is a well known physiological fact that unused muscles and bones gradually disappear. Fish who live in the dark, for instance, or the mole, who resides underground, become blind. Thus if we cease to use our noses for breathing they will cease to exist. They will become superfluous!—Pearson's Weekly.

### Mozart's Quick Work.

On one occasion Mozart was making merry with his friends at midnight when not a single note was written of the overture to "Don Giovanni," which was to be produced on the following evening. When he had said goodby to his friends he calmly went to bed and slept until 5 o'clock in the morning. Awaking refreshed, he set to work on the overture, dashing off sheet after sheet with incredible rapidity and dispatching them to the copyists. The opera was to begin at 7 in the evening, and a few minutes after that hour Mozart was in his place as conductor, baton in hand, while the parts with the ink still wet on some of them were being handed to the orchestra.

### A Wonderful Island of Chalk.

The English island of Thanet, forming a part of the county of Kent, is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and about five in breadth and has more chalk exposed on its surface than has any other spot of equal area on the globe. British geologists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on Thanet and that it would take 10,000 men and 5,000 horses and carts 20,000 years to move it, providing it were dug up ready to be carted away.

### Hitting Him With the Truth.

Mr. Boastful—I wonder how it would seem if I could have all the money I have given to charity piled on a plate before me. Mrs. Boastful—I think you could still distinguish the plate.

### A Bright Idea.

Theater Manager—I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage. Amateur Playwright—But, I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the stage, you know?

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### Montaigne and Marriage.

Montaigne went toward marriage with the quality of cheerful alacrity which would have inspired a journey to the whipping post. "Might I have had my own will," he tells us, "I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me." No quainter piece of polite literature can be found than the letter which our philosopher addressed to his wife as a kind of necessary compliment on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. And the alacrity with which he relegates to Plutarch the task of consoling her in her affliction testifies to the entire consistency of his habitual claim that the dignity of marriage is best subserved when a husband refrains from becoming too fond of his wife. Even in view of this consideration, however, such a brief and refrigerated epistle suggests an amazing degree of reticence in a writer who needs only the turning of a faucet to enable him to pour forth a quenchless stream of ideas on any and every subject from thumbs to immortality.—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

### Two Witnesses.

In order to test a Chinese witness' qualification for taking the oath an English magistrate asked him the other day where he expected to go when he died. He replied, "Peking," and was disqualified.

One in another English court, a little girl, in answer to that question said, "I don't know." The horrified counsel called the judge's attention to the answer. "Oh, I don't know, either," said the judge. "Swear the witness."

### Sun Worshipers.

One of the best friends the tailor has is a spell of warm, bright sunshine. It shows up the shabby portions of dress and reveals its faded parts in unmistakable fashion, with the result that the wearers soon find their way to the tailor and order a fresh supply of up to date styles.—London Tailor and Cutter.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 39.

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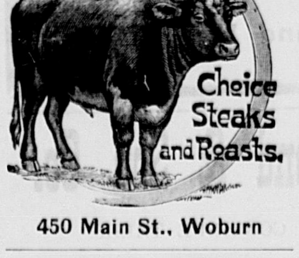

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington. Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

**Summer Arrangement.**
**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 6.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

**MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.**

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 1.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
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## Serenading Felicia

By OTHO B. SENGA

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Run out, children; run out and play," coaxed Felicia, "shooing" them along with the skirt of her pretty gown.

"You come, too, Aunt Fillie," begged Jimmie. "You said you'd play 'timbuktu' today."

"I'm going to be very busy this morning, Jimmie," evaded Felicia.

"Going to try on?" cried Gladys ecstatically. "Oh, do let me stay!"

"I'm not going to 'try on,' Gladys; it isn't the dressmaker who is coming," Felicia smiled happily.

The brown eyes of Bobby the adorable opened wider and then narrowed knowingly. "You goin' to have p'tic'lar comp'ny?" he demanded.

Felicia's joyous laugh rang out sweetly. "Yes, Bobby, very particular company."

"I'll bet anything it's Mr. Parker," grumbled Jimmie. "I don't want to go away if it is."

"Oh, let us stay!" cried Gladys, jumping up and down. "Mr. Parker'll want to see us—he always does. You know, Aunt Fillie," argumentatively, "he said the other day he was very fond of children."

"Yes, I know," hurriedly, "he is fond of children—good children, obedient children"—

"Then we'll thtay," agreed Donald placidly.

"Of course," assented Gladys and Jimmie, with one accord, seating themselves on the steps with cheerful alacrity.

"Come on, Bob," Jimmie added patronizingly.

But the adorable one stood aloof, regarding Felicia with gravely reproachful eyes. "Has he got somepin' p'tic'lar to say to you?" frigidly.

Felicia laughed and blushed rosily. "I think so, Bobby," gently. "Now, Jimmie," coaxingly, "you are the oldest—you ought to set the others a good example. Take them away and have them play something. I want to talk with Mr. Parker a little while, and then perhaps we'll play."

Jimmie rose grandly. "I'm most nine," importantly. "I'll boss the others. Come on, kids."

He stopped and turned to his pretty aunt with masculine superiority. "But if you're smart you won't keep Mr. Parker shut up in that dark parlor very long. I bet he druther play 'timbuktu.' Come on, Bob. What you standin' there for?"

Felicia paused on the steps and looked back apprehensively. The adorable one stood in the path, his feet planted wide apart, his hands thrust into the pockets of the recently acquired trousers and a faraway look upon his beautiful face that somehow filled Felicia's heart with foreboding. Had she known Bobby better she might have feared less—or more! She ran down the steps and laid a detaining hand on Jimmie's arm.

"Jimmie, dear," she whispered impressively, "remember that Bobby is your guest, and you must do everything you can to make him happy."

"All right," gruffly, still with a sense of being defrauded. "Come, Bobby."

"Go with the others, Bobby," coaxed Felicia alluringly; "they will show you their pets."

He brought his heaven turned eyes down to her face.

"Some day," he breathed sweetly, "I shall give you a Sarah Nade."

"So you shall, Bobby," gratefully, "whenever you wish."

Bobby skipped away, and Felicia ran singing up the steps.

"Isn't it sweet of him?" she thought. "I never heard him sing except that once at All Saints'. I don't wonder they call him the adorable one! Such a lively thought, to give me a serenade!"

"This is my dorg," introduced Jimmie proudly. "His name is Bunch o' Brightness, but we call him Bunch for every day. Get your cat, Gad. Glad's cat is a blue ribboner!"

The big, fluffy Persian was brought out for the admiration of the guest, who regarded it with coldly critical eyes.

"Where's Don's pet?"

"It's a parrot," explained Gladys. "He's in the house—in a cage. When we got Fluff we had to shut the parrot up, 'cause he wanted to pick Fluff's eyes out."

"You orter hear the parrot talk!" cried Jimmie. "He can say 'Now's the time,' 'Go it, old boy,' and 'I'll bet on you,' plain as I can."

"Let's bring him out," tempted the adorable one, "and look at all three together and see which is the nicerest."

"Oh, we can't!" cried Gladys hastily. "If they should fight, Aunt Fillie would be most scart to death."

The back of the adorable one is turned squarely upon the timorous Gladys. "Girls," witheringly, "are always scart!"

"I guess we'd better, Glad," said Jimmie slowly. "She said do everything we could to make Bobby happy."

"We'll make everybody happy," answered Bobby serenely. "We'll give her a Sarah Nade!"

"What's a Sarah Nade?"

"He means lemonade," interposed Gladys, anxious for reinstatement. "I'll help make it."

"No, it's a Sarah Nade—singing and—and bringing gifts. You make a p'cession and have your pets for gifts, and we'll all sing."

"Can't we dress up?" The girl never wanders far from her wardrobe.

"Naw!" in concert from the three masculines.

"Oh, I mean play dress up," pleaded Gladys. "I'll put on one of mamma's dress skirts, and Jimmie can put on papa's coat."

"Has it got tails?" The possibilities of the proposal appeal to the adorable one.

"I can find one with tails," eagerly—"two tails."

"All right. Can't you put a skirt on, Don? Then there'll be two ladies and two gentlemens in the Sarah Nade."

Don objected, but his minority vote was not recorded, and twenty minutes later the procession stole noiselessly up the steps and opened the door into the cool, dark hall.

Don, bearing the bellicose parrot, staggered patiently up the front of his mother's new tailored skirt; Gladys, with Fluff's claws digging wildly into her bare arms, switched the train of a pale blue foulard; Jimmie held his hand over the quivering jaws of the anxious Bunch and divided his attention between the trailing silk draperies in front of him and the two tails that dragged the ground at his rear. The adorable one, walking somewhat remotely, bore no indication of any participation in the proceedings.

Don pushed aside the portiere at the parlor door.

"In a Sarah Nade," the manager had explained before starting, "every one sings the things he likes best. Just as quick as we reach the curtains all begin!"

Don was like the heroes at Balaklava—not his to question why. He poked himself into the dim, sweet smelling room and opened his mouth in a doleful howl. Gladys pushed in close behind him, shrilly yelling; Jimmie planted both feet firmly on the blue foulard and gruffly vociferated in an imitation bass.

Their entrance was evidently not happily timed. An athletic young man sprang to his feet with a smothered exclamation, and Felicia was silent from sheer consternation.

Don's next step, gasping "Where the love in your eyes I could see," was inimical to renewals of any sort. Being born under Cancer, his movements were usually sidewise and crablike, and the clinging broadcloth skirt added to his uncertainty of balance. He fell heavily, and his chubby foot and legs upset the shrieking Gladys and bowled the valiant rag and bone vender on top of his suffering sister. Gladys in falling grasped despairingly at the legs of the astounded Parker and brought him to his knees on the howling heap.

Poll escaped from Don's clutches and instituted a severe investigation of every leg, arm or body within reach of her vicious beak, clamoring incessantly. "Go it, old boy! Now's the time! I'll bet on you!" Bunch o' Brightness showed his fighting blood in violent attacks on Poll and the yowling Persian.

The man disentangled himself angrily and turned to the now hysterical girl. "I suppose you call this funny, Miss Austin, but I must confess my idea of a joke fails to coincide with yours."

He stepped grimly over the struggling mass, kicked Bunch—not gently—and with apparent relish cuffed the squeaking parrot.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring," sang a seraphic voice as Parker strode into the hall. The adorable one was standing in his most admired Sunday pose, his hands loosely clasped before him and his beautiful face turned upward. He smiled beatifically into Parker's face and completed his carol.

"Did she like it?" with sweet solicitude. "Did she like the Sarah Nade?"

"Bobby," sternly, "who put up this job and what is it for?"

"Me," proudly. "We wanted to Sarah Nade her."

From the parlor came a pitiful sob and then a shrill, insistent, childish voice, "Did he say, Aunt Fillie—did he say that p'tic'lar thing he came to say?"

Parker went back.

"I didn't, Gladys, but I'm going to now. I won't be driven off so easily."

And, to the astonishment of the serenaders, he took Aunt Fillie in his arms, whispering swift, passionate words that brought back the sweet flush to her cheeks and a tremulous, happy smile to her lips.

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### Onions.

Onions are an excellent cure for sleeplessness. They act as a kind of soporific if taken in small quantities before retiring. They will be found to be more appetizing if finely chopped up and laid between two thin wafers or biscuits. Eaten in this way, they are also easily digested. The reason so many people complain of onions disagreeing with them is that they eat too much of the homely vegetable. Onions are not intended to be eaten en masse. When they are taken raw they should be thoroughly masticated, or, better still, the juice of the onion should be pressed out and taken on bread or as a sauce. In this form the onion is splendid for liver complaints and acts in consequence as a purifier for a dark and muddy complexion.

### Salmon Sometimes Caught at Sea.

The salmon is one of the anadromous fishes, of which the shad and sturgeon are other examples, anadromous fishes being those that come from the sea and ascend fresh water streams to spawn and return to the sea again after spawning. It is not known of the shad whether it remains in deep water in the ocean not very far away from the river whence it came or whether it goes south, but it seems certain that some salmon at least spend their sea life not far away from their rivers, for salmon have been caught at sea in northern waters off the New England coast on hooks baited for cod, haddock and halibut.

### Pretty Near Right.

Markley—Wiseman told me today that I'd never get back that ten spot I loaned you. Grafton—He did? Markley—Yes. Grafton—Well, if it wasn't so expensive I'd make him out a liar right now.—Philadelphia Press.

I know of nothing sublime which is not some modification of power.—Burke.

### He Knew.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Retort Professional.

Lawyer Quibble—You a doctor? Why, you couldn't cure a ham! Dr. Sawbones—And you, sir—you couldn't try a case of lard!

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.—Coleridge.

## WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

### He Was a Member of the Friendship Fire Company.

George Washington was a member of the Friendship Fire company, organized in 1774 in his home, Alexandria. At first the company consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the congress of 1774 at Philadelphia he examined the fire engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental congress in 1775 he bought from a man named Gibbs a small fourth class engine for the sum of £80 10s., and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander in chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship company.

During his younger days he always attended fires in Alexandria and helped to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King street at the time, followed by his servant, who was also on horseback. Washington saw that the Friendship engine was insufficiently manned, and, riding up to a group of well dressed gentlemen standing near the scene of action, he called out authoritatively:

"Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters."

After which he leaped off his horse, and, seizing the brakes, was followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a shaking up as it had not had for many a day.

## WOMAN AND THE LAW.

### How Conditions Have Changed In the Last Half Century.

Truly the position of women before the law has suffered mighty changes. Fifty or sixty years ago the twain were indeed one, and that one the husband. He could collect all debts, such as wages that might be due her—though incidentally, he was liable for all she owed. She could not make a will of her real estate, nor of her personal property, without his permission, and he was entitled to the income from her lands. He could lock her up in his house and keep her there. Whether he could inflict chastisement was a moot point, though a judge of the North Carolina supreme court held in 1866 that he possessed this power, provided he used "a stick as large as his finger, but no larger than his thumb."

Over the children the husband had absolute control, and could even appoint a guardian by will who could take them away from the mother. They were to be brought up in the father's religion, without any consideration for her feelings. In fact, it was only about 1886 that the supreme court of judicature in England directed that the sons and daughters of the deceased nawab of Bengal by an English wife be reared as Mohammedans.—Everybody's Magazine.

### Whims of Ibsen.

Like many another man great in his writings, Henrik Ibsen was not without his foibles. Scorning company as he professed to do and declaring always for solitude, he nevertheless delighted to be dined, and to invite him to a banquet in his own especial honor was to give the great man unalloyed pleasure. In his latter days, too, he developed a passion for decorations, of which he received a large number from his own and foreign monarchs, and on public occasions he would wear all his insignia as probably the most decorated author in the world. It was on public occasions that Ibsen would carry a small mirror and comb in the crown of his hat, and "coram populo" would proceed to arrange his bushy hair and whiskers.

### Politics and Love.

"It's funny," remarked Sandy Bowen, "how politics and love are so much alike. For instance, if you meet a bonnie girl and she gives you half a chance to kiss her you go in for free trade. However, after you get married and your wife's mother wants to embrace her newly acquired son-in-law you go in for protection. If your wife seeks an osculatory exchange you in time become a passive resister, and"—

"She turns out a home ruler if she has any sense," remarked Mrs. Bowen, who happened to overhear the conversation.—London Mail.

### Odd Knives.

In a monastery in Ireland there is a very curious collection of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather and were placed before the singer.

### Too Methodical.

"As for me," said Aunt Clarissa, "I haven't any use for a woman that takes three or four handkerchiefs with her when she goes to see one of these heart interest plays. She's too businesslike and calculating to be the genuine thing."—Chicago Tribune.

### An Example of a Judicial Mind.

At a dinner attended by a score of well known lawyers recently the phrase "judicial mind" was defined by illustration as follows: "I have searched far and wide for a satisfactory definition of the inevitable query raised when judicial nominations are in sight," said one of the lawyers. "On a Mississippi river steamboat some time ago I obtained my only approximate answer. A southern colonel who employed the phrase yielded to my request for a definition and explained that on a certain occasion a legal light of Mississippi was traveling in a river steamer when the boiler exploded. As the boat was passing the penitentiary at the time the force of the explosion deposited the lawyer inside the walls of the establishment from which he had saved so many criminals. Being uninjured, as a clever lawyer would be under the circumstances, he applied to the warden for a release. The warden listened to the circumstances as he narrated them, but declined to release him, insisting that with the coming of prisoners he had no concern, but for their departure he was responsible. He therefore compelled the lawyer to wait for a pardon from the governor. That is my notion of a judicial mind."—New York Post.

### The Ball In Lawn Tennis.

It is a curious fact that every book written on lawn tennis cautions the player to keep his eyes on the ball at the moment of striking it, yet there are very few expert players who do so. A rifle shot looks at his target, a bowler looks at the pins, and a billiard player generally looks at the object ball, not the cue ball. I have found it next to impossible to carry in my mind, while moving rapidly to play a flying ball, the exact height of the net, the direction of the lines of my opponent's court and his position, so that it has become second nature with me and with most other players to look up in the direction that the ball is to go before it actually leaves the racket. It is principally because the reverse of this is necessary in golf that lawn tennis players have so much trouble in mastering the old Scotch game. From tennis habit they take their eyes off the ball too soon for golf success.—J. Parmly Paret in Country Life In America.

### The Floor of the Pacific.

The red clay which covers the deep floors of the Pacific and the Indian oceans is made up of refuse and residue—that which can withstand the strong chemical action of the gases. In it may be found decomposed volcanic rock, pumice, zeolitic crystals, manganese oxides, meteoric iron, teeth of sharks and ear bones of whales. Few if any shore deposits are apparent in it. The rock is vitreous refuse, belched forth by subterranean or insular volcanoes. The minerals are supposed to be of cosmic origin—planetary dust and meteoric fragments that have fallen into the sea and have become disintegrated. The great quantity of sharks' teeth remains quite unaccounted for—at least their apparent gathering together in these ocean basins is considered very strange.—J. C. Van Dyke in "The Opal Sea."

### A Missing Five Franc Piece.

Fully half the grownup people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver five franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the five franc piece and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestus paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of five franc pieces are annually broken open and have been so inspected since the story of the check was first circulated.

### Right of Way In New York.

Most people in New York think Uncle Sam's mail wagons are supreme. They are not. The hospital ambulance comes first. Life is more sacred than mail, and when the ambulance gong gongs clear the track. Next in importance is the fire engine. Property is more important than mail, and when the engine toots and the bells ring clear the way. Then the mail wagons, which have precedence over everything but the ambulance and fire engine. This is settled by city ordinance.—New York Press.

### Dose—One Dimeful.

"How big a dose do I need?" asked the customer of the old fashioned druggist

"Oh, I guess a heaping dimeful will be about right," was the reply.

"A dimeful?" echoed the customer. "You mean a dime's worth, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the druggist. "A dime's worth would be two ounces, and you'd never survive such a quantity as that. I mean for you to take a dime and pile on it as much of this powder as will stick. Then you have the proper dose. Measuring medicine on a dime is a method as old as United States currency and almost as reliable. There are certain powders that can be measured more accurately that way than any other, and among us old timers who have been used to meeting emergencies 'a dimeful' is a common direction."

### Different Meanings.

Some words in our language have several meanings, each different from the others, so that it is not always possible to know at first just what thought the speaker wishes to express. There is the word "humanitarian," for instance. If you will turn to your Webster you will find that it means, first, one who denies the divinity of Christ and believes him to have been merely human; second, one who limits the sphere of duties to human relations and affections to the exclusion of the religious or spiritual; third, one who is actively concerned in promoting the welfare of his kind, a philanthropist. The third sense is the one in which the word is now most frequently used, and Webster marks this definition as "recent."

**When the Hair Falls**

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial— "Sold for over sixty years."

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**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## THE ANCIENT INCAS.

### They Knew Neither Idleness Nor Riches Nor Poverty.

The flocks of llamas belonged to the sun and the Inca. It was death to kill one. At certain seasons of the year they were collected from the hills and shorn. Large numbers were sent to supply food for the court and to be used at the religious festivals and sacrifices. Male llamas only were killed. The wool belonged to the Inca and was stored in the government depositories and dealt out according as the people's wants required. In this way they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool into clothing for themselves they were then employed in working up material for the Inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture were in the hands of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime and was severely punished.

All the mines belonged to the Inca and were worked for his benefit. The various employments were usually in the hands of a few and became hereditary. What the father was, that the son became. A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.—Chambers' Journal.

## THE BLACK BALL.

### A Clever Scheme That Was Spoiled In the Drawing.

Two young men in a French village were called on to draw for conscription. One only was wanted to complete the number, and of the two who were to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the child of a poor widow.

The farmer ingratiated himself with the superintendent of the ballot and promised him a present if he could find means to prevent his son from going in the army. In order to accomplish this the official put into the urn two black balls instead of one white and one black ball. When the young men came, he said:

"There are two balls, one black and one white, in the urn. He who draws the black one must serve. Your turn is first," pointing to the widow's son.

The latter, suspecting that all was not fair, approached the urn and drew one of the balls, which he immediately swallowed without looking at it.

"Why," said the superintendent, "have you done that? How are we to know whether you have drawn a black or a white ball?"

"Oh, that's very easy to discover," was the reply. "Let the other now draw. If I have the black, he must necessarily draw the white one."

There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one.

### Pranks of the Types.

Tom Moore wrote the line, "Had taken up in heaven his position," but the printer made it read, "Had taken up to heaven his physician." In a weekly story paper a love story contained no less than twenty ridiculous errors. Instead of falling into a reverie the young lady fell into the river; "bull pup" appeared for "pull up," "nasal" for "natal" and "trombone" for "trembling." The fair heroine was awfully "hungry" instead of "angry." Her heart was filled with "et ceteras" and not "ecstasies," and when she meant to say "thine" the types made her say, "I am thin, I am wholly thin." A newspaper in telling of a cow cut into halves by a railway train said the cow was cut into calves.

### A Cutting Rebuke.

In some parts of Scotland it is customary for a bride to bring a dower to her husband, no matter how little. One couple who had experienced the strife of wedded bliss for some years were having the usual row, when the husband taunted the lady with the paucity of worldly goods with which she had endowed him.

"Awa!" said he. "When ye marrit me a' ye brought was a cask o' whisky an' the auld Bible."

"Weel, Jock," was the response, "gin ye had paid as muckle attention to the book as ye did tae the whisky, ye would hae been a meenister o' the gospel the noo."

### Bricks.

There is no building material so durable as well made bricks. In the British museum are bricks taken from the buildings in Nineveh and Babylon which show no signs of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The baths of Caracalla and of Titus in Rome and the Thermae of Diocletian have endured the ravages of time far better than the stone of the Coliseum.

### Equipped For Running.

"Isn't it awful," remarked Growells, looking over his gas bill for the last quarter; "isn't it surprising how gas bills run up?"

"Not so surprising," replied Kidder, "considering how many thousand feet they have."—Philadelphia Press.

### His Wealth.

Magistrate—You were begging in the public streets, and yet you had fifteen shillings in your pocket. Prisoner—Yes, your worship. I may not be as industrious as some, but I'm no spendthrift.—London Express.

Time appears long only to those who don't know how to use it.

### Something Wrong.

Mrs.—Am I still "the star of your life," as I was when you used to write love letters to me? Mr.—Of course, dear. Mrs.—I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though.

### Inherited Dollars.

The only reason some men escape social ostracism is because their fathers made enough money to buy them a ticket of admission.—Birmingham News.

## WOODEN CHECKS.

### Tallies Were Used In England Until the Year 1834.

Wooden checks are the sort of thing one would expect to find used in China or Tibet, but, as a matter of fact, they were used in England from the earliest times down to as late as 1834.

Tallies, as they were called, were made out of a curved piece of hazel, notches being cut along the edges to stand for a certain sum of money. The tally was then sawed half through below the lowest notch and the notched part split into two pieces, on both of which the notches appeared.

These pieces served as check and counterfoil, the latter being always the larger piece with the unnotched end as a kind of handle. The smaller piece was then taken by the payee, the larger sent to the person on whom the check was drawn, generally a collector of customs or other revenues, public or private. He would honor the check on finding that the two pieces fitted and had the amount credited to him by the drawer on returning them together to him. Thus were the great danger and expense of transporting large sums of coin avoided.

Forgery of a tally was obviously impossible unless a new counterfoil could be substituted, and if stolen in the ordinary way it would be of little use to the thief, for, unlike our checks, there was nothing to show on whom it was drawn.

There are still a good many tallies in existence, but the majority were burned in the great fire which destroyed the old houses of parliament. The remainder are chiefly to be found in the public record office and no doubt also in the muniment rooms of great landowners.

## THE DIVINE NAME.

### Ineffable Word That Is Never Used by Many Israelites.

An eminent rabbi has given his view of the ancient Jewish rendering of the name of the Deity. He says that the term "Jehovah," the ineffable tetragrammaton, is never pronounced by many Israelites. They use the word "Adonoi," which signifies "the Lord." The translators of the Bible followed this custom, rendering the word "Jehovah" as "Lord." In ancient times the Pharisees replaced the tetragrammaton by Shem. They used "Shemo," which is also Biblical, as the sacred name, and this name is yet retained to some extent among the Jews. But it would appear from passages in the Psalms that Adonoi, or Lord, for Jehovah was more ancient even than the times of the Pharisees. It thus occurs eight times in Psalm lxxxiv. It also appears in the book of Exodus, where "Jehovah" had been used in the original Hebrew. This substitution would seem to be older than any other, and it is yet common among all Jews.

The rabbi says he has found that the ancient translations testify in favor of "Adonoi."

Looking at the English translation of the Old Testament, it will be found that the name Jehovah appears in the books of Genesis, Exodus, Judges, the Psalms and Isaiah. It is not in the New Testament.

### The Advice of Experience.

It has sometimes been remarked by the student of child life that the only child learns to read sooner than the child belonging to a large family. There may or may not be psychological reasons for this, but the story of the small boy of five who was struggling with his alphabet blocks for the first time may be enlightening to those who wish for reasons. The small boy was really rather interested than otherwise in the large A that fulfilled its usual function of standing for an apple tree, but he had a brother who was nearly eight. "You leave 'em alone," advised the brother; "if you once begin to read you can never leave off."—London Chronicle.

### Acting Naturally.

It often requires courage to be natural—a higher form of courage than that which marches behind the safe end of a gun. Moral courage which is not dependent on appearance or intimidated by custom is a finer quality than the daring of the speculator or the unflinching nerve of the soldier exposed to the fire of an enemy. It takes the best stamp of bravery to be true to oneself, and he who is loyal to the inner voice, who keeps faith with himself and maintains self respect, wins a victory in the battle of life. To live undaunted by the demands of unworthy conventionalism is not to live in vain.

### Made It All Clear.

Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, made most of his laboratory experiments in his kitchen with his cook Anna as his only assistant. "What is your master?" asked one of his neighbors. "Oh, he is a chemist." "What's that? What does he do?" "Well, I will tell you. He has something in a big bottle, then he pours it into a smaller one and then again into quite a tiny bottle." "Well, and what then happens to it?" "Oh, then I throw it away."

### New York's First Sidewalk.

The first sidewalk in New York was laid by a woman, Mrs. Samuel Provoost, about 1716. She was an importer and merchant and laid the sidewalk for the convenience of her customers. She had importuned the authorities to do it, but they refused, saying it was impossible. After her object lesson paving and curbing gradually came in, but for some time her sidewalk was so famous that people journeyed even from Philadelphia to see it.

### Knew It.

"Well, after the dinner Boresome told a story about his exploits in Africa and then one about an Irishman he met in Switzerland."

"But I thought you were not at the banquet."

"Nor was I at this particular one, but have attended sixteen others where Boresome told these stories."

### Bad Habits.

"It would be a very bad thing if farmers ever got control of the national finances."

"Why so?"

"Because from sheer force of habit they would want to be always watering the stock."—Baltimore American.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1906.

☞ The Entomological Bureau of the Agricultural Department of the U. S. Government are in ecstacies over the highly important discovery by Professor E. G. S. Titus, expert Superintendent of the Bugological Laboratory at North Saugus, of a pair of gypsy and browntail moth parasites, from the operations of which the most stupendous and magnificent results are confidently expected. True, Professor T. has not yet been able to classify the two newly discovered parasites to his, or the Government's, entire satisfaction, but neither has the least doubt but that they will rid Massachusetts of the moths with neatness and dispatch. When Dr. L. O. Howard, head of the Entomological Bureau at Washington, heard of Professor Titus's wonderful discovery he could hardly contain himself for joy, and hastened to tell the newspaper reporters that he would begin a report of his recent visit to the moth infested regions of New England at once, which will probably include particulars of the remarkable and highly important discovery of the 2 parasites.

☞ President Roosevelt's splendid letter addressed to Hon. James E. Watson, Representative in Congress from an Indiana District, on the tariff question, has knocked the props from under the reciprocity fad, and now the question arises, what will Eugene Foss do next? Will he withdraw as an aspirant for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor, or keep right on butting his head against a stonewall? From an interview which he gave out last Tuesday it is evident that he regards the President's letter as pretty near a death blow to his pet theory, and feels doleful over it; and it may be, and certainly if directed by sound common sense, he will throw up the sponge and abandon the impossible task of beating Lt. Gov. Draper.

☞ Since Moran discovered the egregious mistake he made in offering to refer his claim to the Democratic nomination for Governor to William Jennings Bryan and Whitney's refusal to accept the offer, Democratic politics have been quiet in Boston. The offer, absurd on the face of it, changed Moran, as in the twinkling of an eye, from the bold, aggressive, confident slugger to the "under dog in the fight," which is always fatal to the latter, for, while kindhearted people pity him, the crowd go with the bold, confident upper pup in the wrangle every time. Moran has always been credited with more than ordinary political sagacity, but he slipped up woefully on the referee business.

☞ The latest thing in Boston Democratic politics is the enforced withdrawal of Henry M. Whitney from the fight for the Gubernatorial nomination, and the announcement of Ex-Gov. Douglas that he wants it. The Machine—Quincy, Thayer, Douglas, and other Democratic wirepullers—compelled Whitney's retirement from the race—if the new movement was a bonafide one, which, probably, it was not. A good many sharpeyed onlookers see in it a deep shrewd play on the part of the Bourbon Bosses to drive Moran from the field. Will it work?

☞ The newspapers are saying that Lawyer James Wilson Grimes of Reading is a Senatorial candidate in that District with a fair fighting chance for the Republican nomination. He is smart and popular, and in years past brave fights have been put up by him for Senatorial honors. On the score of his having represented the Woburn and Reading District three terms in the House, and did it well, the JOURNAL is interested in his present campaign.

☞ Mr. Wilfred D. Gray has not yet formally announced his candidacy for the Legislature, and may not do so. He is, as we understand, looking the field over carefully, canvassing Republican sentiment, counselling with his friends, and will, in due time, reach a decision as to what his course will be.

☞ City Tax Collector, Hon. John G. Maguire, accepted Mayor Linscott's selection and appointed Marcellus Littlefield Deputy Collector of Taxes. Mr. Littlefield is a sound Democrat, and good worker for his party. There were numerous applicants for the office.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

Hammond—Goods.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Board of Health—Notice.
A. F. Converse—Citation.

— Lawyer James E Feeney is vacating at Old Orchard.

— Crap shooting is getting to be the popular fad here again.

— Letter carrier E. E. Foss is on his annual summer outing.

— Last Saturday was one of the hottest days of the season.

— The Brass Band will give a concert on the Common tonight.

— The *Times* went to the beach last Saturday evening to take his annual wash.

— Miss Bertha Taylor is spending her vacation with her parents in Billerica.

— Read what the Board of Health has to say in their ad. in another column.

— William Quinn, who was overcome by the heat last Monday, has recovered.

— Stephen and Esther Bean, son and daughter of Hon. George F. Bean, are in N. H.

— Mr. John C. N. Parker and family are at Littlejohn Island, Portland Harbor.

— Margaret and Anastasia, daughters of ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade, are at York Beach.

— Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist and daughter Alice are at "The Crest," Winthrop Beach.

— Mrs. Sarah Phinney and Mrs. Emma Wright went to New Ipswich, N. H., last week.

— Miss Kate Barker of Church street is taking her vacation at Falmouth on the Cape.

— Mr. James Brown and family are at Hampton Beach.

— Lawyer W. Frank Maguire is Acting Clerk of the District Court in the absence of Clerk A. E. Gage, Esq

— Two weeks from next Monday is Labor Day, Sept. 3, or the first Monday of that month. It is a legal holiday.

— Miss Emily F. Pollard, First Assistant Librarian at the Woburn Public Library, is away on her vacation.

— City Hall is beginning to worry. Jan. 1, 1907, is rapidly approaching, and the officeholders are scenting trouble.

— Michael J. McCormack and Elizabeth and Mary Caulfield are at Pine Point, Maine, pleasantly passing their vacation.

— Shaw & Campbell have been awarded the contract for heating the new hose house at Central Square for $298.

— Miss Dora B. Buss, sister of the Doctor, and her mother, Mrs. C. J. Buss, are enjoying summer life at Intervale, N. H.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, of the old and popular grocery firm of Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch, and wife are at Intervale, N. H.

— Rev. Mr. Stuart preached to a large and interested audience at the union meeting held in the First Baptist church last Sunday.

— Thomas Dunnigan of Fowle street, who had his hand crushed in a machine at Ring & Mahoney's shop is able to resume work.

— Dr. Lane, who has had a somewhat mild run of typhoid fever, is improving at the Medford Hospital, where he went for treatment.

— Mr. Francis A. Buckman, wife and daughter are at Wells Beach, Maine. They have summered there before now and like it.

— The pumping station at Horn Pond is as neat and clean as a parlor and the subject of much favorable comment from visitors.

— Mr. A. Herbert Holland, City Auditor, and Treasurer of the Savings Bank, and family are at North Conway for their vacation pleasures.

— Miss Mary F. Haggins, Clerk of the Hammond & Son Corporation, after a delightful outing, has returned to her desk in the Hammond store.

— Mrs. Annie C. and Miss Agnes E. Cottle left here last Monday morning for Ashland, N. H., where they intend to spend their vacation.

— Mr. M. A. Burnes could easily fill more space in his large, fine store with goods, if he had it. He reports a gratifying increase of business.

— It was just as hot after the smart electrical storm and heavy rain Monday night as it was before the storm came. Lightning failed to modify the heat.

— Ald. James H. Connolly, born Aug. 17, 1857, and his son John O., born Aug. 17, 1885, duly celebrated the anniversary of their birthdays last Friday.

— The Railroad Commissioners last Tuesday, authorized the construction of a private railroad on Holton street, this city, by the Winchester Rock and Brick Company.

— Nichols's Corner is as good as deserted. Nobody's at home there—everybody on vacation, and Nichols, the Rug Man, and Milton Moore are lonesome.

— Mr. John T. Trull and Mrs. Trull are at Jackson, N. H., a favorite mountain resort. Mr. Trull is a gentleman who takes a vacation naturally and enjoys it.

— Now that the city has had the Lawrence Schoolyard concreted, it would not be a bad thing to touch up the rest of the lot and give it a first-class appearance.

— Through the real estate agency of E. Prior Mrs. F. F. Putney, of Putney, Ga., has sold a lot of land on Lawrence street, to Mrs. Agnes M. Doyle of this city.

— Mr. John F. Scalley, the grocer, Mrs. Scalley, their children Leo and Annie, Mrs. Thomas Salmon and her son Thomas are enjoying a trip and visit to Niagara Falls.

— Mr. Austin G. French, a worthy member of the police force in this city, doffed his helmet and buttons the other day and went out on his annual vacation in citizen's attire.

— Mayor Linscott distributed a couple of boxes of fine cigars to the Woburn boys at Framingham last week, when he and some other City Officials visited camp there.

— The old Russell brook running through Sheridan Circle at Winchester, which caused so much trouble between the Woburn and Winchester authorities last year, is in as bad a condition as ever.

— The need of a patrol wagon here was again shown recently during a band concert on the Common, when a woman was arrested and brought to the court house in one of the depot carriages.

— C. E. Smith's painters and paper hangers are now renovating the Assessors room at the Municipal Building. They have the main hall all finished, and expect to do some of the other rooms later.

— Herbert B. Dow and son Roland have gone to Portland, Me., and expect to visit North Bridgton and other places before returning, while the wife, Mrs. Herbert, and daughter Ethel are at Marblehead.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert is recovering from the effects of a fall at the Equinox, Manchester, Vermont, the other day. He was quite severely injured, but thankful to escape more serious personal damage.

— Mr. Charles Taylor has been busy all summer making pictures at his "Den," 23 Pleasant street. For rest and recreation he takes trolley trips into the beautiful environs of Woburn accompanied by his wife.

— Dogdays will end in two weeks from day before yesterday, or Sept. 5, on which date the 40 days reign of the Dogstar will come to a close. Rather more of dogdays weather has been experienced during that period of time than is commonly the case, not a small portion of which has been of the extreme kind.

— Little Miss Ellen Alfreda Anderson, 6 Warren avenue, contributed a beautiful nosegay to the W. C. T. U. Flower Mission today.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The other day a gentleman visited the rug factory of Mr. C. A. Nichols and gave an order for rugs to be shipped to Scotland. The products of Nichols's factory go all over the world on the strength of their superiority.

— The newspaper organ of the Woburn Democracy has not yet publicly declared in favor of Moran's candidacy for the office of Governor. Like the Mayor of Boston it is waiting to see which way the cat jumps.

— The annual picnic of the local A. O. H., will be held Labor Day at Pinehurst Park. As an attraction there will be a ball game between the North Woburns and the Woburns, winners of the July 4th purse.

— Joe Kenney says that Foster, owner of the black pacer which his little bay trimmed recently is a poor quitter, but to satisfy him he will give him another go. Jimmy Quigley handles the ribbons for Kenney.

— Norman Robertson of Cambridge, picture framer at C. E. Smith's, has just returned from Europe, where he has been looking up the latest ideas in the art, and is now ready to fill all orders for the fall and Holiday trade.

— Lack of money seems to have been the reason for no Band concert here last Friday night by the National Band. That is the reason for failure at Wakefield, about ten dollars being all that was collected, according to reports.

— Mrs. Lucy E. B. Converse, whose death occurred a few days ago, at the age of nearly 74 years, was formerly President of the Woburn Woman's Club. She was a member of the prominent Quaker family of Buffum's of Lynn.

— The Dandy Fifth, having had the time of its life in Ottawa, will now proceed to have the time of its life in Montreal.—*Boston Globe.* That was last Tuesday, and now they are at home again, everyone of them praising the canucks.

— Whitcher has had printed on postcards a fine view of the Innitou Canoe Club regatta on Horn Pond last 4th of July. The picture of the Pond and adjacent scenery; the contesting boats, with Commodore Crosby's in the lead, is a perfect piece of work.

— Although the senior partner, Hon. John P., has taken up his permanent abode in Boston, the Law firm of J. P. & J. E. Feeney are still doing business at the old stand, Johnson building, in this city. It is conducted mainly by James E., the junior member.

— The first song of the katydid this summer was heard on the evening of Aug. 18. This means that the first frost will be due on Sept. 22, according to the old belief. Crickets, too, have turned their lyres, fall flowers are in bloom, and autumn is coming on apace.

— George M. Bray has sold lot 327 Wakefield Park, situated on the northerly side of Park avenue, containing 8077 square feet, to George L. Price of Woburn, who took the title on August 15, and will erect a high class dwelling.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

— Ellis camp on the beautiful and pellucid Shawsheen River was filled to overflowing last Saturday and the two days following. The campers were chiefly of the Ellis kindred, people who know how to enjoy life, who reported a delightful outing. The shades of Shawsheen are classic.

— James F. McGrath, in company with Rev. Fr. Lally of Ireland, attended one of the Chicago-Boston ball games last week, and the next day a Boston paper had it, "Rev. Fr. Jas. F. McGrath of Woburn and Fr. Lally of Galway, Ireland, were among the guests of the management."

— Lovers of nature's handiwork in its best form take the electrics and go to Burlington and Billerica where they never fail to find what they want and are pleased with it. It is a fine ride and a good many people take it just for the bracing breezes and delightful scenery found in those two towns.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames returned a few days ago from the land of her nativity, towit: State of Maine, where she had been visiting several weeks. Her sister, Mrs. Albert T. Carter, concluded to wait there a few days longer, or until her husband should go to accompany her home.

— Trolley trips were all the go last Sunday. A great number of Woburn people went to the beaches, sweltered in the heat all day, and came home tired and cross; while others visited country retreats—woods, ponds and streams—and even there didn't get more comfort than the law allowed.

— A woman found by the Boston police in a critical condition for lack of food in Boston last week, who gave her name as Annie Farrell, said she had a married sister by the name of O'Donnell in Woburn, living on Winchester street but on investigation showed that there was no Winchester street in this city.

— Cashier George A. Day of the Woburn National Bank got back late last week from an upcountry visit and resumed his official duties just as though nothing had happened. He is a dear lover of country scenes and rural life, and while absent from his post in the bank got well filled up with both.

— Miss Dora A. Winn left here yesterday for Orr's Island in Casco Bay where she is to join Miss Maud Littlefield and Mr. John C. Andrews who went down last Saturday. A fortnight's rest will enable Miss Winn to resume her duties as Music Director of our public schools on Sept. 10, with renewed vigor.

— Consumers of Crawford's icecream need have no fears of a repetition of the Salisbury Beach scene last week when two or three scores of people were made deadly sick—some approached very near death's door—from eating the stuff sold to a Haverhill picnic party by an icecream vendor, for Crawford's is homemade, composed of materials absolutely pure, compounded in immaculate vessels and perfectly free from all dangerous ingredients and elements.

— Mr. Edward A. Dow is on a pleasure trip through sections of Maine.

— Misses Jessie Dibble, Bertha and Ethel Burbeck are at Jefferson, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leeds visited in Sandwich, N. H., last week, and had a good time.

— Mr. George Burns of lower Main street has severed his connection with the Edison Company.

— It would not be a bad idea to have a couple of benches put up for the base-ball players at Forest Park.

— A number of Co. G boys returned from South Framingham last Saturday, while others went to Ottawa, Canada.

— Deputy Sheriff Joseph H. Buck went down to Salisbury Beach one day this week for pleasure and spy out the land.

— Charles E. Lennon, motorman on the B. & N., an alumnus of the Woburn JOURNAL office, is to be at Salisbury Beach.

— Next Sunday the union services by the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational churches are to be held in the M. E church.

— A member of the Board of Public Works, wife and brother visited the beaches in a trolley last Sunday evening. Truly, in the expressive language of an eminent citizen, "politics pays."

— Are the local items of the JOURNAL read? An error in the day of the month of the "hot Monday" was picked up within a couple of hours after the paper had been distributed by the carriers last Friday, and its publisher forcibly reminded of the mistake. Oh, yes, the news in these local columns is read promptly and by everybody.

— C. H. Squirs, an inventor, died at Middletown, Conn., last Sunday aged 74 years. He was, for some time, associated with Charles Goodyear of Woburn in experimenting with rubber to make it practical for footwear, gloves and clothing, for which Goodyear received patents, and out of which he accumulated a large fortune, but was poor enough when he lived at East Woburn.

— Mr. Frank M. Doherty, the well-known dramatic entertainer of this city, has two dramas which he intends to stage for the South End Social Club, one of which will be for the benefit of the St. Charles church, and the other for the Club. The last drama given by the Club managed by Mr Doherty was one of the finest ever produced in Woburn.

— An auto party of two gents and two ladies from Reading collided with the curbing in front of the residence of C. M. Strout on Montvale avenue at 11 p. m. Tuesday and all thrown to the sidewalk. They were more or less injured, one of the ladies being rendered insensible; but all soon recovered and were able to leave the scene of the disaster in their repaired car, after recovering the pocketbook and watch lost by them.

— At a private meeting of the Executive Committee of the Depot Hackmen's Trust held a few evenings since in the annex waitingroom of the station, it was decided to order the Trust to take their 1906 summer outing at Milligan's Grove, Wilmington, on a day to be designated at an adjourned session of the Committee. President Frank Fitzgerald occupied the Chair during the session, at which great enthusiasm prevailed.

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, a gentleman whose monthly visits, with ladder and lantern, to the dwellings and business houses in this city are not generally hailed with outbursts of delight, seeing that he is the man who measures up gas consumption and figures the cost thereof, left here last Saturday, with Mrs. Wyman, for Edgartown, on vacation comforts bent. It would be no easy task to convince this estimable gentleman and lady that Martha's Vineyard isn't the best place on this continent for a summer outing.

— The Danish Brotherhood of Boston are to hold a picnic on the W. H. Smith estate, Salem street, this city, on Labor Day, at which more than 1000 people are expected. The Boston Society are scheduled to reach here about noon on Monday, Sept. 3, and, after being joined by the Woburn Society, Thy 197, will appear in a great street parade headed by a fine military band. Boston and Woburn members of the Order are anticipating great fun and social pleasure from the day's picnic outing.

— The 50th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver F. Bryant of 164 Salem street, this city, occurred last Sunday, Aug. 19. Their son, Edward F. Bryant of Chicago, and his two daughters came on to visit the venerable couple on their Golden Wedding day. Mr. Bryant has been a resident of Woburn more than 60 years, and for 25 years, up to a few years ago, was a teacher in the famous Chauncy Hall School in Boston. He married Minerva Richardson a native of Woburn, on Aug. 19, 1856.

— Willis Varney, the silversmith, reports a big crowd of visitors at Wells (Me.) Beach last Sunday. Time was when that wateringplace was one of the best patronized on the Coast, but it met with a serious setback in the loss of its largest hotel by fire some years ago, since which it has had a struggle for existence as a seaside resort. In later times, however, Old Wells Beach has been picking up and now bids fair to win back its former glories and large patronage in the near future. Varney, the silversmith, thinks that, for genuine physical and mental enjoyment, it is nearly as desirable a place as Quampiggin Landing, his former home.

— For many successive years in the past Hon. Edward D. Hayden and wife have, several weeks at a stretch, taken their ease and comfort, and great quantities of fish, at Roach Ponds, a secluded nook in the forests of Maine, a few miles east of Lily Bay, which is a part of famous Moosehead Lake, and are there now, or were at latest advices. They desire nothing better than Roach Ponds for a summer outing, or a season of fall fishing and shooting, for somehow the solitude, scenery and atmosphere there seem to meet the requirements of their constitution, temperament, and love of nature which they fail to find in any other locality. In this respect Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are as sensible people as one often sees.

— We hear that the Richardson building, L. Waldo Thompson, proprietor, is to be occupied by a merchant for a "10 cent" store. He has a large one in Boston, and several located in the Metropolitan District.

— On the bare question of heat, yesterday was the worst of the lot, both as to amount of caloric and degree of humidity which prevailed and had to be, humanely speaking, endured with groans and profuse perspiring. It was certainly, and without qualification, as tough a day as the most exacting salamander could reasonably have asked for.

— According to the testimony of Judge E. F. Johnson, the tipend of Cape Ann has been the coolest spot on the Atlantic Seaboard during the torrid spell this week. Experience has convinced him of this. There is a large, and happy, colony of Woburn people gathered on the beaches there, whose comforts have not been interfered with by the hot wave inland.

— Probably there has never been a summer closing out sale of men's and boys' clothing, hats, caps, neckties, shirts, collars, and similar wares, that offered such strong inducements to purchase as that now in progress at the store of Hammond & Son Co. in Lyceum Hall block. In point of variety and quality of goods and low prices, it distances all former clearance sales in this city.

— A hot wave struck this part of the country last Saturday, not violently, but increasing in strength and intensity up to yesterday. On Sunday Old Sol got a purchase on the temperature that made things sizzle and humanity pant for breath. The mercury ran up to 97, with humidity about normal. Superheated steam got in its work on Monday, and from that time on to the present writing, Aug. 23, life has been a burden, night and day. Taken by and large, from 88 to 95 in the shade, plus humidity, it has been a hot spell that but few recently recorded ones have matched.

— Mr. Elisha J. Mann of Columbia, South America, visited here last week and was warmly welcomed by former friends and neighbors. He was in the shoe manufacturing business at Montvale but went to South America 20 years ago as superintendent of a shoe factory there, and this is the first time he has been in Woburn in 17 years. He served as a member of the 59th Mass. Regiment in the Civil War, and later, in 1874, was Chief of Police of this town. Mr. Mann has been actively engaged in business in Columbia since his residence there and accumulated a large property. Mrs. Mann accompanies her husband on their visit to New England, and both have had the pleasure of meeting many of their former friends and acquaintances here.

— Several Woburn gentlemen attended the great Clambake of Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston at Old Orchard, or, rather, Pine Point, close by, last Saturday. It was one of the hugest Democratic powwows that was ever witnessed on the Maine Coast. Trainload after trainload went down from Boston and the Metropolitan District, and the story of another such blowout isn't on record. Hon. John P. Feeney, who was a big spoke in Fitzgerald's wheel in the Boston Mayoralty contest last fall, and who is now vainly trying to induce Fitzie to declare himself in favor of John B. Moran's candidacy for Governor, was one of the heavy pieces of political ordinance at the Clambake and occupied a front seat. The gentlemen who went from Woburn said they had the time of their lives. No doubt of it!

### Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Champion Swimmer.

Last Monday, Miss Inez Kenney, 16 years old, daughter of Mr. William F. Kenney of this city, member of the Boston *Globe's* Editorial Staff, won, in handsome style, the swimming contest at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, carrying the championship of Cape Ann, and was presented with an elegant bronze and costly silver lovingcup 16 inches high in token of her skill and prowess. She has held the Champion's belt of the Annisquam Club several years, to which she attached the scalps of the crack swimmers on the other side of the Cape last Monday. These came from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other quarters of the Union, and are older than Miss Inez, which fact added importance to her victory.

The swimming match was quite a society event. It attracted large numbers of the North Shore elite, the resorts of Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and other fashionable localities being well represented.

Miss Inez is a senior in the Woburn High School, and a smart and very popular young lady.

Attend To It Now.

September should see your Cemetery Lot at its best. Let us erect a Memorial before the snow comes. Best materials, best workmanship and prompt service.

JOHN H. HERN,
Salem St., - Woburn.
Woodbrook Cemetery.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

CITY OF WOBURN.

## Office of Board of Health.

## NOTICE

All householders in the thickly settled portions of the city who desire to have their swill collected are requested to send their name and address to the office of the Board of Health.

Per order of the Board.
JOHN LYNCH, Clerk.

### North Woburn.

Business at the Foucar patent leather factory is fairly good.

The patent leather business is not any too good here, but a boom is expected any time.

The North Woburn baseball team and the Woburns will play at the annual field day and picnic of the Div. 3, A. H. O, at Pinehurst Park, Labor Day.

The Baldwin Mansion was a strong magnet last Monday night in drawing a large crowd to the lawn party given by the King's Daughters of Trinity church.

### The End of The World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### Base Ball.

The South Ends and the Institutes of Stoneham will be the attraction at the Park tomorrow.

The North Woburns put it all over the Cambridge City team at the Park last Saturday 9 to 2.

The Winn A. A. were defeated in a good game at the Park last Saturday by the Middlesex A. A. of Medford; score 3 to 1.

By defeating Woburn last Saturday Arlington K. of C. team clinched the championship of the K of C. League; score 10 to 3.

The Atwood and McManus team of Chelsea defeated the St. Charles of this city at Chelsea last Saturday. McMahon was in the box for the St. Charles.

At East Woburn last Saturday the East Ends and the St. Charles second team had it out in a heavy hitting contest in which the East Ends had the better of it getting 29 runs to the St. Charles 9. Brophy did the pitching for the losers.

On Manchester Field, Winchester, last Saturday, the South Ends of this city and the Beacon A. A. of Cambridge played the game scheduled for the Park, the South Ends winning 6 to 1. Higgins of the local K. of C. team played with Cambridge and scored their only run. McCarthy of the South Ends fanned ten men and received perfect support.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Mike.—Eat onions. It will not cure the ailment you speak of, but will improve it.

Etiquette.—Turkey red pocket handkerchiefs are not in vogue now east of Horn Pond mountain.

Bicyclist.—We think she looks as well on a wheel as anywhere else. Send a two-cent stamp for our sealed opinion.

Willie.—We do not know her exact age. If you truly love her and that love is reciprocated, a discrepancy of two or three years in your ages need not hinder the union.

Martha.—Residents of that street deny that the custom of eating soup with a sponge, prevails to any extent on Mishawum Road.

Inquirer.—That individual does not keep boarders now, as he has to devote all his time to amassing a fortune. We are quite positive he never furnished chop-suey.

Mabel.—He was employed for a number of years in the type-setting department of Andrews & Cutler of this ciiy. Since taking a position in Boston he has become quite a Greek scholar. He says he can now distinguish between a genitive verb and the cognate accusative of a rhetorical article.

### A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Patent Leather Workers.

There was a meeting of patent leather workers recently, held in the Bartenders Hall, for the purpose of forming a Union. It met with much favor by those present, most of whom were high priced men who claim that the pay is growing smaller every week, and if something is not done soon it will be like the currying trade which went down and out through lack of unity. If the present cutting is kept on it would not be a bit surprising to see a strike. Beggs & Cobb seem to be the only ones to stop, and the men there know what is coming to them while in other factories there is a continuous cutting of wages. Everybody predicted that this would happen when they said that the men were killing the trade by finishing their work in about six or seven hours making three and four dollars a day and they came pretty near being right.—H.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Lighten The Burden

of hot weather cooking by using Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. If you eat this fine bread during the hot summer days, you'll keep right on the year round. It is absolutely the best bread that ever graced a table.

Fresh morning and night at your grocer's. 10c. the loaf.

Winner Bread is the best 5c. loaf made.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Hammond & Son Co.

STILL CONTINUE THEIR

Mark-Down Sale

—OF—

Dependable Summer Clothing.

There are some extra good Bargains in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing.

BOYS' STAR BLOUSES, $1.00 value, 50c.
BOYS' $1.00 KNEE PANTS, 69c.
" .75 " " 49c.
" .50 " " 39c.

Hammond & Son Co.
LEADING CLOTHIERS
AND HATTERS, Lyceum Building, Woburn.

HELP WANTED FEMALE.

Agents-Something absolutely new, a genuine legally guaranteed silk petticoat; to be sold direct to consumer from manufacturer; splendid opportunity, liberal commission, exclusive home territory. Reference required. Address, P.O. Box 45, Sta. O, N.Y. City, N. Y.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Union Service. Preaching by the pastor.
12 M. Sunday School.
6 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.

The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 15, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Howard Stephen Johnson of Winchester and Elsie Frances Giroux of Woburn.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 15, Margaret Ellen Quirk, aged 20 years, 2 months, 24 days.

In this city, Aug. 17, Dorris C. Griffin, aged 6 years, 4 months, 10 days.

In this city, Aug. 18, John Coleman, aged 73 years.

In this city, Aug. 18, Edward Matthews, aged 1 year, 1 month.

In this city, Aug. 19, Lucy E. B., wife of the late Parker L. Converse, aged 72 years, 11 months, 29 days.

In this city, Aug. 21, Dominick McDevitt, aged 17 years.

JELL-O ICE CREAM POWDER

With two packages you can make a gallon of Delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes. Everything but the ice and milk in the package. 2 packages 25 cents at Grocers

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of James A. Mosher, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward P. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Drill Wells for Your Neighbors

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.
Office 108 Fulton St., N. Y.
Factory: Akron, O.

Coffee Bargains

—AT THE—

Boston Branch Grocery

Our Best Mocha and Java
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

Boston Blend Coffee
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c. lb.

Santos Coffee
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

**Whitcher's PILL BOX**

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

Those desirous of sending a photograph of

**Dr. Daniel March**

to friends, can obtain one printed upon a post card, stamped for mailing.

Photo taken at church entrance 3 days before he became

**Four Score and Ten.**

Obtainable only at

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6 15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9 15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12 15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8 30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

**Sunday Time.**

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**To Please YOU**

is what we are here for. If you come here to buy perfume we know of no surer way to please you than to show you THELMA. We believe this because it has pleased everyone else especially people who know what's what! THELMA is delightfully sweet and delicate, a perfume of quality.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
**Notary Public**
— AND —
**Justice of the Peace.**
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GO TO **BASS POINT**
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
**BOAT**
FROM
**LYNN**
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.

Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## All Reports Show Splendid Business Conditions.

## JAMES MELLEN'S DISINFECTANT

## Quincy Has Trouble With His Record In Bryan Year.

It is nearly time for fervid Democratic orators to begin to tell the country and the state that unless there is a change of administration we shall soon be on the rocks. For a great many years this wail of woe has been sounded in the ears of the people by Democrats anxious to get into office or engaged in attempts to further their own private interests.

It is easy to fool the people at times, but a somewhat awkward task to endeavor to fly in the face of apparent facts vouched for by the highest authority. All through the country the thrill of prosperity pervades the industrial and financial fabric. R. G. Dun's weekly review of trade Saturday declared that each week brings a new highwater mark in some department of business or trade, and the net result is uniformly better than for the corresponding week in any previous year. Abundant crops and an oversold steel market engender sentiments of confidence that make the outlook great for a continuance of present prosperous business conditions. The improvement in cotton goods is pronounced

In Massachusetts, as everywhere else, the shoe industry is enjoying the very height of prosperity. Leading manufacturers have sufficient orders on hand to maintain full time until work begins on spring contracts. In addition to that it is quite evident that business all over the country is much better than last year, as the number of failures have decreased 25 percent.

The Republican party has been in undisputed control of the national government for nearly 10 years and during that time prosperity has been constant.

It is an extremely significant fact that almost invariably Republican rule has brought great prosperity, while Democratic control of the nation has been almost invariably accompanied by disaster to business, manufacturing and finance. It would almost seem as if Democrats would finally become extremely weary of attempting to create an impression that greater prosperity would accrue in trusting the government to their charge. History refutes such a claim in unmistakable language.

**Fitzgerald and Metropolitan Boston.**

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has again broken loose in a tirade against the state government on the score of unjust burdens placed upon the city of Boston. Year after year that is what Democratic mayors in Boston have been doing, and year after year they have been going up to the legislature on Beacon Hill and importuning the legislature to impose still greater burdens upon the city of Boston. Such tactics are disgusting in the extreme.

It looks as if someone at city hall would rather spend the money of the city in the purchase of cheap disinfectants at large prices, than in paying for water systems, sewerage systems, or anything else really useful to the citizens of the metropolis. The grafters get no percentage out of the money paid to the state in taxes, but it is apparent that a large percentage of the money spent by the city for municipal purposes is diverted into the pockets of private parties. Boston tax-payers can have a genuine satisfaction in knowing that so much of the amount as they pay annually in state taxes goes for value received, while that part of their taxes devoted to municipal expenditures would have to be traced by a detective agency in order to make sure what had become of it.

James H. Mellen of Worcester, that ardent reformer from the heart of the commonwealth, has gone into the chemical business. His company has sold to the city of Boston a number of tons of a disinfectant which has been purchased by the street department, for what particular use it does not appear. For this compound Mr. Mellen charges and receives $50 a ton. The Boston Journal, scenting a job, sent a sample of the compound to a chemist for analysis. This chemist reported that it was composed largely of slacked lime and salt.

**Fitzgerald and Mellen.**

Some time ago Mr. Mellen was a red-hot Moran follower and he was apparently never weary of singing the praises of the district attorney. For some weeks now he has been as silent as the Sphinx itself on this subject and his friends are wondering whether there is any connection between the granting of favors to him by the Fitzgerald administration and his sudden silence on the subject of the governorship.

It is true that Mayor Fitzgerald had not up to that time himself declared either for Whitney or Moran, but it was well known that all the forces of the city administration were being used to boom Whitney and bang Moran. It is said on the part of Fitzgerald's friends that in due time he will declare himself for one or the other of the candidates, but that this will not be until he has definitely decided in his own mind which is to be the winner of the September caucuses.

Former Mayor Quincy, now chairman of the Democratic state committee, is having plenty to do in clearing up his position in regard to the presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. John B. Moran is following him up pretty closely and charging that he was not in favor of Bryan for president in 1900, although now posing as the head and front of the Bryan bandwagon of the present day.

There is no disguising the fact that Mr. Quincy was not an ardent Bryan man during either the 1896 or the 1900 campaign. He undoubtedly hoped in both years to see the Democratic candidate for president defeated, although he was somewhat desirous in 1900 of being regarded as regular and so wished to vote for Bryan for that reason only. It is not very strange that George Fred Williams and other men, who were ardently for Bryan both times he ran for president, should object to seeing Josiah push himself to the front of the Bryan procession in 1906, and try to force men who have been for Bryan through thick and thin to take a rear position.

**Guild's Action Bears Fruit.**

The action of Governor Guild in the matter of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad holding trolley lines contrary to what is understood to be the law, has borne immediate fruit. That road has transferred its holdings in New England trolley lines to a voluntary association known as the New England Security and Investment company. This is a holding company and from present indications the New Haven has complied with the law as understood by the governor technically, but there is every indication that the new company is merely a stalking-horse for the New Haven. In other words, technically the New Haven road does not now control these trolley lines, but they are under the control of a corporation created for that purpose in order to clear the law. This corporation seems to be the creature of the New Haven road, and the actual control of the trolley lines has apparently not changed.

It is apparent that the step taken by the New Haven road is technically legal and so long as the law remains as it is at present, it is evident that nothing further can be done. There are some who believe the legislature should be called upon next year to wipe out the law permitting the creation of voluntary associations. If this should come about it would cause a number of important changes. The Massachusetts Electric companies is a voluntary association formed to take over and control a number of central and eastern Massachusetts trolley lines. The Old Colony and the Boston and Northern systems are both included in it. There would undoubtedly be a bitter fight against any legislation to wipe out these voluntary associations.

**The Size of Canada.**

Canada is larger than the United States by a quarter of a million square miles. Canada contains one-third of the area of the British empire. Canada extends over 20 degrees of latitude—from Rome to north pole. Canada is as large as thirty United Kingdoms, eighteen Germanys, thirty-three Italys. Canada is larger than Australasia and twice the size of British India. Canada has a boundary line of 3,000 miles between it and the United States. Canada's seacoast equals half the earth's circumference. Canada is 3,500 miles wide and 1,400 from north to south.

**Impure Candy.**

Beware of impure candy. Sugar in candy quickly ferments after eating, and if too much is eaten serious troubles often result. Pure sugar dissolves quickly in water and leaves a clear liquid, affording an easy way of testing its purity. Drop a small piece of candy in a glass, and over it pour boiling water. Let it stand twenty-four hours. If there is any foreign substance in the candy a sediment will be found in the bottom of the glass.—New York Post.

**After.**

He (five years after)—All this gush about love is extremely foolish. Wherever did this stupid book come from? I must say the person who selected it showed a very insipid taste. She (quietly)—It's the book you gave me during our honeymoon, John. We read it eleven times the first week we had it.

**Mutual Disgust.**

"Look here," complained the victim, "you said the house was only five minutes' walk from the station. To say the least, I'm disappointed in you."

"No more than I'm disappointed in you," retorted the agent. "I thought you were a good fast walker."—Philadelphia Press.

**Art and Business.**

Summer Boarder—It is so picturesque to watch the cows come home.

Farmer—There's more money in it when they stay on the railroad track.

**Are Pie Eaters Hypocrites?**

Why do people who eat pie in secret and in the open, people who when they order pie cast about them furtive glances and people who do not care who sees them engaged on pie one and all talk and behave as if the consumption of pie constituted an unpardonable sin whenever the subject is broached? Why in polite circles composed of those whose ancestors were brought up on pie, even pie for breakfast, is pie hailed with mirthful tittering?—Providence Journal.

**Macullar Parker Company**

**Our August Price Reduction Sale is now going on in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Departments.**

Low prices on Men's and Youths' Outing Suits, Boys' Wash Suits and Men's and Boys' Shirts, Neckwear, etc. to clear up Spring and Summer Goods.

400 Washington St.,
BOSTON

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

## HONORS AND WORTH.

**Absurdity of Titles That Descend From Father to Son.**

When you find a man a most excellent runner, poet, surgeon or mariner, you give him due respect for his skill. If he is very eminent, his occupation esteemed and you chance to be some ruling power, he may receive a title. You do not confer this title because of his grandmother, and you do not make the old lady a duchess or indeed pay her any particular attention. This omission does not reflect discredit on the grandmother. It is obvious to her mind that to make her a peeress because not she, but some one else, has done something "good" would be as absurd as giving her twelve months' hard labor if he had done something otherwise.

Still less rational would it be to make the man's son a peer. The old lady has given the world this grandson. Perhaps she is in a measure the cause of his greatness, just as she might be to a certain extent responsible were he a criminal. But the son of the man did not make his father. He is not to be more greatly praised for what his father has done than for what William the Conqueror did.

The world seldom or never gives a man a title because his father earned one, but it does an equally silly thing when it allows a son to inherit such an "honor," says Home Notes.

Until a man can transmit merit it is absurd to allow him to transmit a testimonial as to merit. And, if there be no pretense of claim to exceptional worth, what solid reason can be advanced for a man receiving a designation that commands deference?

## TOOTHPICKS.

**A Visit to London and a Little Lesson In Etiquette.**

"I ran over for a short visit to London," said a globe trotter. "On the boat was a pretty widow from Altona who disgusted and amused all hands one day by saying:

"'I am surprised that a fast and expensive boat like this should fail to supply us with toothpicks.'

"She thought toothpicks indispensable, like napkins or forks. For thinking so we set her down as a hecker. But wait.

"I dined during my visit in London at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and at the Savoy, in the room that overlooks the embankment and the river, and at the Carlton, where I paid a dollar for a plate of soup, and at all these restaurants, which are admittedly the finest and the smartest and the most fashionable in the world. At all of them there were toothpicks on the table, each toothpick done up in a sterilized envelope.

"This taught me a lesson. It taught me that it is narrow and provincial to despise people for their disregard of certain small rules of etiquette. The things we despise them for, which may be glaring errors in Seattle or New York, may be again, as like as not, the correct thing in Paris and London."—New York Press.

**How Sound Waves Move.**

The speed with which sound waves are transmitted through the atmosphere depends on several conditions. When the temperature is at 32 degrees F., sounds move with a speed of 1,090 feet per second, the velocity increasing with the temperature at the rate of about one foot of speed per second for each degree above the freezing point. Then, again, in damp air sound moves with a greater velocity than it does in dry air, no odds if the dry air be warm and the damp cold. In water sound moves more than four times as fast as it does in air, or, say, at about the rate of 4,700 feet per second.

**Wooden Spoons.**

A curious industry in Russia and one which nevertheless finds employment for thousands of men is that of making wooden spoons. In the district of Semenovsk, where they chiefly come from, no fewer than 7,000 men make a living at the trade. The spoons are generally made from birchwood, and a skilled workman can turn out several hundred a day. No fewer than 12,000,000 spoons are manufactured during the course of the year, which are sold at 6 to 8 rubles per thousand. They find a ready market and penetrate as far as Persia, Khiva, Bokhara and Khokand.

**Husbands.**

A woman who shall be nameless furnishes the following essay on husbands:

"There are three kinds of husbands—the young husbands who make us unhappy because we are so jealous of them, the middle aged husbands who break our hearts because they would rather make money or play golf than devote any attention to us and the old husbands who sicken us with their silly objections whenever we turn to look at younger men."—Chicago Tribune.

**Different Times.**

Sarasate once found his memory deserting him at a recital, but he discovered the reason of the mishap in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of the stalls. The violinist stopped playing. "Madam," he said, "how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" The lady shut up her fan, and the recital was concluded successfully.

**Impudent Dog.**

A dog had the audacity to bark at the deputy commissioner of Purulia, in Bengal, when he came to the house of the master of the dog on a bike. The owners of the dog were sent up for trial under section 289, and one of them, Karusha, was fined 20 rupees.—Lahore Tribune.

**Ptomaines.**

Ptomaines, according to Quain, are alkaloids produced by the decomposition of animal substances. The word ptomaine was at first restricted to alkaloids produced by cadaveric decomposition, but it is now also employed to designate alkaloids of animal origin formed during life as a result of chemical changes induced by some agency or other acting within the organism.

**Youth and Pleasure.**

Youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much, and we are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.—Lord Liverpool.

**Fortune.**

Fortune is like the market, where many times if you can stay a little the price will fall, and again it is sometimes like a sibyl's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part and still holdeth up the price.—Bacon.

**LOOK!**

Can you answer this question? Why do you bake bread in hot weather? If you had to depend on ordinary baker's bread you could answer it very easily, but if you would try CREAMALT BREAD (the oval loaf) you wouldn't take time to answer such a question. You would just stop baking bread as a matter of course. Fresh daily at your grocers's. 10c. a loaf.

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
BOSTON.

## COMPARISONS.

**As Soon as We Begin to Make Them We Begin to Suffer.**

We would not have to strive so for courage if what we vaguely call "things" were more evenly distributed among us, for no one's lot would then seem to him an evil one. If we were all humpbacked or lame or blind; if every husband were unfaithful and every child a cross; if we were all poor and no man had any more than another; if nobody's son died in his early strength and nobody was loved while we sat neglected, then who of us would know what sorrows and afflictions were? We would take each of them for granted, as a Chinaman takes his yellow skin and an Indian his red one.

It is because we see our estate differing from that of our fellows that we are tempted to comparisons, and it is in the making of these comparisons that a sense of our sorrows, like the knowledge of our afflictions, is first born. How would we have known that we were poor unless we had seen some one else who was richer or that our son was unsuccessful unless the son of somebody else were making a great mark in the world? Would our little children be unhappy with only one dress had they not seen other children with two?

It comes to this, then: When we begin to make comparisons, we begin to suffer. This may seem to be a hard saying, but it is a true one.—Lillie Hamilton French in Harper's Bazar.

## STAG LEGENDS.

**Ancient Stories of the Animal's Antipathy to Snakes.**

There is no beast in the world to which more legendary virtues are attributed than the stag, partly owing to the tale of St. Hubert, partly to a supposed antipathy of stags toward serpents, partly to a peculiar mass of gristle in the shape of a cross which is found in the animal's heart. A whole book might be written on the miraculous power of the heart and the efficacy of different parts of him against the troubles of this evil world. Fouilloux, in the sixteenth century, gives a long list, and Master Robert Topsel fills page upon page with them, but our author in his solid English fashion is chary of accepting such stories.

Men say, he admits, that when a stag is right old he beateth a serpent with his foot till she be wroth, and then eateth her, and then goeth to drink, and then runneth hither and thither till the water and venom be meddled together, and maketh him cast all his evil humors that he had in his body, and maketh his flesh come all anew. But, he adds, with the solemnity of Herodotus himself, "Thereof make I none affirmation." And this phrase occurs again and again, for the Comte de Foix is too great and noble a hunter that any assertion of his should be laughed at.—Macmillan's Magazine.

**Republicans and Democrats.**

The old Republican party, founded by Thomas Jefferson, had its most vigorous life during the twenty-four years while Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were in the White House. During these years it completely annihilated its opponent, the old Federalist party, which was the predecessor of the present Republican party. John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States, who had a leaning to Federalism, was elected by the house of representatives (none of the candidates having a majority of the electoral vote) as a national Republican, and when Jackson came in four years later it was as a Democratic Republican. It was during his time that the latter half of the name was dropped, and the party of Jefferson took the name of the Democratic party. It was not until 1854 that the present Republican party assumed the name which the party of Jefferson and Jackson had dropped a quarter of a century before.—St. Louis Republican.

**To Conciliate the Gods.**

Just at night, if you happen to be within the gates of Canton, you will witness one of the little performances that are supposed to deceive the prowling spirits of the night bent upon evil intent, the while conciliating them should they penetrate the deception. Each little and big shop possesses a miniature fireplace built into the side of the entrance. Prayers printed on rice paper form the fuel with which to offer up incense to the "bogy man," who is supposed to make the nocturnal visits. Beholding the smoke, he is supposed to assume that no one lives within, and therefore passes by; but should he catch on and stop to investigate he finds that the prayer papers on the altar bear inscriptions attributing to him such virtues and magnanimity that his wrath is appeased and he turns from his evil intent.—Edwin Wildman in Chautauquan.

**His System.**

"I allus predict good weather," said the suburban sage.

"Why?"

"Well, if it is good I get credit fer it, an' if it ain't good the folks all allow that I done my best."—Minneapolis Tribune.

## WINCHESTER.

Vacationists are beginning to return to home roosts and comforts.

The wife and children of Chief of Police McIntosh are at Martha's Vineyard.

William G. Chaffee died last week at the ripe old age of 95 years lacking a few months, He was the oldest person in this town.

The Baptist people are slicking up their meetinghouse in fine shape. They believe in keeping the outside of the platter clean as well as the inside.

The *Star's* list of heavy taxpayers is not a startling exhibit in the way of change. We see about the same names and about the same amounts of tax dues as in previous years, the reading of which is not exciting or edifying.

Our public schools resume work on Sept. 5, a couple of days after Labor Day. I haven't heard of any joyous outbreaks on the part of the children over the announcement. A week more of play would not be heavy on their stomachs, I opine.

Our Water Board are talking of adopting the water meter system in this town. It will cost a heap of money to make the change, besides a considerable additional expense in the way of inspectors, care of meters, etc., but when once installed, there is no doubt but that meters make a saving of water.

Our people deeply regret the removal of Mr. Charles W. Bradstreet and wife from this town to Arlington. He has sold his elegant homestead here and made up his mind to leave us for good and all. Mr. Bradstreet has been for years one of our best and most highly esteemed citizens, and his wife is very popular. Both have been influential and valuable members of the Episcopal church, by whom they will be greatly missed. Mr. George H. Gilbert will regret the removal of the Bradstreets from Winchester, for they were exceedingly warm and close friends. May they live long and prosper.

**In Self Defense**

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since. Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George E. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah H. Morgan, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Harold P. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

**WANTED.**
A House and Barn
WITH FROM
10 to 5 acres of Land.
Cash Down will be paid.
Apply to G. PLACE,
428 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

**GENTLEMEN . . .**

who smoke will find the "EARLINGTON" equal to any 10c. Cigar on the market. This cigar which is of extra quality, long filler, has already become so popular we are obliged to buy them in very large quantities, thereby getting a better price, and hereafter we intend to make the Earlington a Big Leader, and will cut the price to

**7c. Each or 4 for 25c.**

If the cigar you smoke now don't quite suit, try one of these. Also a full line of Cigars, Tobacco, Pouches, Pipes, etc.

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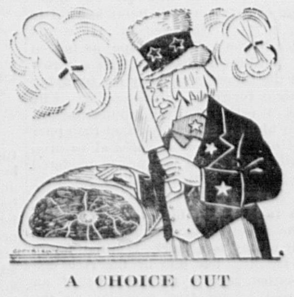

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# Some Theories And a Bear Trap

By C. B. LEWIS

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Uncle Peter Scott, farmer on the outskirts of the village of Hillside, had lost his good wife, and his daughter Jennie kept house for him. He had got to be fifty years old and finicky, while she had got to be twenty and was called one of the nicest girls in Adams county.

Tom Barlow, the youngest of the village merchants, agreed with all others. He had driven out to see Jennie on half a dozen occasions on Sunday afternoons, and it was whispered around that a marriage would come of it. The father had scratched his head and said nothing, but in his own mind he had regarded it as a good match.

All was going well when an interruption suddenly occurred. Mr. Barlow dealt in hoes, rakes and shovels as well as in dry goods and groceries. Uncle Peter bought a hoe of him and started into the cornfield one morning to make the dirt fly. The hoe pleased him, the air was balmy and the corn was knee high and still growing. He was humming to himself and wondering how long before he would lose Jennie when he pulled over a sod with his hoe and caught sight of a big fat mole underneath.

The life or death of that mole had little to do with the future prosperity of Adams county, but Uncle Peter jumped in with intent to slaughter. He made three or four blows with the hoe and finally one tremendous blow. The mole was immolated, but at the same time the handle of the hoe was broken and the old man fell forward and plowed his nose into the ground. He got up mad. He was mad at the mole, the hoe and himself, and he jumped up and down and used cuss words.

One does not remain mad at himself very long. He finds some one else to blame for the whole thing. In this case Uncle Peter put the calamity on the shoulders of Mr. Barlow. He had sold him a hoe handle that was weak in the back—sold it with intent to defraud and deceive. Uncle Peter had sold short tons of hay more than once, but when any one cheated him he looked upon it as a wrong to all humanity. He was near the roadside fence when he massacred the mole, and he had just got the dirt out of his mouth after the fall when a man he knew came driving along in his buggy.

He naturally asked what was the matter, and the old man cut loose. He called the merchant a cheat, fraud and swindler and vowed by the whiskers of his ancestors that he would never, never buy aught more of him. He wanted his words repeated, and they were.

When the father went up to the house after another hoe and the daughter asked what was the matter he had more to say about the merchant and something particular to say to her. He made more fuss about that broken hoe handle than the county commissioners had in building a bridge over Goose creek, and he ended off with:

"Now, you gal, listen to me. If that swindler ever sets foot on my land ag'in I'll c-r-u-s-h him as I would a-a-a mouse!"

Jennie argued and protested and tried to soothe, but the father was obdurate. He told her of the message he had sent to town, and she wrote a few lines of excuse to Mr. Barlow and sent them by a passing boy. That afternoon several persons had several theories to advance to themselves.

Uncle Peter held to his anger. His theory was that Mr. Barlow would drive out in the evening and try to get speech with Jennie and seek to excuse his disgraceful conduct in selling for 25 cents a hoe not worth a dime.

Jennie's theory was that the merchant would drive out with half a dozen hoes in his buggy and tell her father to take them all, but she feared the result. The old man was mad all through, and it always took him at least a week to get over one of his fits. Old Mrs. Davis, who lived just across the road, heard something about the broken hoe, and her theory was that there would be a row of some sort and that she would be there to hear and to see.

The merchant didn't have any particular theory. He simply made up his mind to drive out to Uncle Peter's and tell him to come in and help himself to hoes, rakes and shovels without stint.

Nothing further of moment happened during the day. It was after supper when Uncle Peter was milking the brindle cow that he got another theory. It might have worked well had not his daughter observed him half an hour later oiling up the springs of a bear trap that had hung in the barn for the last twenty years. Then she got a new theory. Her father hoped and intended that some one should walk into that trap. It must be the man who sold him the deceptive hoe that he was laying for. Old Mrs. Davis kept her eye on the Scott homestead between sundown and dark, and, though no tragedy took place, she turned to her husband and said:

"Andrew, something is goin' to happen. I feel it in my bones. I've got a theory that there's goin' to be awful doin's across the road tonight."

Father and daughter sat on the porch till the clock struck 9, and then the girl arose and entered the house to go to bed. That was his chance. He jumped down on the grass and ran for his bear trap and set it just inside the gate and ten minutes later was winding up the clock with an innocent expression of countenance calculated to deceive the cat.

"Now, why did father linger behind?" asked Jennie of herself as she went upstairs, and, poking her head out of a front window, she saw him engaged in some nefarious business on the path—something that she investigated fifteen minutes later and dragged to one side on the lawn.

The merchant had been detained. He had also forgotten that farmers retired to their beds when the hens went to roost. It was 10 o'clock when he came driving out. Jennie heard him coming and walked down the road to meet him. Knowing her father as she did, she knew that a present of a dozen new hoes that night would not suffice to soothe his injured feelings. It would be best to notify Mr. Barlow of this fact and turn him back and say good night.

At about the hour mentioned above Uncle Peter roused up out of a doze with a new theory. It was to the effect that some lightning rod men might come along in the night and seek to arouse the house for lodgings and step into that waiting bear trap. He was about to get up when he remembered that a man of lightning had cheated him out of $10 five years before, and he therefore decided not to budge. He had just come to this decision when old Mrs. Davis said:

"Andrew, I'm goin' to get up and go over to Scott's."

"What fur?" he dreamily asked.

"I've got a theory that Uncle Peter has hung himself in the wood shed."

"Nonsense!"

"Don't say 'nonsense' to me. I never had a theory yet that didn't turn out right. I'm goin' right over there, and if you hear me yell out you'll know what has happened."

She partly dressed and left the house. Jennie and Mr. Barlow and the horse and buggy were not so far away that she could not have made them out had she been less occupied with her theory, but as it was they escaped her notice. The wood shed to every well regulated house is in the rear. It was so in the case of the Scott home. To reach it old Mrs. Davis had to leave the straight path, and she hadn't made above ten steps when there was a scream and a long drawn yell to freeze the blood of all hearers. Uncle Peter heard it as he was beginning to dream of broken hoe handles and fat moles, and he jumped out of bed.

Old Mr. Davis heard it as he dozed and wondered about theories, and out of bed he came with his hair trying to stand on end. Jennie and Mr. Barlow heard it and started forward with exclamations of alarm, and thus it happened that the four reached old Mrs. Davis at about the same time. She had been caught in the bear trap, of course. In leaving the path she had stepped fairly into it, and as the jaws came together she felt, as she said afterward, that the last day had come and she was ready to sail away.

There was an exciting time for the next ten minutes. The poor old woman was frightened half to death, and a good deal bruised by the teeth of the trap, and while she was being carried across the road her husband was announcing his determination to have satisfaction under the law. Uncle Peter realized that his theory had failed, and Jennie and Mr. Barlow had been discovered conspiring, as it were. It wasn't until the victim had been put to bed, her hurts attended to by a doctor and her husband calmed down by a promise that the right thing should be done that Uncle Peter turned on the young folks and demanded:

"Well, what you got to say about all this?"

"Nothing, father," answered Jennie.

"Nothing, Mr. Scott," added the merchant.

"Wall, I dunno as I have, either," observed the mole killer, as he jogged into the house and left the others at the gate to talk things over.

### One of the Family.

"Are you the editor that takes in the society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a timid, appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice: "My wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in your paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society notes," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs $5 a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family!"

### Not Soon Enough.

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that, on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked as clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

"Send $50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when, an hour later, he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

### Why Larks Are Easily Caught.

No bird is so easily netted as the lark; he generally starts from the ground just before the lower edge of the net touches him and invariably mounts perpendicularly. This characteristic propensity to ascend at once may be observed by any person who "treads up" a lark in a field and satisfactorily illustrated by releasing, at the same moment, a newly captured lark and a sparrow from a cage or hat within the precincts of a room. While the sparrow will fly off horizontally, dash himself against the window and lie almost stunned from the shock, the lark will almost always mount upward to the ceiling and flutter there for a time in vain efforts to reach the sky before he attempts any other mode of exit; but this habit is fatal to him in the netting season. He would generally be able to escape, as indeed the bunting or clod bird, the sparrow and the linnet constantly do, by flying straight forward; but ascending, as he does, directly from the ground the moment his wings have touched the upper part of the net it is suffered to drop suddenly, and his capture is rendered inevitable.—London Standard.

### An Incident of Life In New York.

The street beggar with pockets lined with money is a fairly familiar figure of city life, but one of the free dispensaries reports an instance of an attempt to get free medicine on the plea of poverty that deserves a place in the catalogue of good stories of graft. A middle aged woman appeared the other day and got a prescription, after which she took her place in the line of persons waiting to have their medicine made up by the apothecary. This particular woman, it should be said, had given satisfactory answers to all the questions put to her designed to show whether she was a proper subject for charity. Suddenly there was a cry: "I'm robbed! I'm robbed!" The victim was this woman, who so far forgot her previous professions as to assert that her pocket had been picked and that the thief had got away with $90. Then she lost the opportunity to get free medicine, thus adding, in her view, insult to injury.—New York Post.

# When the Votes Tied

By CLAUDE PAURARES

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It was an off year in politics—that is, it was a bad year for the politicians. The electors had taken the bit in their teeth and run away, and the cut and dried nominees had failed to become candidates. It was because of this that Abe Hewson had been elected to the legislature from one of the mountain districts. When his friends and neighbors had talked of nominating him he had replied:

"Shoo! Why, I hain't got no eddecashun!"

"Don't you reckon you need any to be an honest man."

"But I can't make no speech."

"The less gab the better. Been too much talk already."

"But them eddecated critters will git me all tangled up."

"Nobody can't tangle up a square man."

Abe Hewson was nominated and elected. He didn't have to pay out a shilling for campaign expenses, and he didn't make any promises. They knew him throughout his district as an honest man. They said of him as they said of a January coonskin—that was "prime."

His wife was not puffed up with pride over his nomination. She had little to say during the campaign. It was only when he came home and told her that he was elected that she motioned him to sit down and then said:

"Abe Hewson, nobody could dun say that you wasn't an honest man when I married you."

"I was tryin' to walk straight, Tilda."

"Fur ten years you was buyin' and sellin' mewls. Abe, did you ever lie and cheat in that business?"

"Drat me, but I was so squar' that I couldn't make a livin' at it."

"For six or seven years you have been buyin' coon and skunk and woodchuck skins. Have you been a liar and a cheat?"

"No, Tilda. I could have lied once and made $3 on a b'arskin, but I shet my teeth hard agin it."

"You kin borrow a dollar of most any man, can't you?"

"Reckon so."

"And when a man has got your word he depends on it?"

"'Pears that way."

"And all this is why you've been 'lected. It's cause you've got a good name; it's cause your a squar' man. Abe, we uns is pore folks. We hain't eddecated. Pianers and silks and broadcloths are not for sich as us. We squatted yere twenty years ago, and we'll stay squatted till the end. I hain't makin' the least complaint over it. I don't believe I'd care to be rich and have grand things. I'm satisfied to go right along just like this, but don't fling us down, Abe—don't do that."

"What d'ye mean, Tilda?" he asked.

"I hain't much of a reader, but I can make out 'nuff in our weekly paper to know that heaps o' men are willin' to part with their honesty to get ahead in the world. Don't part with yours. You are goin' whar you'll be tempted, but shet your teeth agin it. I'm holdin' my head high and feelin' jest as good as any one on this here mounting, not bekase we've got money, Abe, but bekase you are a squar' man. If you should lose that name you'd lose me. I'm lovin' you as much as a wife can, but I'm speakin' mighty straight when I tell you that if so much as a whisper should come back here that you had lost your squar'ness I'd walk off and starve to death in the woods rather than live on with you."

"And I wouldn't be blamin' you, Tilda," quietly replied Abe as he went out to walk about and think.

Abe Hewson went down to the capital of the state in fear and trembling. He was marked down by certain members and lobbyists as a good thing, but they gave him time to shake himself down into his place. There were axes to grind on every hand, but it was the coal men who had the largest. They wanted a charter for a railroad to run to certain undeveloped mines. It wasn't a line to build up the country and accommodate the people, but to bring coal out to market. They wanted a grant of state lands to recoup themselves.

A powerful lobby, well supplied with money and arguments, was on hand. Those who saw through the scheme and knew that it was a steal also knew that they had their hands full to fight it.

Abe was moving along slowly and trying to look ahead for pitfalls when the matter of the railroad came up and he found himself in the thick of it. He found himself in the position of many another before his time. The state employs no lobbyists to protect herself. All the argument and sophistry and money are in the hands of those who would rob her. The opponents of the railroad scheme sat down with Abe Hewson and tried to make him understand. They found him dense, but realized that he wanted to be honest. They contented themselves by telling him that it was his duty to vote against the bill. It was clear enough to Abe that day, but not so clear the next. The lobby had got after him.

Your congressional or legislative lobbyist is a smart man. He is a student of character. He is a diplomat. He is sleek and slick. In this case when it became apparent that the vote would be close the Hon. Abraham Hewson was given especial attention. Cigars and champagne met him at every turn. Men were solicitous about his health. He came to know that shawls and dress patterns and jewelry were being sent to his mountain home. Tailors were ready to measure him for new suits without cost to himself, and hints were thrown out that after the adjournment he would be wanted to fill an important position down in the lowlands.

All this was very soothing and seductive to Abe. He had always been used to plain speech. A spade was either a spade or not a spade. The sophistry of the lobbyists tangled him up. He was made to see that under certain circumstances a long handled shovel became a short handled spade. He was a man without a grain of natural vanity, but when gentlemen of wealth and education asked him to sit down and drink and smoke with them and deferred to his opinions it was only natural that he should feel puffed up.

The day came when a poll of the house showed that the vote on the railroad bill would be a tie. Abe Hewson could not be counted for certain on either side. Both sides claimed him, but he had made no direct promise. The casting vote would be his. Some of his mountain constituents had come down, but between the lobbyists for and the members against the bill they had soon been reduced to a state of uncertainty. For the first time in the history of the legislature an ignorant but honest "coonskin" member held the balance of power with the most important bill of two decades in the balance.

Queerly enough, the lobbyists had not resorted to direct bribery in Abe's case. They might argue and cajole and throw hints of rewards, but they felt afraid to go further. Both sides felt that he was trying to figure things out for himself and then cast his vote as conscience dictated.

The day finally came when the bill was to be put on its final passage. That it would be a tie vote every one was assured. Abe Hewson was in his seat, pale, nervous and hesitating between two opinions. He was no nearer a decision in his own mind than a week before. Some preliminary business was being transacted when a messenger called him out. Just outside the doors he found his wife. She had on her poke bonnet and heavy shoes and calico dress and had been the sport of a crowd for the last ten minutes. It was thirty-six miles over the rough mountain road to the log cabin, and she had walked all night. She had never been in the city before, never seen such crowds, never beheld such buildings, never looked so many men in the face.

"Gawd, Tilda, but you yere!" exclaimed Abe as he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes, Abe."

"But what for? What dun brung ye?"

"That railroad bill, Abe. I've been readin' of it right along, and I've dun been prayin'."

"And—and"—

"Prayin' to Gawd, Abe—prayin' that he might dun gimme light to see my way clear and make you see yours. The light come yesterday. Gawd he dun wants you to vote agin that railroad and still be an honest man. I've walked all night to get here and tell you. I was skeered by the darkness, and I'm skeered by the people. They are laughin' at me now. I'd never have come, Abe—I'd never have come in this livin' world if Gawd hadn't dun sent me."

Half an hour later the bill was put on its passage, and one of the messages going over the wires to people interested read:

"Railroad bill knocked into a cocked hat. Abe Hewson's wife did it."

### The Irish Fairies.

Fairies still play a prominent part in the life and belief of the Irish people. It is lucky to spill milk, a servant assured her mistress when she once dropped a jugful. "Them little people will be pleased with th' sup ye're lavin' them," she added. It was the same servant, says a writer in the Grand Magazine, who said that the good folk were very dainty in their habits and would not touch anything that was soiled or dirty.

"Let me tell ye," she continued. "Me own little nephew in the County Tipperary, a lovely young b'y of three weeks, was pinin' away, an' th' poor mother was distracted to know what was ailin' him, till she called in a woman who had th' name o' bein' wise, an' she told me sister th' fairies was takin' th' child.

"'An' what'll I do?' asked me sister.

"'Smear him wid dirt,' said th' woman, 'for whatever's annyway dirty th' fairies 'll lave after them.'

"Me sister done that, an' th' young child recovered, for when they seen th' dirt th' fairies let him be."

### When Auntie Was Silenced.

Auntie was showing off her little nephew, aged two, to an admirer who was calling upon her for the second time. He was a very bright youngster and during a pause in the performances specially requested by auntie he suddenly remembered the way she had been teasing him before the caller arrived and decided to turn the tables on her, so he pointed a chubby finger at the door and said, "My rug!"

Auntie at once caught the spirit of the thing and cried emphatically, "No, my rug!"

"My dress," said her little nephew, pointing to auntie's gown.

"No, my dress," replied auntie, delighted to have an opportunity to show how cute he was.

Then the little boy sidled over to the caller and, pointing at him, cried, "My man!"

Silence on the part of auntie.—Pilgrim.

### Gambling a Religious Duty.

"Speaking of gambling," a missionary said, "I know of a sect that regards it as a religious duty, like fasting or prayer. This sect is the Hindoos. They one day in each year gamble like mad from sunrise till sunset. The day is the festival of the lamps, a day sacred to Lakshun, the goddess of wealth. A tremendous lot of money changes hands in Lakshun's honor. All this gambling is done to test the financial success that will attend on each person throughout the year. If a gambler loses he knows a year of hard luck is ahead of him. If he wins he knows he may expect a twelvemonth of prosperity. Strange to say, a good deal of cheating accompanies this religious gambling."

### Champion Divers.

"Larry Donovan," said a professional swimmer, "made the highest dive on record. It was 210 feet—a dive from the Brooklyn bridge. Donovan also took a dive from Niagara bridge, a good 200 feet. There are no other divers in the same class with Larry. Jack Burns made a dive of 150 feet from the topmost yardarm of the Three Brothers, the largest sailing ship of its time, and Jim O'Rourke and Julius Gautier have done some good diving, too—100 feet, 125 feet, and so on—but it is doubtful if Donovan's record will ever be broken."

### The Crawfish's Tail.

The tail of a crawfish serves that animal as an oar. By a peculiar jerk of the tail the animal can retire from a dangerous object with almost incredible swiftness. The tail is much more effective in moving the animal backward than forward, a singular instance of adaptation to its situation, for by means of its tail it can withdraw into its hole with such swiftness as in an instant to place it out of danger.

### Excited No Comment.

Tess—Of course, I knew that May and Bess were bitter enemies, but do you mean to tell me they actually engaged in a fist fight? Jess—Yes. Tess—Why, what a scandal! I declare I—Jess—Oh, nobody noticed it. They went to a bargain store to do it.—Philadelphia Press.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 26.

**Text of the Lesson, Mark x, 17-31. Memory Verses, 23, 24—Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 24—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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Our last six lessons have been found only in Luke's gospel, but now we have one recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke, a little more fully in some respects by Mark and in others by Matthew, and in each gospel the story immediately follows that of the little children whom He took up in His arms and blessed, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of God." The two incidents of the children and the rich young ruler illustrate the saying, "He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away (Luke i, 53). Taken together they illustrate more fully the lessons taught by the publican and Pharisee in last week's lesson. The Pharisee was full of himself and his doings, thought he needed nothing, therefore asked for nothing and received nothing, whereas the publican thought nothing of himself, knew that he had nothing but sin, needed mercy and asked for it and received it. The little children, being empty and helpless, were blessed and filled, but the young ruler, being full of himself, went away empty. But let us consider him. He was evidently earnest and fearless and humble, for Jesus had gone forth into the way or street, and in contrast to Nicodemus, another ruler, this man came publicly and in the day and, running to Him, kneeled down in the way, with his eager question concerning eternal life. He did not know that the gift of God is eternal life and that this life is in His Son, and he that hath the Son hath life (Rom. vi, 23; I John v, 11, 12), but he was hungry for something he did not possess. Our Lord's reply to his "Good Master" seems to imply, since only God is good, do you recognize Me as God? Then He referred him to the perfect righteousness of the wondrous law given by Himself long before out of the midst of the fire and which He had come to fulfill—that law which is so holy and just and good that sinful man cannot keep it, but Jesus came to fulfill it and magnify it and become the end of the law for righteousness to every one receiving Him (Gal. iv, 4, 5; iii, 13; Rom. x, 4).

The young man, blinded, like Saul of Tarsus, by his self righteousness, replied, "Master, all these have I observed from my youth" (verse 20). This time he does not say "Good Master." He is not willing to acknowledge God in Christ nor himself as a sinner. Then our Lord, knowing what was in man, put his hand right on the sore place, with the words, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor * * * and come, take up the cross and follow me" (verse 21). The ruler thought he had kept the whole law, but now unwittingly acknowledges that his possessions are more to him than God or life eternal and therefore he is guilty of breaking the first of the commandments and, according to Jas. ii, 10, all of them. We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though He was rich for our sakes He became poor (II Cor. viii, 9), but few are willing to follow His steps in this matter, notwithstanding the familiar benediction prayer that it may be so. As the young man went sorrowfully away Jesus remarked, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," explaining it by, "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." Seeing the astonishment of the disciples He said in answer to their "Who, then, can be saved?" "With God all things are possible."

In I Cor. i, 26, it does not say not any wise, not any mighty, are called, but not many wise, not many mighty, so that some one has said thank God for the letter "M." Joseph of Arimathea was a rich man, Abraham and David and others were rich men, and the grace of God can save rich as well as poor, but riches are, as a rule, a hindrance rather than a help to salvation; hence the admonition to Timothy, "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy" (I Tim. vi, 17).

Our Lord having spoken to the rich man of treasure in heaven, Peter remarked: "We have left all and followed Thee. What shall we have therefore?" (Verse 28, with Matt. xix, 27.) Our Lord made answer that all who forsake all for His sake and the gospels shall receive an hundredfold now in the way of houses, brethren, sisters, mothers, children and lands and in the world to come eternal life. Many a whole hearted follower of Christ can testify to the literal fulfillment of this in the things and people that have become theirs for the gospel's sake. The hundredfold—that is, 10,000 per cent—has been realized in the souls saved and in other ways. Ask D. L. Moody, now in heaven, and Dr. Torrey and others who have been used in like manner. I myself can testify that a few dollars of class offerings which might have been lawfully used for personal use as a recompense for labor, renounced for His sake, have brought me for missions in fifteen years over $300,000. His word stands true to all who prove Him (Mal. iii, 10). We shall in due time see that the twelve thrones and rule over the twelve tribes (Matt. xix, 28; Luke xxii, 29, 30) will be literally fulfilled also. We must not omit the two words, "with persecutions," however unattractive they may be, but see John xv, 18-21; xvi, 1-4; Acts xiv, 22, and remember that as He was made perfect through suffering there is no other way for His disciples (Heb ii, 10; II Tim. ii, 12).

### Miraculous Multiplication.

A lady who recently bought a dinner service consisting of fifty-four pieces for £1 3s. was informed by her housemaid the next day that the bargain had become still more wonderful, for it now consisted of 1,125 pieces.—Punch.

### Disappointing.

Mrs. Justlooking—Have you any hand embroidered waists? Salesman (who has waited on her before)—I'm very sorry to disappoint you, madam, but we have.—Chicago News.

### The Mulberry Tree.

Silk is the great industry of northern Italy, and the plains of the quadrilateral are dark with mulberry trees. The mulberry tree is the hardest worked piece of timber in the world. First its leaves are skinned off for the worms to feed on, then the little branches are clipped for the worms to nest in, then the large limbs are cropped for charcoal, and the trunk has not only to produce a new crop of leaves and limbs for next year, but must act as trellis for a grapevine.

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(TRADE MARK)
BOSTON

## GERMAN [illegible]

### Early Days of the Saengerfests In This Country.

In the early days of saengerfests in this country they were held [illegible] The third saengerfest was held in New York in 1852, and many Newark Germans attended. Below are given extracts from the Newark Daily Advertiser, printed at the time:

June 10, 1852.—The German glee clubs of New York will celebrate the third annual festival in New York this year on the 19th to 22d of June. The New York Journal of Commerce states that the glee clubs from abroad will be received by the New York clubs and honored with a torchlight procession. The principal performance will take place at the Academy of Music, Fourteenth street, when the choruses will be sung by over 1,200 male voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 100 pieces. On the 22d will be held a picnic on the Bloomingdale road, opposite Striker's bay.

June 22.—Third musical jubilee of German singers, Saturday to Tuesday, 19th to 22d. The execution of the "Magic Flute" overture by 1,200 voices was very uncommon and surprising by the New York clubs and was received with great applause. The Eintrachts of Newark sang "Wallisischer Schiffergesang" in a distinguished manner. But the most marked performance was Martin Luther's "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott," arranged by Finke. We felt immediately what religious music really is—how grand, solemn and sublime such a hymn is when performed by a large orchestra and hundreds of voices. It was something to be remembered long. Kossuth was present during an intermission and was cheered.—Newark News.

## THE SERPENT'S VENOM.

### Mohammedan Legend of the Origin of the Tobacco Plant.

The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered it said:

"Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed.

"Because thy race persecutes mine and tries to stamp it out."

"But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee."

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.—Conte Arabe.

### No Wool Over His Eyes.

Uncle Abe, a grizzled old negro, visited a zoological garden. He stood fascinated before a cage containing a chimpanzee and could not be induced to move. After awhile the animal came to the front of the cage and Uncle Abe spoke to him.

"Howdy?" he said. "Howdy?"

The chimpanzee not making any response, Uncle Abe chuckled and winked at him knowingly.

"Dat's right; dat's de way ter do! Doan' you nebber 'gin ter talk. Ef you does white man put er hoe in yer han' en meck yer wuk!" he said.—Harper's Weekly.

### Stephen Girard, Hero.

A tablet "in commemoration of the courage and humanity displayed by Stephen Girard during the epidemic of yellow fever in the year 1793" in Girard college in Philadelphia discloses a phase of character in the philanthropist not generally understood. During the fever epidemic he gave up his business and his luxurious home and assumed the superintendency of a yellow fever hospital. He took up the work others recoiled from and did the work because it was his duty.

### On Himself.

They had quarreled again.

"Perhaps you are not aware," she said, "that I had over a dozen proposals of marriage before I accepted yours."

He flushed.

"And perhaps, madam," he retorted haughtily, "you are not aware that I proposed to nearly twenty women before I became acquainted with yourself."

### Temper.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

### Posted.

"Can you repeat the Declaration of Independence?" she asked.

"I used to be able to," he replied, "but about all I remember of it now is, 'To be or not to be—that is the question.'"—Judge.

### From the Woods.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.

### Grease In Wool Fabrics.

Few persons realize when they put on woolen garments what a large amount of animal fats wool contains, for to the touch woolens are not greasy. In the big clothing shops where men's garments are cut, however, the floors around the tables where electric knives clip out the odd shaped pieces soon become as slippery as though they were waxed for a dance.

"Why do you wax the floors—to keep the fabrics clean?" is a common query from visitors.

But the clothing cutters explain that this accumulation of grease comes from the friction of wool cloth over the wood. The wood's pores soon become so charged with it that they feel greasy to the touch, and even the harder woods in the cutting tables absorb from the woolen fibers so much of the animal fat that to all appearances they might be in steady use in the rendering department of an abattoir.—New York Press.

### Are Ministers' Sons Bad?

A bishop marked the names of those whom he deemed worthy of remembrance for some service performed in religion or politics or literature or science or art or commerce or philanthropy or warefare, or some other aspects of the various life of the nation. Of such names he found 1,270 who were the children of clergymen or ministers, taking no account of those who were grandchildren of clergymen or more remote descendants. Of the children of lawyers, there were 510, and of doctors 350. The sons of clergymen who became themselves clergymen were 350. He further asserts that the superiority which the clergy enjoy in respect to their children to the other professions lies beyond dispute. The superiority has been not of numbers only, but of degree. From clerical homes have sprung more distinguished sons than from the homes of any secular profession.—Leslie's Weekly.

### A Funny Eagle.

A Russian grand duke was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the last century. In Russia the imperial double headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire—stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"

### Shadeless Forests.

Large tracts of dense forests in Australia are practically shadeless. Many kinds of trees in that strange country turn their edges instead of the flat surface of the leaves to the sun, and thus one may stand under a tree of enormous size and be as fully exposed to the sun as though he were in the open plain. Travel through these forests is said to be exceedingly arduous work, as the trees, while they do not cut off the sun, prevent the breeze from reaching the ground, and thus the traveler experiences a stifling heat.

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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### Use For Spoiled Beer.

"There is no need," said a brewer, "for us to throw away beer that has turned sour, nor is there any need for us to try to doctor it up. We have a ready sale for our spoiled beer among cement makers. Don't think from this that cement makers have a morbid taste for sour beer. Nothing of the kind. They use this beer in making cement for leather joints. It takes the place of acid, being cheaper and yet just as good."

### Not an Impostor.

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his new responsibility to his brother in this fashion: "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome." The brother, however, failed to see the point and replied: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor."

### Natural History.

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked little Bobby.

"Oh, I know," chimed in Dorothy, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age, three is triplets, four is quadrupeds, and five is centipedes."—Harper's Weekly.

Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery.—William Penn.

### The Opinion She Sought.

"Well, what do you think of my new hat?" she asked.

"Do you want a candid opinion?" he questioned.

"Heavens, no!" she replied. "Say something nice."—New York Press.

### And Insight.

"What happens when people fall in love at first sight?"

"Usually marriage and second sight."—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 40.

## Business Cards.

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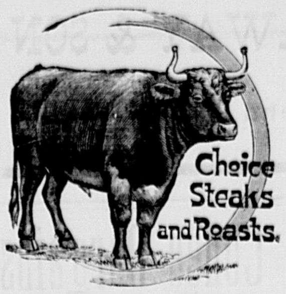
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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

**Summer Arrangement.**
**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

C. M. BURT,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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## The Girl and the Davenport

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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In the twilight of a secondhand shop on Royal street Van Holden saw her first. She came toward him down an aisle of shadow between old mahogany sideboards and dusty armoires and laid her gray gloved hand upon one end of a quaint davenport on whose other end reposed the hand of Van Holden.

"This davenport," she said to the shopkeeper, "is the one you reserved for me, is it not?"

"Pardon me," said Van Holden firmly—the davenport was genuine mahogany and of a good shape—"I have just bought it."

The shopkeeper, a little creole with voluble eyes and a fierce mustache, looked from one to the other.

"Mais oui," he murmured politely, "it is vair good davenpo't"—

"You promised yesterday afternoon," she said with icy dignity, "to reserve it for me. I must have it. I wish it upholstered in the green rep you showed me, and I want it by Thursday morning."

"Pardon me"— Van Holden began again.

She ignored his existence and drew a card from her case of snakeskin.

"Here is my address," she said, scribbling something thereon, "and I will give you a check on delivery of the davenport. Eighty dollars I think you said?"

Van Holden's sense of humor, assisted by the pleasing picture of pale hair and gray eyes in a cool pale face against a background of cobwebbed walls, began to rise.

"I was to have had it for fifty," he suggested plaintively.

"I will give you eighty for it," she said to the shopkeeper. And her face was noticeably less pale.

"It ees vair good davenport," said the shopkeeper, twisting his fierce mustache. "I pay hun'erd dollar fo' it, but I take eighty. Yas, I take eighty."

"Oh, you do?" said Van Holden sarcastically. "What about the fifty I'm giving you? I suppose you take that too? Now, see here, my man." He smoothed out the check between his fingers.

"If you have paid for it," said the lady icily, "I shall of course not take it. I had not understood"—

"Pray do not consider me in the matter," said Van Holden, with equal promptness. "I shall not take it now." He thrust the check into his vest pocket as the shopkeeper's dirty fingers closed clawlike over the lady's card.

"Upholster in green rep? Varnish? Me, I lose $20, yes—but—you take it—I keep my word."

"No," said the lady; "I shall not take it. My card." She slipped it back into the case. "I do not care for the davenport." She walked to the door, holding her skirts away from contamination, and turned into the hot, narrow street, a slender figure in a gray gown and a gray hat with pale roses on the wide brim.

Van Holden lit a cigarette in the interval of regarding the shopkeeper with a piercing interest. "Overreached yourself that time, Mr. Montague," he remarked pleasantly.

"Dose Yankees," said Mr. Montague morosely.

"I dare say," said Van Holden. He walked to the front of the shop, the creole at his heels, and a humorous smile twitched the corners of his mouth. "That was a dirty trick of yours. And, by the way, you needn't send up that chair I looked at. I don't care to deal with you in future."

Mr. Montague shrugged his shoulders and lifted up his eyes. Van Holden turned on his heel and walked leisurely down the street, his annoyance lost in a sense of amusement.

"'Dose Yankees,'" he echoed to himself. Then his meditation took the form of manifest approval. "She would have been a picture on that davenport after it was done in green, with her coloring—lack of coloring, rather. Hello, Berden! Anything doing? Come over and have lunch at the Cosmopolitan."

"That's where I'm going now," said Berden. "You are just the man I want. I'm taking the girls to lunch today. Molly has a girl visiting her, you know. You'll just round out the party and make us happy foursome. Oh, come on. And see here, Van—what about that deal you made in cotton yesterday?"

They sauntered down the street, deep in discussion, until Berden stopped suddenly. "Jove! I've got to go over to some blamed store and meet those girls. You go on and engage a table; that's a good fellow. Order the lunch, if you want to; you do it better than I do anyhow. I shan't be long."

He darted off, like a distracted water bug in linen clothes and a panama, and Van Holden set forth upon his quest of a table. He found one in a cool corner of the dining room and consumed some time in the ordering of a luncheon that should combine delicacy and a good deal of ice.

When the waiter had left him, he fell to drumming on the table and thinking of the davenport girl, as he called her to himself. "Cool," he mused, "and self possessed—and, Lord, what a face—prettier, perhaps, for a touch of color."

Vaguely he remembered something about "the beauty of a blush to him who has caused it" and smiled to think that he had made her blush for anger.

"Heigh-ho," he sighed, entirely without reason, and on the moment Berden's voice was in his ears. "Wake up, boy! Look as if you were seeing ghosts, doesn't he, Molly? Miss McCollough, Mr. Van Holden. Did you order lunch, old chap?"

"I did," said Van Holden steadily. "It ought to be here in a moment. Mrs. Berden, sit here; then the light won't be in your eyes."

He changed seats with her deftly and faced across the white tablecloth, accusing gray eyes under a wide brimmed gray hat with pale roses. There was a hint of color in the face.

"Say, Van," cried the irrepressible Berden, "you ought to hear Miss McCollough's story of the way she was 'done' by an antique dealer today—promised to hold a desk or something for her"—

"Don't tell on me," pleaded Miss McCollough nervously, "please, Mr. Berden."

"Oh, the joke's not on you," said Berden consolingly. "And when she went there she found a chap engaged in buying her piece—a very decent looking chap, she says."

"Do make him hush, Molly." Miss McCollough's glass of water answered a despairing and surreptitious push by flowing across the tablecloth on to Berden's knees.

Miss McCollough gasped.

"Oh, that's all right," said Berden, jumping up. He beckoned a waiter and presently resumed his seat and his story.

"Chap was awfully good looking," he rattled on, "well dressed—manner—what was his manner, Molly? Oh, yes, 'the perfection of indifference and the dearest smile.'"

The quick crimson swept up to the gray hat brim, but Berden was merciless.

"She insisted on having the thing; so did he. She spoke of paying $80 for it. He let out that he was getting it for $50. I tell you those dealers are regular sharks. So she didn't take it, and—listen to this, Van Holden—she says she's willing to lose the furniture for the sake of the adventure—says she's found her affinity."

"For pity's sake, Bobbie, hush!" cried his wife. "Can't you see you're worrying Nora? Do eat your lunch."

"Did the man get the desk, Miss McCollough?" inquired Van Holden, with courteous interest.

"Probably so. I left him there," she answered vindictively. "Mr. Berden, is the old Hotel Royal open to visitors?"

"Why don't you go back and see?" asked the man across the table insistently.

"The hotel?" she inquired, surprised.

"No; the antique store"—

"Because I am not sufficiently interested." Van Holden smiled confidently and applied himself to the salad.

With the arrival of the finger bowls the conversation by easy stages, in which Berden's new motor, the last regatta and a projected house party across the lake were discussed, came back to Miss McCollough's adventure.

"So you think the man bought your—desk?" said Van Holden. "If he didn't—I'll wager he will."

Mrs. Berden arose, shaking out her skirts. "If he saw his affinity as she saw her," she laughed, "he may have bought it for her sake."

"I was thinking of that," said Van Holden.

"And some day," said Mrs. Berden teasingly, "she may sit on it before his library fire—in a soft gray gown—the davenport was to be upholstered in dull green, you know."

"Don't be silly, Molly. We shall be late if you talk so long," Miss McCollough insisted feverishly.

"Well, you never can tell," said Berden. "Anything might happen, eh, Van?"

"I should think that was quite possible," said Van Holden.

"Of course," said Berden. "Come up and see us, old chap."

"We're going to motor out to west end for dinner tomorrow night. Don't you want to come?" echoed his wife.

"I do," said Van Holden earnestly. "But Miss McCollough hasn't asked me yet."

"Will you come?" asked Miss McCollough, with level defiance and something else in her gray eyes.

That day Mr. Montague sold the davenport.

### Greeley's Affectation.

There was a great deal of innocence in Horace Greeley as well as not a little affectation. He was rarely seen without one trousers leg carelessly caught in the upper part of his boot, and a necktie with a bow under his ear. Once in the public room of a hotel a friend of Greeley's kindly pulled down the disarranged trousers leg and straightened the necktie. Greeley thanked him and soon after left the room. When in the course of half an hour he appeared in the street the trousers leg and the necktie had been carefully disarranged, and the man looked as negligent of things earthly as he always looked. It was part of his pose as a man of genius to wear his trousers leg and his necktie as if he had put them on in a hurry while absorbed in meditation. It was a harmless eccentricity.

### The Romance of Lisbon.

Of Lisbon itself and beautiful Cintra it is scarce necessary to write. Commander Shore in his book, "The Pleasant Springs in Portugal," says: "I believe there is only one other European capital that can compare with Lisbon in point of situation and splendor of appearances, Constantinople, and the resemblance seems to have struck other travelers besides myself. Certainly when the morning mists are clinging to the shores, partly screening their beauties and lending to the scene the charm of mystery that Turner loved, Lisbon does seem like an enchanted city." What could one say more?—London Tatler.

### Tombstone Inscriptions.

Three of the commonest tombstone inscriptions are "In the midst of life we are in death," "His end was peace," "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The sentiment of each is comforting and consolatory, but none comes from the Bible.

### Wit In the Workbasket.

"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the stocking.

"Getting a needle and wool," replied the thimble.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the stocking fiercely.

### Her Quick Wit.

He—Your new hat is charming, but I fancy it doesn't go well with that dress. She (enchanted)—Oh, you dear old hubby, so you really mean to buy me a dress as well?

There should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.—Pope.

## RED OR GREEN.

### Color Troubles of the Color Blind Poet, Whittier.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought for himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said kindly. "Thee looks very well indeed in it, like an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red haired, and her dress was red. That was the trouble.

Once, on a day in mid-March, when out walking with a Friend and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but neither Friend noticed it until a workman, violently waving his arms and shouting, leaped before them and warned them back.

"I didn't see the flag at all," said Mr. Whittier's companion.

"I saw it," rejoined the poet, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I thought it was in honor of St. Patrick. Thee knows my defect. I can't tell Erin from explosions except by the harp!" —Youth's Companion.

## ROMAN ROSES.

### They Are Beautiful and Abundant Because They Eat Meat.

"I have yet to see a rose equal to those grown in Rome," said the amateur horticulturist. "They bloom in the greatest abundance all through the winter, and they are as large and rich and velvety as American Beauties, living out of doors, climbing like ivy or honeysuckle over the crumbling marble walls of ruined temples, gleaming in crimson and green masses upon ancient columns, giving to the grimmest and saddest of mediaeval palazzos an air of gayety and youth.

"One day on the Via Sistina, as I passed the garden that had once been the garden of Lucullus, I saw an old man tending the superb roots that grow there. He was pouring on their roots a dark, rich looking fluid.

"'Why are the Roman roses so beautiful and abundant?' I said to the old man.

"'Because they eat meat,' he answered.

"'Eat meat? Nonsense,' said I.

"'Well, they drink meat—meat extract, which is the same thing,' said the old man. 'We Roman gardeners have for centuries watered our roses thrice a week with a strong decoction of fresh beef—a rich grade of beef tea. They are meat eaters. That is why the roses of Rome are as hardy and prolific as weeds and at the same time as richly, delicately beautiful and as sweetly perfumed as flowers grown under glass.'" —Chicago Chronicle.

### Called Back.

A commercial traveler for a London firm secured an order for £1,000 in the west of England and, as it was not duly acknowledged, wrote a letter to the firm calling special attention to it and saying, "I thought you would consider such an order quite a feather in my cap."

In reply he received this note from his principal: "We have filed your order and inclose for your cap the one feather you require."

After a fortnight came another letter from the firm: "The people who gave you the £1,000 order have failed, and we lose the goods. We have this day sent to you a bagful of feathers for you to fly home with, as we do not want you out on the road for us any more."—Strand Magazine.

### Food Value of Cheese.

It is said that one pound of cheese is equal in food value to more than two pounds of meat. It is very rich in proteids and fat. Considering this, it is low in price when compared with meat and ought to do good service to the poor man in replacing occasionally the regular diet of meat. In America cheese is looked upon more as a side dish and luxury than in some parts of Europe. The Swiss peasant depends on it as a staple second only to bread, while the use of it in England and Germany is extensive.

### Delay Fatal.

Visitor (to widow)—I am so sorry to hear of the sudden death of your husband. Did they hold a postmortem examination?

"Yes, and, like those doctors, they did not hold it until he was dead, or they might have saved his life."—Clinical Reporter.

### What It Cost Him.

Mrs. Watts—There! We have cleared off the last of that church debt, and it never cost you men a cent. See what women can do. Mr. Watts—I don't know about the other fellows, but I know you have made me spend more than $100 for extra meals downtown while you were out monkeying around.

### The First Sight.

Ethel—I understand it was a case of love at first sight between Jack and Miss Oldgirl. Maud—Yes, dear. But the first sight was at her bank book.

Wonder is the first cause of philosophy.—Aristotle.

### Literary Coincidence.

Resemblance does not always mean plagiarism. There was no plagiarism, certainly, in Newman's line, "The night is dark, and I am far from home," though it has been pointed out that it almost exactly reproduces a line in a play printed in 1599. This play is "Two Angry Women of Abington," by Henry Porter, and the original line runs, "'Tis late and dark, and I am far from home."

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

### Try Now the Ways of Yore and See How You Like Them.

Good old times, says the San Antonio Light, are a delusion and a snare, and the man who sighs for them has little conception of what they were. Return to them, would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, pull on a pair of rawhide boots that rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woolen shirt over your back and sit down to a bare meal with your three legged stool dancing around on a split slab floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor fourteen hours out of twenty-four. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquito bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp, geehaw your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Parch corn and peas for coffee and sassafras for tea and see how you like it.

The old days are looked backward to affectionately, says the Galveston News, because they were the days of our youth, of bounding blood and supple joints, the days of hope and the days of love and laughter and song. The days of the present will be the good old days of the coming generation and will be regarded by our successors as rather crude in customs and harsh in many ways, yet withal not to be despised. The progressives of our age are the mossbacks of later eras. Fifty years hence we will be accounted as slow and immature as we now regard those of half a century ago.

## CHIRSCHMUS.

### A Swiss Dainty That Is Made of Preserved Cherries.

Last summer I ate genuine Swiss chirschmus twenty years old. It tasted like a concentration of all the richness and sweetness of the most perfect cherries. In appearance it was a purplish black mass. Age had not impaired it in the least.

Upon inquiry I learned how this cherry concoction, with its wonderful preserving quality, is made. The cherries used must be perfect—very large, ripe, juicy black ones and, above all, very sweet.

The juice of them pressed out and strained through a bag is put in a large preserving kettle, at the bottom of which is placed a piece of smoked pork fastened to a block of wood. The wood serves as a weight to keep the fat down and prevent the juice from burning as it thickens.

The cherry juice is boiled for about twenty-four hours without sugar, but stirred from time to time until it becomes a mass of sweetness so firm and thick that it would not fall if the kettle were inverted.

That is all, a simple process, but the result is delicious. This chirschmus is in general use in Switzerland with the "susse anke" (sweet butter) and bread. —London Ladies' World.

### Feeding Silkworms.

The quality and quantity of silk produced by your silkworms will all depend on how you feed them. Too much food should not be given at once, but they should never be left entirely without at any time during the day or night. You must, therefore, watch carefully to get an idea of their appetite and provide accordingly, says Home Chat. Fresh mulberry leaves are the proper food for silkworms, but if at any time these are not procurable young lettuce leaves are the best substitute, but they are only a stop gap. Silkworms cannot live for a long period without their natural food.

### A Rich Man.

Standards of prosperity vary in different parts of the country, but that of Captain Jack is purely local—to himself. The old man came out of his cottage door one morning and discovered some ne'er-do-well neighbors digging clams in the flat in front of his shore.

"Dear me, boys," he quavered in a weak, old voice, "don't dig my clams! There's Abel Wyman over there across the cove; he has ham for breakfast every morning in the year. Go over there and dig his clams, boys."

### His Awful Mistake.

"Young man," said her father, "do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I should say not," declared the youth hastily. "I would consider it disgraceful to be seen with one of the vile things in my mouth. I think all cigarette smokers should be jailed. Why do you ask, sir?"

"Thought perhaps you could let me have one," said the old man pointedly. "I smoke 'em myself."—London Telegraph.

### No Siren.

Mr. City Boarder was being entertained by his rural sweetheart.

"Do you play and sing 'When the Cows Are In the Corn,' Miss Milkyweigh?"

"Lord bless you, no!" she ejaculated; "I get the dogs and chase 'em out."—Harper's Weekly.

*A Hair Dressing*

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
*Ayer's* SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## DUDES OF OTHER TIMES.

### Dress of a Dandy of the Early Nineteenth Century.

A cure for the confirmed railer against modern dress might be a course of inspection through a file of old fashion magazines or the perusal of such accounts as are given by the author of "Sketches of Lynn." The description is that of a suit worn in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The boots were an important article of dress. The toes were made as broad as the ball of the foot, with the corners well rounded, giving the shoe the resemblance to the snout of a shovel nosed shark. They were very snug and required strong straps. In order to get into a fashionable pair the heel of the stocking was well soaped and some pulverized soap sprinkled into the boot. The length of time it took to get one on depended on the strength of the owner and the strap.

The stylish overcoat displayed five capes, one above the other. The trousers were expected to fit as tight as the skin. Just how they were put on is a mystery. The coat was especially snug under the sleeves, and the velvet collar scraped up the back of the head. The camlet overcoats after a little wear, became as stiff as birch bark.

The thing worn about the neck was called a stock. This name was appropriate in its suggestion of an instrument of punishment. The stock was from three to six inches high, and was made stiff. A man was forced to look straight ahead. Only by careful management could he see a little on either side. About halfway between his eyes and ears two little points of collar stuck up like toothpicks.

Ruffled bosoms and wristbands finished the costume, with the addition of a tall silk hat. When inclosed in this manner, with a dash of attar of roses on his handkerchief, the man of the period was considered irresistible.

## TOO HUMBLE A HUSBAND.

### Position of Prince Albert, Royal Consort of Queen Victoria.

A woman looked up with a laugh from a heavy volume she was reading.

"Now I know," she said, "why Queen Victoria was so fond of the prince consort. This husband did not merely regard his wife as his equal; he regarded her as immeasurably his superior, saying that it was his duty to sink his own individual existence in her. Listen to this letter that Prince Albert wrote to the Duke of Wellington. Here is a champion of woman's rights indeed. Don't you think, though, it is going too far for a man to humble himself so low as this?"

She then read from her book in a sarcastic voice:

> My Dear Duke—In the question whether it is advisable that I should take the command of the army I have come to the conclusion that my decision ought entirely to be guided by the consideration whether it would interfere with or assist my position of consort to the sovereign. This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. While a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet if she is married and her husband understands and does his duty her position, on the other hand, has many compensatory advantages and in the long run will be found to be stronger even than that of the male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife and that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself, being content to be the husband of the queen, the private secretary of the sovereign and the tutor of the royal children.

### Reading on a Train.

If you travel back and forth into town every day you no doubt read your paper or a magazine on the train. While this is not, indeed, the best practice for the eyes, it seems a pity to waste so much time which might be turned to good account. Much of the annoyance which comes from train reading is due to the jolting of the cars, which continually knocks the printed line out of focus with the eye. This can be in some degree obviated by laying a card or some other object below the line to be read and moving it steadily downward while reading. This acts as a guide to the eye and helps to keep the sight fixed. Those who have tried it say that it wonderfully assists to decrease the difficulty of reading while in motion.

### Trade Emblems on Tombstones.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.—London Answers.

### Cutting Eyelashes.

An eyelash is pointed. A cut lash is blunt. A lash once cut never again becomes pointed. Every lash lives a variable time and then falls out to be replaced by a fresh one. When a cut lash so falls the newcomer is pointed. So any mischief resulting from cutting the lashes will be remedied by time. Opinions differ as to whether lash cutting promotes growth. That it renders the lashes unsightly is very certain.

### A Lengthy Drop.

Mrs. Portly-Puffington (proudly)—We can trace our ancestry back to one of the Saxon kings.

Visitor—Indeed?

Mrs. Portly-Puffington — Oh, dear, yes! We have been descending for generations.—Puck.

I don't want to brag, but I've got my health and my friends, so what on earth more do I want?—Deland.

### Be Gentle With Bitter People.

How often we come across people in life so disagreeable and bitter, rejecting all overtures of kindness we make toward them, that we feel quite disheartened. And yet if we only knew their life's history how much we should perhaps find to forgive and pity, so let us keep on with our good work until we have thawed the icicles of their hearts with the warmth of our own.

## DIFFERENT SOLUTIONS.

### Progressive Conundrum That Could Be Worked Out Two Ways.

"Miss Gracie," he said, with an engaging smile, "did you ever try your hand at one of these progressive conundrums?"

"What are progressive conundrums, Mr. Spoonamore?" inquired the young lady.

"Haven't you heard of them? Here is one: Why is a ball of yarn like the letter 't'? Because a ball of yarn is circular, a circular is a sheet, a sheet is a flat, a flat is $50 a month, $50 a month is dear, a deer is swift, a swift is a swallow, a swallow is a taste, a taste is an inclination, an inclination is an angle, an angle is a point, a point is an object aimed at, an object aimed at is a target, a target is a mark, a mark is an impression, an impression is a stamp, a stamp is a thing stuck on, a thing stuck on is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because he stands before 'u,' Miss Gracie."

"I don't think you have the answer quite right," said the young lady.

"A ball of yarn is round, a round is a steak, a stake is a wooden thing, a wooden thing is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because, Mr. Spoonamore—and she spoke clearly and distinctly—"because he is often crossed."

The young man understood. He took his hat and his progressive conundrums and vanished from Miss Gracie Garlinghouse's alphabet forever.—Pearson's.

## BLENDING SPIRITS.

### Curious Results Obtained by Mixing Whisky and Water.

Some curious results are shown by blending of spirits. Take nineteen and one-quarter gallons of high proof spirits and add twenty-two and one-fourth gallons of water, and, strange to say, you have forty gallons, and not forty-one and one-half, as one would naturally suppose. This is reasonably explained by the large globules of the spirit absorbing the small globules of water, thereby lessening the volume of wine gallons.

Here is another phenomenon: Take equal parts of whisky and water, each at a temperature of 70 degrees F. Mix them and the temperature rises at once to 80 degrees.

If two barrels of whisky are placed under a roof, one with the bung in and the other with it out, the former will gain in proof, while the latter will lose. This is due to the fact that when the bung is in there is no evaporation, but the barrel absorbs the water much faster than it does the whisky. When the bung is out there is evaporation, and the spirit evaporates easier than the water.

These are a few of the facts that an old rectifier who can neither read nor write has gathered in fifty years of experience as a cellar man. He keeps trace of his liquors by their marks, and, strange to say, he can read his gauges and thermometers with accuracy and is curious and exact in his knowledge of chemistry as applying to his trade.—New York Press.

### Greek Palate Ticklers.

As delicacies the Greeks ate young foxes caught in the autumn, robins and sparrows and certain kinds of fish snared by moonlight. There is a scrap of an old Greek comedy in which a cook boasts of frying a fish so exquisitely that it threw him grateful looks from the pan. A famous Greek dish was the Trojan pig, half of it boiled and the other half roasted. It was stuffed with eggs, ortolans and thrushes. The Romans ate snails—giant monsters—fattened until their shells held an incredible amount of snail. The kettle in a high class Roman kitchen was often shaped like an elephant's head. The water was poured through the trunk. The gridiron might be a huge silver spider or a skeleton fish.

### How to Prevent Coughing.

Coughing is the worst thing for a cough, and in most instances of cough there is more coughing than is necessary to subserve the purpose of the cough—i. e., to remove offending material. The following conditions will help one minimize coughing in all instances, while in the milder cases it may stop the cough altogether after a little perseverance: When tempted to cough take a deep breath, filling if possible every air cell, holding it until the warming, soothing effect comes or so long as is reasonable, and mark the mollifying result on the cough, which, even when the latter seems unavoidable, will often be found under control.

### The Horses' Inferno.

"Paris is the inferno of horses" is a very old aphorism. French cabmen and carters have in general very little love for the horse. Many consider this wretched quadruped as a simple tool, a motor with four feet, rather than as a precious servant worthy of regard and consideration. Not a day passes in the capital without one witnessing revolting brutality, often coupled with real stupidity.—Paris Eclair.

### Not Responsible.

Workman—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask you for a small raise in my wages. I have just been married. Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside of the factory the company is not responsible.—Fliegende Blatter.

### He Understood.

"Do you understand," asked the Sabbath school teacher, "what is meant when we say that time shall be no more?"

"Yes'm," answered Tommy. "It means when the clock stops."

### His Bucolic Business.

"That was a perfectly lovely gentleman I met last night," declared the pretty milliner. "He has a good, reliable business too."

"What is it?" asked her friend.

"Why, he sells farm implements," continued the pretty girl.

"What kind of farm implements?"

"Buckets—nothing but buckets. He told me he kept a bucket shop."—Detroit Free Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31, 1906.

## *REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.*

The Republican State Committee, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Chairman; William M. Flanders, Esq., Secretary; have issued a call for the Republican State convention in which 10 o'clock, Friday, Oct. 5, 1906, is designated as the date on which it is to be held, and Tremont Temple, Boston, as the place. The candidates to be put in nomination at that time and place and to be voted for at the election on Nov. 6, 1906, are for: Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer and Receiver General, Auditor, and Attorney General. Each delegate must be provided with an official credential card bearing his name, and admission to the convention will be by these cards only.

Accompanying the Call is a notification by the same officers of the same body of the date for holding caucuses to choose delegates to the several conventions, to wit: State, Congressional, Councillor, Senatorial, County, Representative, the same for which is fixed for Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1906.

In their call the State Committee give specific instructions respecting the operation of holding the caucuses and selecting delegates, and much other useful information.

On a separate paper, of generous dimensions, the Committee, officered as aforesaid, publish the "Apportionment of Delegates to All Republican Conventions in Massachusetts for the year 1906," which the political managers will find a useful document.

## *MORAN LEADS.*

It is now conceded on all hands that District Attorney John B. Moran will carry the Democratic State convention hands down; that is, supposing he makes no more campaign blunders. This comes about mainly from fights and friction among that wing of the Boston Democracy who call themselves Conservatives, and are dead set against Moran. These people have lost their chances of success in the convention by giving away to petty jealousies, indulging in personal squabbles, and allowing Quincy to do things, or to try to. Whitney is out of the fight, Douglas won't run, Thayer is sulking, Sullivan don't know yet—and there you have the Bourbon situation.

Moran is away ahead in the game at the end of dogdays; but Quincy, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, says there is time enough yet for the opposition to Moran to flock together, cook things up, select a candidate, and beat the District Attorney out of his boots—an exhibition of rain bow chasing that probably won't work.

## *THE SENATORSHIP.*

If it should fall to the lot of Woburn to select a candidate to be cominated at the Republican Senatorial convention, as now appears likely, Representative Herbert B. Riley will probably be the gentleman chosen. He seems to be the "logical candidate," and we understand that he would accept the nomination, if it were offered to him.

☞ Business men are looking for lively times in this city during the coming fall, and are shaping themselves accordingly. A turn among the principal traders in all kinds of goods disclosed the fact that larger stocks than usual have been shelved and laid out for an expected increased demand; mechanics are doing well and feel assured of work enough to last them to Christmas; common laborers are cheerful; patent leather business is flourishing; and the buoyant and confident feeling prevalent in business circles is the best sign of all. Business has been better here since the opening of the present year than for several seasons past. Mr. John Maloney, a prominent grocer, who keeps tabs on local mercantile and mechanical operations and his head level, said to a JOURNAL man a few days ago, that experience and observation had brought him to the conclusion that money has been plentier here this summer and more of it spent with traders for the necessaries and comforts of family life, than has been the case for some time past, and he saw no reason why this prosperous condition of affairs should not continue and increase. His opinions were endorsed by other leading business men, all of whom were found looking with confidence for a fine trade this fall. The decline in leather manufacturing seems not to have affected the welfare of Woburn so seriously as was feared. New industries are coming in; old ones are increasing their products; and business for this city is looking bright.

☞ The Medford *Mercury* of Aug. 24, dealt a heavy blow at the Senatorial candidacy of Representative Frank L. White of that city, and one that will, most likely, result in the defeat of that gentleman in the convention. The *Mercury* makes it appear very clearly that he is not the man the District will select to represent it in the Senate, nor for whom a majority of the Medford delegates will vote. The *Mercury* favors ex-Mayor Lewis H. Lovering for the position, a highly respectable citizen, sound Republican, and honest; but it looks as though White would not give up, and that the local fight would reach the convention.

☞ Hon. Joshua Holden of Boston entertained a party of distinguished gentlemen with a fine dinner at Rye Beach one day last week. He fills the office of host on such occasions as no other citizen of the Hub can. The party consisted of His Excellency Gov. Guild, Ex-Gov. Bates, Professor Henry S. Prichett, Rev. Herbert L. Johnson, and J. S. Hathaway, Esq., everyone of whom enjoyed the auto trip, the dinner and trimmings, and extolled Mr. Holden to the skies, who never feels any better than when contributing to the pleasure and happiness of his friends, of which he has hosts.

☞ Quincy's fifth failure to find a candidate to fight Moran in the Democratic State convention is ex-Mayor McNamee of Cambridge, who, when the sop was offered him last Wednesday, told Quincy's strikers that he would have nothing whatever to do with the dirty mixup. With a level head and steady hand Moran has the whole thing under his control, and will sail through the convention without a hitch. That will please Whitney immensely.

☞ With exports for 1906 of $1,743,163,612; with imports of $1,226,615,379; with a favorable trade balance of $517,148,233; with business booming; with all labor employed at the highest wages ever known, Uncle Sam is feeling very comfortable, thank you, these days, and prefers not to take any Reciprocity in his.

☞ In distributing Federal patronage among Massachusetts politicians, in case of Bryan's election in 1908, *Practical Politics* sets Hon. John P Feeney down for the office of U. S. District Attorney.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

City—Tax Sales.
City—Edgestone Tax.
B. & N. R. Co.—Notice.
G. W. Copp—Tomatoes.
Douglas Shoe Co.—Shoes.
Maude Littlefield—Violin.
92 Lexington St.—For Sale.

— W. R. C. 161 resumed regular meetings last Tuesday evening.

— Some excellent furniture can be bought cheap at 92 Lexington street.

— After a fortnight's vacation Officer French returned to his beat yesterday evening.

— Mary A. Gorman of Porter street is spending her vacation at Hampton Beach, N. H.

— Everything is in fine sailing trim at Linnell's market—Horace Bryenton has got back.

— Ald. B. H. Nichols and wife are at home from their Hope (Me.) farm, well and happy.

— Miss Ruby Waughn of Mishawum Road is spending her vacation in Taunton and Newport.

— Massachusetts riflemen are doing well and winning prizes at the great Seagirt shootingmatch.

— Dr. C. H. Buss, dentist, will return from vacation and reopen his office in National Bank Block on Sept. 4.

— The strike at Buckman & Kean's patent leather factory was amicably settled, and the business is going on as usual.

— Esquire and Mrs. Samuel W. Mendum are at home from a summer outing along the banks of classic Concord River.

— Miss Jennie Peck of Waterbury, Conn., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Burdett at their elegant mansion at Court End.

— It is expected that a great many Woburn people will go to Boston next Monday to view the Labor parades there, which will be worth seeing.

— The family of Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Savings Bank, who have been at York Beach since July 10, will arrive home about Labor Day.

— On his return from a recent visit to Nebraska Mr. John J. Grothe visited North Dakota, Canada, stopped at Niagara Falls, and had a fine trip all round.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— All that our people have to do to get their swill and garbage removed free of cost by the city is to notify Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Board of Health, at his office in City Hall.

— The Dear Old East Wind came, just as Weather Bureau Smith of Boston said it would, only he was 24 hours out of his reckoning, but didn't it feel good, though!

— Col. John M. Portal is attending the great shooting match at Seagirt, N. J., with the Massachusetts State Team this week, and his wife and son are at Rutland, Vt.

— Mr. Rufus R. Whitten, a Veteran of the Civil War and a respected resident of Woburn for many years, visited his native town, Plymouth, and spent a pleasant week there, lately.

— Mr. Alfred Herbert Holland, Treasurer, will be on hand at the Savings Bank Sept. 5 or 6 to receive all the money that forehanded people have to deposit in that "safe and sane" institution.

— Only on 4 days in the year do the sun and clock agree as to the time, and Aug. 31, today, is one of the 4. This means that the sun is exactly south at noon on April 15, June 17, Aug. 31, and Dec. 24.

— The city reports for 1905 have at last made their appearance, and the old saying, "better late than never" does not hold good concerning them. Janitor Connolly is handing them out with dignity and grace.

— The thunder shower last Monday evening cooled off the atmosphere and made things nice and comfortable after a hot and muggy day. It rained powerfully until well into the night. Tuesday was cool and delightful.

— Mrs. A. C. Cotton and her two daughters Dorothea and Gertrude—two nice young misses D. and G. are—returned today from the Weirs, N. H., where they have spent the last month in the pleasantest possible manner.

— September 1st, is the last Saturday the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will close at 12 noon. Beginning with September 8, the Bank will be open Saturdays from 9 a. m. to 12, noon; from 2 to 4 in the afternoon; and in the evening from 6 to 8.

— Mr. Ruel Mitchell of New York has been visiting his uncle, Mr. Fred E. Dockham, on Summer street, this city, lately, and taking trips to historic places around Boston. He has recently graduated from High School and is to enter college in his native State this fall.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp and Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp and daughter Blanche are spending their vacation at Provincetown.

— An auto and B. & N. car collided at Buel Place and Main street last Sunday evening and created quite a stir in that locality.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Abbott street closed more than a month's visit at Allerton a few days ago and is now at home. She goes to New Hampshire to visit her daughter shortly.

— The National Band who gave the concert last Wednesday evening were cheered to the echo at the end of nearly every number. It was a fine concert, and delighted a great crowd of people.

— The statement that we have had some fine weather this week cannot be successfully gainsayed. That it has been greatly enjoyed by the sufferers in the late heated term is, we surmise, equally true.

— The advertising signboard in the country everywhere is a blemish and a blot, besides being one of the least profitable and effective modes of advertising.—*Boston Globe.*—Two nails hit on the head with one blow.

— Some people maintain that the season for straw hats closes on Sept. 1; others say Sept. 15. It is a question of importance and ought to be settled right. They say that there is a law on the subject in Boston, but whether, or not, it has any force in the Suburbs we are unable to say.

— The picnic of the Danish Brotherhood on the Smith place, 162 Salem street, Labor Day, is bound to be a notable affair, if right weather conditions prevail. A thousand Boston and Woburn people are expected to participate in it, and a street parade, led by a brass band, is to be one of its features.

— A recent number of the Falmouth (Mass.) *Enterprise* reproduced a learned and valuable article from the pen of Dr. Ephraim Cutter, whose summer home is in that town, on "Systematic Treatment of Cataracts," taken from the *Medical Brief* of New York. Although given in technical language the paper was an interesting one.

— Last Friday afternoon Dr. Harry G. Blake was called to attend to the injuries received by Thomas Poole, a carpenter, caused by a fall from a ladder while at work on the new schoolhouse—the first accident that has happened there since work began on it. Poole suffered a broken wrist and nose, and was sent to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

— James Durward, Jr., U. S. Rifle Inspector at the Springfield, Mass., Armory, is one of the sharpshooters at Seagirt, N. J., this week in the National Rifle Shoot there. James won the victor's palm, winning the grand National prize and honors, at Seagirt last year, and here's hoping he will distance all competitors at the present series of contests.

— Three graduates from the JOURNAL's composing room are now employed on the Boston *American*, namely, George A. Davis, Henry McMahon and James Rooney. After a faithful apprenticeship each received his diploma and started out, foot and alone, to make his fortune, and all have proved themselves worthy of the high calling chosen and an honor to their alma mater.

— For the small sum of 30 cents (for postage) the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. will give 20 magnificent postal-card views of New England scenery—the finest on this continent, or in the world. Think of that! Nothing could possibly be more pleasing to an eye and mind constructed on an art basis than these pictures, and we advise our readers to send to Boston and get the whole sett.

— Eating clams and oysters tomorrow, and for a considerable period thereafter, will be a perfectly safe operation because of the presence of the letter R in the name of the month. No evil effects need be feared from consumption of those delicious bivalves in any month of the year the name of which cannot be spelled without the employment of the letter R unless the new Karnegy system, recently endorsed by President Roosevelt, is used This is important.

— As a leading citizen wisely remarked to the JOURNAL the other day, if a capitalist or company would build and equip with modern conveniences 20 neat, 1-family dwellinghouses in this city, on desirable locations, and offer them at a reasonable rental, they would be immediately taken and occupied by good, prompt paying tenants. Many such houses are very much needed, and a supply of them equal to the demand would go far towards increasing our population.

— A prominent business man up street bewails the fact that the Ingleside Gun Club appears to be doing absolutely nothing to add to the gaiety of the town. The cause, he says, is lack of harmony among the members of the Club. Capt. Ed. Parker and Private Boutwell fail to hitch horses, and a continuous internecine war is the result. The most deplorable feature of this lamentable state of affairs is a dismantled clubhouse—a blacksmith's shop near Central Square.

— Next Monday is Labor Day and a legal holiday, at that. Just how our folks propose to observe it has not transpired, but that it will be duly honored goes without saying. As a community we firmly believe in holidays, the more the merrier, and are not in the habit of letting one slip by without proper attention being given it. No business of importance will be transacted in this city next Monday, and if people want to get money out of the National Bank to celebrate on they had better apply on Saturday.

— After more than half a year's labors as strenuous and arduous as any body of officials would care to go through, the Board of Aldermen of this city, in a semi-exhausted condition, finally voted to suspend operations for a month and take a rest. If ever the members of a City Council anywhere needed rest and a vacation they are the ones who have in their able and honest keeping the vast interests of the people of Woburn, and everybody hopes and prays that they may come back to their official duties rested, refreshed, and full of ginger.

— School Supt. Clapp is at Ogunquit Beach.

— School begins on Sept. 10, and the young ones are kind o' dreading it.

— The family of Landlord Doherty of the Central House are taking comfort at the seaside.

— The Sunday School of Trinity church will begin its fall session on the second Sunday in September.

— Mr. Girard Dodge of Baltimore, Maryland, formerly of this city, was married to Miss Mason at Roxbury last Monday afternoon.

— When the sun rose yesterday not a sign of a fine, cool, comfortable day was lacking; but good gracious! by 10 o'clock a. m. it was hot enough to roast eggs.

— Those people who would buy tomatoes very cheap indeed and have them delivered free of expense at their homes will do well to apply to Mr. G. W. Copp, West Side, at once. Not only cheap, but his tomatoes are the best in the market. See ad.

— After feasting on green corn and other good things growing in countryside gardens and fields wild deer occasionally wander into the more thickly populated parts of the town to see how matters are progressing. One was seen on the outskirts of this city a few days ago.

— At 7 30 o'clock last Wednesday evening Rev. F. W. Beekman tied the hymenial knot that made Mr. John Fowle, son of Mr. George E. Fowle, and Miss Annie A. Hall man and wife. The wedding took place at Trinity church, and a fine reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Ballard, relatives of the bride, on Arlington Road.

— Miss Maud H. Littlefield's professional card is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL. It need not be stated here that she is the leading and most thoroughly accomplished performer on the violin and teacher of that favorite musical instrument in this city and vicinity, for those facts were long ago established beyond dispute, and nobody thinks of such a thing as gainsaying them. Her fall term is now about to open.

— When such great business concerns as the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. seek publicity through the columns of the JOURNAL it ought to set our home business men to thinking, and to learn them a lesson, and induce them to ask themselves whether, or not, the JOURNAL isn't the best and most profitable advertising medium there is published. Ex-Gov. Douglas is a big and successful advertiser; knows a good thing when he sees it; and selects the WOBURN JOURNAL as the vehicle by which to reach the public and tell people about his fine Douglas shoes.

— As they took their departure from the Trust's headquarters at the depot yesterday for Milligan's Grove, clothed in their Sunday-go-to-meeting broadcloth, leather belts, and broad smiles, the Hack Drivers Guild made as fine a showing as one would wish to see. It was their annual picnic that these gentlemen went out on yesterday, with President Fitzgerald in the lead, and Treasurer Leeds as Color Bearer, and to say that they anticipated a great time at Milligan's grove and were joyful even to the extent of a high pitch of hilarity, would be drawing it too mild for anything.

— On Labor Day, Sept. 3, 1906, all the Camps of Sons of Veterans and Auxiliaries composing the District north of Boston are to take an outing at Silver Lake in Wilmington. Commander Fred C. Kean and Secretary E. E. Foss earnestly hope that Winn Camp and Club will turn out in full ranks to enjoy the best outing they ever had in all the days of their lives It is to be of the picnic order, but if any fail to carry luncheons they can get all the sandwiches, crackers, ice-cream, coffee, etc., they want on the grounds at fair prices. Admission to grounds and sports free.

— In corroboration of a few remarks made Editorially in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL, Mr. Clarence Littlefield, Superintendent of the Barker Lumber Co.'s plant on Prospect street, said yesterday, that the business of the Company is good and increasing right along, indicating that building operations are growing brighter. The Barker Lumber Co., Mr. E. Gerry Barker, President, is much the largest concern of the kind in this city and section of the county, and its trade is a very fair index as to what is going on in the building line. Mr. Littlefield thinks there is a marked improvement in all kinds of business in this city.

— The J. M. Ellis Co., general contractors, incorporated, are doing considerable stonework in this city, which indicates that buildings, of one kind and another, are going up. The Ellis Company are among the leaders in their line in this part of the State. During the most of this season they have employed 250 men on various contracts and used up a great amount of granite on them. They own the Peabody Granite Co. quarry and obtain large supplies of material from other sources. The Boston & Maine Railroad Co. award many contracts to them for building bridges, piers, abutments, etc. and it is frequently the case that they have large crews at work in different sections of the State at the same time. The Ellis Co., also, do a good deal of work for the Maine Central Railroad Co. and because they are not given to blowing their own horn but few of their neighbors realize that one of the largest contracting firms in this county is located right at their doors.

— Plans for the new factory of the R. Guastavino Company, of which Mr. W. E. Blodgett is Treasurer, to be erected on land of the late Jonathan Thompson near No. 6 hosehouse, can be seen at the office of the J. M. Ellis Company on Salem street. The factory is to be 2 stories, built of stone and brick, 216 feet long and 36 wide, the first story of stone, with an annex of the same material 216x18 feet. J. M. Ellis & Co. have the contract for doing the stonework, which is a guaranty that the job will be a fine one. Architecturally the building will prove a credit to the locality and city, judging from the plans. The business of the Guastavino Company is the manufacture of tiles for all purposes for which they are used—roofs, walls, floors, jambs, and for all other building purposes, plain and fancy. For a few years the Company, first located in Philadelphia with Mr. W. E Blodgett of this city a member and Eastern Manager and office in Boston, have been making their tiles in the south part of Woburn; but an increase of business demanding a larger plant and better facilities, Mr. Blodgett concluded to abandon that site and build at Central Square. A railroad track to the building has been laid, and work on the factory is to be pushed.

### A. C. A. Meeting.

Past Commodore William W. Crosby of Innitou Canoe Club and his mother, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, of Court street, this city, arrived home from Canada last Sunday morning in perfect health, fine spirits, and brown as berries. They had been at the annual meet of the American Canoe Association on Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, for a fortnight, and had the time of their lives

Other Innitou people in attendance on the great aquatic event were Mrs. Annie Lewis, F. Percyval Lewis, ex-Commodore E. F. Wyer, Commodore F. W. Cramphorn, Mrs. Cramphorn, and Miss Howe of Seattle, Wash., daughter of ex-Commodore Howe of Innitou. They constituted a gay and happy party of watermen and campers.

Mr. W. W. Crosby is, and has been for some time, Secretary of the Association, the duties of which office furnished him with about all the employment he cared to attend to while at charming Sugar Island, the scene of the gathering.

The meet was the largest the Association has ever held, and the most satisfactory in every respect. Perfect weather during the entire fortnight added greatly to the enjoyment of the notable affair. Canoe Clubs and Associations from all sections of the Union were present and took part in the sports. A New York man was elected Commodore of the A. C. A. for the current year.

Mrs. Crosby lived, during the closing week of her visit there, in a camp, enjoyed it immensely, and felt all the better for her pleasant experience of free outdoor life. Innitou having forgotten to take along their pennant, the ladies, Madams Crosby, Lewis, Cramphorn and Miss Howe, made a beautiful one and presented it to the Club with befitting ceremonies in real Naval form.

Secretary Crosby reported to the JOURNAL that he had never enjoyed a meet of the A. C. A. so thoroughly as the one just closed, and a similar verdict was rendered by the rest of the Woburn party.

### Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

The extraordinary success of Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse" which followed the stamp of approval put upon it by the press and the theatre-going public of Boston last Fall, can now be stated without fear of contradiction to have been most emphatic and some of the results achieved supreme in modern theatricals. Since the premiere of the play last October, something over three hundred performances have been given by the original company in Boston and New York, while the second company made a limited tour of large Western cities returning to Chicago, where on September 1st it will have had an uninterrupted run of over three months at the Illinois Theatre. Indeed it may be said that "The Lion and the Mouse" has set a new pace for theatrical attractions, it being the only production in the last ten years to run through an entire summer in New York without a single break. The Chicago company has also a record of having given thirteen performances in a single week at the Powers Theatre in Chicago, three performances being given in a single day, at eleven o'clock, at two fifteen and at eight fifteen respectively. The receipts of this week were by far the largest in the history of this playhouse. "The Lion and the Mouse" will reopen the season of the Park Theatre beginning with a matinee Monday afternoon, September 3rd (Labor Day). Notwithstanding the importance of this limited engagement the regular house prices will prevail. The advance seat sale will open on Thursday, August 30th at 8.00 A. M.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Base Ball.

The South Ends and the East Ends will have it out here tomorrow.

The St. Charles will play the Concord K. of C. team at Concord next Saturday.

The St. Charles and the local K. of C. team, will play at the Park Labor Day morning.

The Winn A. A. defeated the St. Joseph's at Montvale at the Park last Saturday.

Woburn was defeated by the Concord K. of C. team at Concord last Saturday afternoon.

The Woburns and the North Woburns will play at Pinehurst Park next Monday afternoon at the picnic to be given by the local A. O. H.

The St. Charles were defeated by the Winchester town team at Manchester Field last Saturday; score 9 to 6, making their fifth straight defeat.

At Forest Park last Saturday the South Ends defeated the St. Patrick's Institute team of Stoneham composed mostly of former High School players in a good game 9 to 6.

### Overcooked Food.

"From personal experience there is no doubt that food is often overcooked and practically destroyed by too high heat," says Dr. Ephraim Cutter in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.* "The best cooking of meat is when it is cooked in its own juices. That is, if you examine the United States Government's valuable analyses of meats the larger proportion (often over 50 per cent.) of water arrests attention. Now if this interstitial and intersubstantial water is subjected to a temperature of 212 degrees F., it is turned into steam. If an example of perfect cooking is wanted, ask those who have had a real old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake where green-corn, chicken, etc., are cooked in the steam of their own juices and that of the seaweed."—*Literary Digest, N. Y.*

Dr. Ephraim Cutter is a native of Woburn, and one of the most prominent scientists of the present day.

### HELP WANTED FEMALE.

Agents-Something absolutely new, a genuine legally guaranteed silk petticoat; to be sold direct to consumer from manufacturer; splendid opportunity, liberal commission, exclusive home territory. Reference required. Address, P. O. Box 45, Sta. O, N. Y. City, N. Y.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
**Scott's Emulsion**
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

### B. & N.—Woburn and Lowell.

At the local office of the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. at 318 Main street there have been placed on sale tickets good for the round trip between Woburn and Lowell at the reduced rate of 30 cents.

This opens up a cheap and most attractive way of spending some very delightful hours, trolley tripping and sightseeing. The trip from Woburn to Lowell through the towns of Burlington and Billerica is one of the most restful and thoroughly charming that may be found, the trolleys speeding for miles through hill and vale, woodland and pretty towns with their interesting and finely kept gardens and peaceful, spick and span homes.

On the way is Pinehurst Park which is a haven of quiet refuge in itself. Farther on views of the Concord river may be obtained and in fact there is something to appeal to the eye all the way.

On arrival at Lowell hours may be spent without a thought of tediousness. This great mill city on the Merrimac is so prominent from its commercial importance that people are apt to forget that it has much to offer the visitor besides this feature.

There is Fort Hill Park, Lakeview Park and many other public parks with acres of attractively trimmed scenery. The Textile school must not be forgotten and the many fine public buildings and private residences of which the city is proud. Probably the most striking scene is presented by the great Pawtucket Falls. Then there are the six miles of canals with which the city is lined.

Lowell was the home for many years of the great soldier and statesman Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and his magnificent big estate, now occupied by his heirs, has a wealth of interest. Near at hand a magnificent view from Andover street may be obtained of the Merrimack river.

Lowell is also particularly fortunate in having numerous electric car lines radiating in all directions, every one of which pass through localities that are rich in interest.

### Fall Disinfecting.

Is there anything more important to the health of the family than putting the home in a perfectly sanitary condition for the coming winter? Sanitary cleanliness by which the process of bacteritic life harmful to health is arrested and overcome, is occupying a very prominent place in the up-to-date housekeeper's mind. A little Sulpho-Napthol, one of the strongest bactericides known to science, in every pail of water used for cleansing, gives a condition of cleanliness and purity which is the highest point reached in home sanitation today. Sulpho-Napthol has revolutionized modern ideas of house-cleaning.

### A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching b the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—12th Sunday after Trinity.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor followed by the Lord's Supper.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

### Married.

In this city, Aug. 29, by Rev. Daniel March, William McLellen Langell and Sarah B. Beaton, both of Woburn.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 24, Thomas Henry Shields, aged 28 years, 8 days.

In this city, Aug. 25, Mary Meehan, aged 75 years.

In Burlington, Aug. 27, James C. Haven, aged 76 years, 3 months, 26 days.

In Burlington, Aug. 26, Mrs. Carrie A., wife of Herbert E. Lord, aged 34 years, 14 days.

JELL-O
ICE CREAM
POWDER
VANILLA

**Jell-O Ice Cream Powder**
Makes delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes for 1 cent a plate.
Stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze; that's all. Beats the old fashioned, laborious way and makes better Ice Cream. 5 Flavors.
Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.
**Two packages, 25 cents at all grocers.**
If your grocer hasn't it, send us name and 25c. to us and two packages and our illustrated recipe book will be mailed you.
The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

## TOMATOES.

Housekeepers wanting tomatoes for canning can have them delivered at residence for the next few days at
Very Reasonable Price
by sending postal to
G. W. COPP,
177 Burlington St.

## For Sale.

Chiffonier, Boston Couch, Morris Chair, Rockers, Tables and Kitchen Utensils, CHEAP.
Owner in town one week. Call at once.
92 Lexington Street,
Woburn.

## Lighten The Burden

of hot weather cooking by using Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. If you eat this fine bread during the hot summer days, you'll keep right on the year round. It is absolutely the best bread that ever graced a table.
Fresh morning and night at your grocer's. 10c. the loaf.
Winner Bread is the best 5c. loaf made.

**C. F. HATHAWAY & SON**
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

### Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Croup Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
WOBURN

## W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD
W.L.Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

SHOES
ESTABLISHED 1876
CAPITAL $2,500,000

*To Shoe Dealers:* W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country *Send for Catalog*

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.
Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.
*Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.*
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WOBURN
— TO —
LOWELL
30c. TROLLEY ROUND TRIP 30c.
Beautiful ride through country and town to the
QUEEN CITY OF THE MERRIMAC
with its fine parks, residences, scenic views, Butler estate and the
Great Pawtucket Falls.
TICKETS For Sale at B. & N. St. Ry. Co. Office: 318 Main St., Woburn.

## Attend To It Now.

September should see your Cemetery Lot at its best. Let us erect a Memorial before the snow comes. Best materials, best workmanship and prompt service.

JOHN H. HERN,
Salem St., - Woburn.
Woodbrook Cemetery.

## Coffee Bargains

—AT THE—
Boston Branch Grocery

**Our Best Mocha and Java**
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

**Boston Blend Coffee**
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c. lb.

**Santos Coffee**
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George L. P. Morgan, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah H. Morgan, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of James A. Mosher, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward P. Pollard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

DYSENTERY
DIARRHŒA
CURED BY
WHITCHER'S
Blackberry
Cordial
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6 15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

**Sunday Time.**

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.
My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

GO TO BASS POINT
IDEAL RESORT FOR A DAY'S OUTING
BY
BOAT
FROM
LYNN
FARE 10c.

Take trolley car to Lynn Square, Steamboat Wharf one minute's walk from Square, adjoining, Narrow Guage Depot.
Boats leave the wharf for Point every 25 minutes.

Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

J. E. HERRICK,
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

To Let.
A STORE:
Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## Lightning Changes In Democratic Situation Astonishing.

## AS TO ILLEGAL NATURALIZATION

### U. S. District Attorney French Is In Fraud Quest.

The political situation, so far as the Massachusetts Democracy is concerned, is a most amazing kaleidoscope. The changes which have taken place in the alignment of party candidates since the 1st of May, has been something bewildering in the extreme.

Ever since District Attorney John B. Moran came into the lime-light the conservative Democrats have been at their wits' ends. Mr. Moran is a sensationalist of no mean calibre. His course, his talk, and his actions since he first conceived the idea of running off with the Democratic gubernatorial nomination have stamped him as a great egotist. But he has played in a very wily way to the galleries in his conduct of the office of district attorney, and there is no doubt that he has a considerable following. His record in office, however, has been sensational in the extreme. He has shown a remarkable faculty for doing indiscreet things, and the class of men who surround him does not tend to reassure those Democrats who fear that if he should secure the regular Democratic nomination he might secure control of the Democratic state machine.

Certainly no man who has ever filled the office of district attorney in this county or any other county in this state, or so far as can be learned, in any other state, has boldly used that office so openly for his own political upliftment as has Mr. Moran in the good old county of Suffolk. He has evidently used it to try to force the Boston Democratic machine to support him for the nomination, and he has aimed heavy blows at those prominent individual Democrats who have come out in opposition to his candidacy.

#### Like the Butler Year

Not since the famous Butler year has there been such a sensational and spectacular canvass made for the Democratic nomination for the governorship of this commonwealth. It will not do merely to ridicule the candidacy of Mr. Moran. Should he secure the Democratic nomination he will be a formidable candidate for the sole reason that no one, even the most expert politician, will be able to gauge his strength with the people. If nominated, he would probably secure a large proportion of the Democratic vote and there is a general fear that a good many Republicans would vote for him on the same ground that Republicans voted for General Butler in 1882, that is, in order to see what he would do if elected.

It is true that the conservative Democrats do not care for Moran and would do anything in their power to prevent his securing the regular nomination. As a matter of fact, quite a number of them, no doubt, would vote against him if nominated, but so many of them desire to be "regular" in their politics that they would not dare to oppose him openly, even though greatly desiring to see him defeated at the polls.

#### Whitney Is Out of It

There seems to be no doubt whatever that Henry M. Whitney must be considered absolutely out of the fight for the Democratic nomination. It is not to be wondered at that he withdrew from the contest. A great many people wonder that a man with so vulnerable a record as Mr. Whitney's would allow himself to be drawn into the fight at all, even though his interest in the Democratic party might be very great. It would require more than ordinary courage for a man with such a record to face the reckless fire of the men forming the nucleus of the Moran movement, and when a man like Mr. Whitney had done this after all the old party leaders had refused to serve in this capacity, he certainly had a right to ask the undivided support of the conservative wing.

That he did not receive this, and that there was a good deal of back-biting and recrimination was unquestionably the fact.

The withdrawal of Mr. Whitney will force the conservatives to unite upon some man like Sullivan or Thayer, and it will be necessary for them to act at once if they expect to make any head against the Moran movement.

The fortunes of Mr. Moran have been greatly strengthened by the accession of men who, while they have nothing in common with Moran, are willing to support anybody in order to overthrow the present Democratic machine. At least one half of the strength of the Moran following is due to antipathy to the state machine. A great many even of the more conservative class of Democrats regard the present machine as an annex to the various Boston corporations which desire to control the situation in the city of Boston and as far as possible in the commonwealth. These men charge that it was these corporations which placed Fitzgerald in the mayor's chair in Boston and defeated Edward J. Donovan, his opponent for the nomination, and Louis A. Frothingham, his Republican opponent at the polls. The ascendency of corporation control in the Democratic machine has been a source of grief and disgust to a large element of conservative Democrats outside of the city of Boston as well as in it. They would regard as not wholly an unmixed evil the nomination of any Democrat which would tend to loosen the grip of the corporations on the Democratic organization.

#### On the Trail of Frauds

For a number of years there have been grave suspicions that much illegal naturalization was being done in the city of Boston. Every year the Democratic party has naturalized a large number of aliens before the state or city elections in order to swell the Democratic vote at the polls. The Democratic naturalization bureau has worked overtime in its effort to pile up a big enough naturalization to elect the candidates of the party at state and city elections. The man who has had charge of this bureau was John J. McCarthy, whose name is now on the payroll of the sanitary department of the city of Boston.

Mr. McCarthy has been called upon by United States District Attorney Asa P. French to explain some things in connection with his naturalization work. As Mr. McCarthy is not at present on the best of terms with the Democratic leaders, he has told a great many things in regard to Democratic naturalization which will probably make sensational reading when the matter is called up in court later on.

It is not a tremendously difficult matter to secure the naturalization of an alien. At least it is not so in the circuit court. In the United States district court, however, there is much greater care exercised, and for that reason all the Democratic naturalization is done in the circuit court. It is charged that for years the courts have been called upon to naturalize aliens who have been in this country only a few months, but who have been persuaded to swear that they have resided here sufficiently long to receive their papers. Then two other witnesses come up and swear that they have known the person in this country more than the length of time necessary to qualify him for citizenship. Sometimes questions are asked by the court, but it is an easy matter to put through anybody who is willing to perjure himself before the court.

#### Collossal Frauds Probable

An enormous amount of this illegal naturalization has been done in this commonwealth. Cambridge has been a hot-bed for such work, and a number of those who have been illegally put through the naturalization mill have been detected, tried, and punished for their misdemeanor. In the city of Boston, however, apparently no effort has been made to get at this sort of lawbreaking. Previous United States district attorneys have not interested themselves sufficiently to bring any of the parties into court.

Mr. French is one of the ablest criminal lawyers in the commonwealth, and he has the opportunity to make a splendid reputation by unearthing this sort of crime in the city of Boston, where it is extremely rampant. It is intimated that thousands of names of men illegally naturalized are on the voting list in the city of Boston, and if Mr. French can inaugurate action which will put some of these lawbreakers into states prison, along with the men who instigated the crime, he will be doing a commendable work in the interest of morality and decency.

### Hard to Catch Up.

Two Silesians, seated in a music hall, began to argue about the music of Wagner. The argument as it progressed grew heated. The upshot was that the younger challenged the older Silesian to a duel.

But the older Silesian declined to fight.

"No, no," he said. "I refuse to meet you. The risks are not equal. You, you see, are a bachelor, whereas I am a married man with three children. I'll tell you what to do. Go get married and wait till you've a family as large as mine. Then, when our risks are alike, come and challenge me again."

The younger man complied. He married. Three years passed and one day three years later he went, accompanied by a nursemaid, to his opponent's home.

"Here I am," he said fiercely. "My wife is at home. In this coach are my three children. Now for the duel."

But the older man shook his head.

"Not yet awhile," he said. "I have five now."

### Exercise For Business Men.

The average city business man without physical impediments to fight against can probably get along successfully on such an exercise schedule as the following:

First.—Five minutes each day of purely muscular exercise, such as can be taken perfectly well in one's room without any special apparatus.

Second.—Short intervals during the day of fresh air, brisk walking, deep breathing. This can all be secured in the regular order of the day's business. A man can easily spend as much as half an hour walking out of doors every day. This is for heart, lungs and digestion.

Third.—The reservation of at least one day a week for rest and recreation, for being out of doors, for playing games, etc. This is essential. This is for both body and mind. A man who thinks he can get along without at least one vacation time a week simply proves his ignorance.—World's Work.

MACULLAR
PARKER
COMPANY
CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Ready for Immediate Use
Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter
SUITS and
OUTSIDE GARMENTS
MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY
400 Washington St.,
BOSTON

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

## THE FRENCHMAN'S DINNER.

### Happy and Care Free In the Evening Is the True Parisian.

The Frenchman, with all his politeness and little niceties, is not a good dresser. He is nowhere near the class of the London man, nor can he equal the Baltimore man who gives thought to his wardrobe. This, of course, applies to generalities. There are exceptions where the Frenchman is a model of the tailor's and haberdasher's skill.

As a rule, however, there are other things that mean much more to him than mere clothes. For instance, he likes to dine. Every Frenchman, in the proper sense of the word, dines in the evening. He prefers highly seasoned food if he can get it and service of a corresponding degree of excellence. But dine he must and dine he will—if not a good dinner, then a poor one. He must have his soup, his fish, a roast, an entree, some salad, dessert and a bit of cheese. With this he has wine, the vintage regulated by the size of his bank roll. His coffee, in the summer time, he will take outside with a cigarette or cigar, and his enjoyment is not complete unless he hears the strains of an orchestra.

He is not, perhaps, so passionately fond of music as the German, but still he likes it and will have it if he can afford it. He is gay and happy in the evenings, is the Frenchman, and his cares, whatever they are, he dismisses temporarily. He rises late, and he dines late. Nine o'clock is about the proper hour for the coffee, after he has paid his respects to the various courses. Then he is ready for the gay life. When London is going to bed Paris is just beginning to warm up.—Letter in Baltimore News.

## THE FATE OF CAPTAIN LEE.

### A Debt of Gratitude That This Country Owes to Spain.

During the summer of 1776 Captain John Lee of Marblehead, cruising under a commission from congress, having taken and sent home five valuable prizes, entered the port of Bilbao in Spain. The captains of two of his prizes and a part of their crews were on board. These officers immediately protested against their capture and had Captain Lee arrested on a charge of piracy. The local authorities sent the documents in the case to Madrid, together with the commission granted by this new and unknown power.

In the decision of the Spanish ministry depended not alone the fate of Captain Lee, but whether some of the most important ports in Europe should be opened or closed to American cruisers and privateers. The English minister in Spain brought all his influence to bear against Captain Lee. At this moment the Declaration of the Fourth of July reached Madrid. The complaint against Captain Lee was dismissed, supplies for his ship and aid in repairing it were furnished, and public declaration was made that in Spanish ports the new flag of America was as free and as welcome as was the flag of England.

Spain, like France, also helped the United States with 1,000,000 francs and with cargoes of military stores.—Boston Globe.

### The "Longest Resident."

The poverty of the English language is exemplified by a circular which is making the rounds of a suburb and invites subscriptions to a testimonial to the station master. It comes from one who styles himself "the longest resident," the sad physical fact being that he is probably the shortest, although in bulk and rotundity he makes up for the inches he lacks in height. Here is a case in which the very clumsiness of the German language would be an inestimable help, for then this gentleman could quite correctly describe himself "the for-the-longest-time-herein residing" or even perhaps "the for-the-longest-time-herein-residingest" individual. Those compound adjectives of the Teutons may be awkward, but they express what the user means and insure accuracy.—London Standard.

### A Taste That Age Withers.

According to a member of the candy loving sex, there is no sadder evidence of age in a woman than being able to pass a bonbon shop without being tempted by the wares. "When a woman can do this," she says, "she is frankly middle aged. During your school days chocolates are a recognized necessity of existence. During the early bud period of matinee hero worship they are indispensable to the enjoyment of a performance. When your mouth does not water at the mere idea of a caramel or a marshmallow begin to search for the first gray hair." —New York Press.

### Good For Evil.

There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hoary; whose faces are furrowed, but not wrinkled; whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to old age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's usage. These are they who have returned good for evil. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.

### True Education.

The first, last and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" and the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things.—John Ruskin.

### Perfectly Safe.

Patient—Doctor, I'm horribly afraid of being buried alive. Doctor—Don't worry for an instant, my friend. I'll see to that all right.

The world's an inn and death the journey's end.—Dryden.

### Discriminating.

A thoughtful hostess gave a children's party and decided it would be healthier to serve only mineral waters. One little girl tasted of her carbonic and laid the glass down.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like charged water?"

"No, ma'am. Please may I have some water that you've paid for?"—Life.

### Worry Makes Disease.

A man who keeps worrying about the state of his liver will almost be sure to have trouble with it eventually. Indigestion can be brought on in the same way and a long list of other ailments.—A Physician in World's Work.

### Shoe Superstitions.

Never place a pair of new shoes higher than your head, says an old superstition, or you'll have bad luck wearing them, and never black one before putting the other on for a similar reason.

The secret of being tiresome is in telling everything.—Voltaire.

110
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Every Woman

who knows how to bake good bread should try CREAMALT (the oval loaf.) She would then have a good excuse to cut out bread baking, and it's not the coolest job on earth during the hot summer months.

It costs you only 10c. to find out how to save yourself during hot weather.

CREAMALT BREAD fresh each day at your grocer's.

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
Boston.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN · LOCATED 1640 · INCORPORATED 1642 · A CITY 1888

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

#### WARD 3.

ROSE E. MURRAY.—About 2,864 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on North Warren street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Gibbons; easterly by North Warren street; southerly by Munroe street; westerly by land now or late of Catherine Foley.
Balance of Tax of 1904, 19 50

#### WARD 5.

**Non-Residents.**

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 48,728 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 9 inclusive, Section D on Plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 83, Plan No. 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lake View Avenue and Lot 10, shown on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; westerly and southerly by land now or late of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, $4 90

#### WARD 6.

**Non-Residents.**

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimack street, being lots 1, 2 and 3 on Plan of Land of France B. Hiller in the northerly part of Woburn Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 49

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES. About 187,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Merrimack street, being lots numbered 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, on Plan of land of France B. Hiller, in the northerly part of Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed June 6, 1904, and approved by the Mayor June 16, 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments, with interest and all legal costs and charges, or the whole of said land, if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on Saturday, September 22, 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said assessments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon, respectively for the assessments, for the non payment of which, each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

#### WARD 1.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 9,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 4 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Phinney; southeasterly by land of Richardson; southwesterly by Bennett street; northwesterly by land of Champney and Thayer.
Amount of Assessment, $46 67

#### WARD 4.

DELIA M. MURRAY ET ALS.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52, 54 and 56 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray et al.; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Amount of Assessment, 57 73

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

The End of The World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

## WINCHESTER.

The Puffer Company have got to work at the McKay plant.

The public schools of this town resume operations on Sept. 5.

Judge Littlefield keeps up his excursion parties in good shape and enjoys them.

There is to be no trolley line to the Fells. Neither the B & N. nor the Elevated will touch the job.

The adoption of black headlines for articles in the *Star* is a decided improvement. That sterling paper now looks as neat as a pin.

E. L. Grundy of Melrose has received the appointment of D. D. C. M. for Waterword Lodge, and Crystal Fount Lodge, Woburn, I. O. O. F.

Some of our local papers are still busy printing and distributing moth literature, just as though it were not a "chestnut" of the most ancient type.

At the close of a summer's sojourn at the Equinox, the leading and most excellent, hotel at Manchester-in-the-Mountains, Vermont, our esteemed fellowcitizen, Mr. George H. Gilbert, has returned to his fine pleasant home, Sunnyside, in this town, to which our people cordially welcome him. He will miss his friend Charlie Bradstreet —but that is another story. Mr. Gilbert reached here in good health and spirits.

## Literary Notices.

The Story of Montana, the great serial for the year, begun in the August MCCLURE'S, gains impetus as it goes along. From its striking picture of the early days of the commonwealth, it turns to the development of the mining industry, the picturesque conditions and enormous fortunes which resulted, and the bitter feud that arose between Marcus Daly and William A. Clark. The story of the quarrel, of Clark's first attempts to reach the United States Senate, of his spectacular defeat, and of the Montana capital fight, is told in the September MCCLURE'S It makes one of the most interesting pages in American history. A Royal Romance, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is a timely narrative of the young King of Spain's courtship of an English girl. The thirty years' war between the New York Mutual and Equitable companies is related with some surprising disclosures in The Story of Life-Insurance. Eugene Wood contributes an article on Niagara. The fiction department of the September MCCLURE'S lives up to the record made in the August number. Kipling tells the charming legend of how the fairies were ferried out of England. Perceval Gibbon appears with a remarkable South African tale, The Trader of Last Notch. B Jones, Butcher, is a satire in which one man, single-handed, fights a trust. John McIntyre tells an amusing tale of boy life in a Catholic school, under the title of The Three Wise Men, and James Hopper contributes Benevolent Assimilation. There is a realistic narrative of a Western political campaign, and a poem The Mountain God. The frontispiece of the September number represents The Prospector, a significant figure in Western history. W. Hatherell has drawn the pictures for James Hopper's story; Andre Castaigne and Frederic Dorr Steele illustrate Kipling's fairy tale, and L Raven Hill has made drawings for The Three Wise Men. Eugene Wood's article on Niagara is accompanied by some remarkable color reproductions.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since. Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Harold P. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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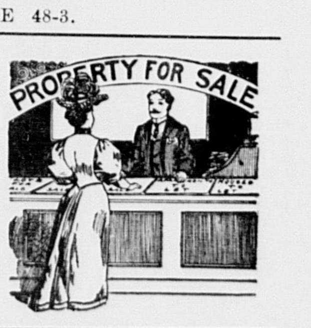

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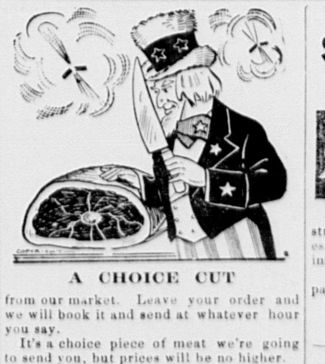

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SCENE FROM "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," AT THE PARK THEATRE, BOSTON, BEGINNIMG SEPT. 3.

# FATE and a FOOZLER

By MARGARET MUZZEY

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

All during July, Whitney progressed in Mildred Mason's favor with the approval of her small brother, Tom, a consideration by no means to be despised, when the curate of St. Jude's appeared on the scene and spoiled it all. The first intimation of change in the usual order of events came when Mildred refused to play golf on Sunday.

"When a person can play all the week," she said, "I think he ought to make a difference on Sunday."

"But it is my only opportunity to play with you, and I spend my week ends here for that sole purpose," pleaded Whitney. "I cannot understand this sudden access of conscience."

Mildred looked offended, and Whitney was about to apologize when Tom slipped a hand through his arm.

"Come and go around with me, Mr. Whitney. Mildred is a little morbid just now, but it won't last," and as they went away together Tom explained. "It is that curate chap—he came out here last Monday and spent the week—all the women are crazy about him. Heaven knows what there is about a collar that buttons behind, but girls always go down before it like ninepins."

"Was he—was he especially attentive to any one?" Whitney's voice shook.

"Sure—stuck to Milly like a barnacle to a lamppost. I thought when she saw him play golf she'd break away. It was enough to make angels bawl."

"Did you say she was pleased with"—

"Couldn't drive six feet—made eleven strokes and six foozles to the first green, then"—

"But do you think she enjoyed"—

"Then putted out in five. What do you think of that?"

"It was a hideously excruciating, revolting spectacle! Did Miss Mildred appear interested in"—

"He drove four balls into the brook and instead of cussing like a gentleman he said, 'Dear me, what an exasperating game!'"

It was no use trying to get any satisfaction from Tom. He talked of nothing but the curate's foozles and failures, and the only information Whitney obtained was that the parson intended to be at Windcliff every week during the remainder of the summer.

The next Saturday Whitney found Mildred more than ever ensnared by the curate. She not only refused to play golf Sunday, but read a book called "Narrow Paths" all the evening.

Tom walked to the station with Mr. Whitney Monday morning and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Get rid of the foozling parson," said Tom. "He uses his irons like a gravedigger, and he has lost three of my new handmade pneumatics."

"I wish he was a missionary," sighed Whitney.

"In the cannibal islands," added Tom.

The following Friday Whitney received a postal card with these words: "Plot thickens. Take a vacation. Tom."

Whitney, panic stricken, went to Windcliff on the next train. He found Tom on the ninth green about to try a difficult stroke, and, laying hands suddenly upon him, asked breathlessly:

"What did you mean by that postal card?"

"Lucky you didn't grab till I had made that put. I might have jiu jitsued you," said Tom. "Let's see," counting on his fingers, "four to the brook, one on to the green; that is five"—

"Answer my question." Whitney shook him roughly.

"Two puts in seven. Oh, that was just a threat. Thought you better be on the spot. Here comes the foozling fascinator now."

After introducing the curate, Tom inquired anxiously:

"How is your head today, Mr. Seton?"

"All right when I am up and about, thank you." Turning to Whitney: "I have suffered from the most peculiar symptoms lately. When I lie down at night I have a rumbling sound in my head that prevents my sleeping."

"How do you account for it?" asked Whitney.

"It's the beastly dampness," Tom remarked. "A man here last summer began with exactly your symptoms and his doctor told him if he didn't go away from the lake quick he would be a raving maniac."

The curate turned pale.

"Dear me, I should hate to leave this delightful place, but I cannot run such a risk as that."

By August so many boarders arrived that the landlady turned the boys and bachelors into the "Anne," a small cottage divided into bedrooms by thin wooden partitions, and the curate, Mr. Whitney and Tom were relegated to these quarters, Tom's room being between the other two.

Whitney passed the time playing golf with Tom, who was singularly unlike himself. Instead of being indefatigable and bubbling over with spirits, he was languid and dull. He said the bare possibility of having a foozler enter his family reduced his nervous system to a pulp.

"What on earth did you bring me here for?" asked Whitney. "I can't see anything of your sister without that everlasting parson."

"She will be tired of his symptoms before long," said Tom.

"She appears to be in love with him and his symptoms."

"She has some notion about a life of usefulness as a parson's wife. She'll drop it once he has gone."

"Catch him going," Whitney groaned.

"I have hopes," said Tom.

That night Whitney lay awake with an aching tooth. He heard the curate's bed creak as the poor fellow tossed restlessly. "Roller skating in his head," thought Whitney. Then he heard Seton pacing back and forth. Presently he appeared to try sleeping again and gave forth a gentle snore. Suddenly he sprang out of bed, threw open his door, rushed madly through the hall and down the stairs. Whitney, alarmed, chased after him. Reaching the garden, he was horrified to see Seton making a full tilt straight for the lake. Whitney picked up an apple and threw it, hitting Seton in the small of the back. He stopped and turned slowly around. His pursuer was upon him in an instant and, grappling the astonished cleric, threw and held him down.

"Help! Murder!" he yelled.

"Shut up," said Whitney. "I've saved your life."

"Why, it is Mr. Whitney. What do you mean?"

A young surgeon camping near the shore heard the cries and, seizing his emergency outfit, ran to the spot.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"It is the curate; he was just going to drown himself."

"Dear me," said Seton. "I was just going to take a plunge."

"At this hour!" sneered Whitney.

"You doubt my word?"

The curate's blood was up; he fought and struggled vigorously. It took both men to handle him, but they got him down again. Whitney sat on him; the doctor took out his chloroform can, saturated a handkerchief and held it over Seton's face until he was unconscious.

As they lifted him to carry him in something dropped. It was a bath towel. The curate had knotted it around his waist.

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Whitney. "Do you suppose he really was only going in swimming?"

"Looks confoundedly like it," said the doctor grimly.

As they passed Tom's door he looked out, and, seeing their burden, his eyes dilated with horror.

"I told him he'd be drowned going in by those rocks after dark," said Tom. "He's been there every night lately."

"He is not dead—his head struck a tin can," said the doctor.

"Will it be safe for us to leave him alone?" asked Whitney.

"Safer—for us; he has not had dope enough to hold him long."

The curate left on an early train next morning before anybody was about.

Tom took Whitney into the room vacated by Seton, turned back the head of the mattress and from a slit in the ticking extracted a small box containing a spool of thread, the end of which passed through a hole in the box, then through a crack in the partition into Tom's room. The "rumbling" was produced by pulling the thread so that it unwound rapidly.

"It was like putting an incubator baby in the refrigerator," said Tom, "but foozling disgraces a club. The sure way to stop it is to remove the cause."

### How Table Olives Are Prepared.

Our consul at Seville reports that to prepare olives in the most palatable manner they must be gathered unripe after the first autumn showers. Properly assorted according to size and quality, they are first washed in fresh water to remove particles of earth and leaves which usually cling to the fruit. Later they are allowed to soak in a solution of soda and potash, concentrated to between two degrees and six degrees of the Baume aerometer. If the solution be very concentrated eight to ten hours of soaking suffice; if diluted, the operation may continue for three or four days. After the solution has penetrated very nearly to the stone of the fruit, fresh water is substituted and renewed every two hours until it remains clean—a sign that the fruit has lost the caustic flavor which the solution had imparted to it. Next the fruit is pickled according to processes varying in conformity to the custom of each locality. Some use brine, others admix fennel and thyme, while not infrequently also salt and vinegar are employed. In this way whole olives are pickled. Whenever it is desired, on the other hand, that the fruit should imbibe a stronger savor of the pickle into which it is steeped incisions penetrating to the stone are made.—United States Consular Reports.

### The Number Forty.

Why this fatalistic forty? The superstition about St. Swithin extends not only to forty days of rain, but to forty days of drought, according as July 15 is wet or dry. Moses was forty days on the mount. Elijah was forty days fed by ravens. It rained forty days to make the flood, and the waters that covered the earth were forty days in subsiding. The ancient period of embalming was forty days. Nineveh had forty days to repent. Jesus Christ fasted forty days. He was seen forty days after his resurrection. A quarantine extends forty days. The privilege of sanctuary was for forty days. In the tale of Ali Baba there are forty thieves. Tiberius said that a man is either a fool or his own physician at forty. When a man wants a short nap he takes forty winks. A knight enjoined forty days of service from his tenant. In old English law the limit for the payment of a fine for manslaughter was forty days. Members of parliament were protected from arrest forty days after the prorogation of the house of commons and another forty days before the house was convened. We usually speak of a buxom widow as fair, fat and forty. A man is in his prime at forty, etc.—New York Press.

### Unnatural Finish.

Mrs. Meeds—And did your husband die a natural death?

Mrs. Weeds—No, he died suddenly.

Mrs. Meeds—What was there unnatural about that?

Mrs. Weeds—Why, poor, dear John was the slowest man that ever lived.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Society Way.

Duty called.

The man looked at the card lazily.

"Just say that I'm not at home," he ordered the maid.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If thou knowest how to use money it will become thy handmaid. If not, it will become thy master.—Diodorus.

### The Under Side of Fish.

Experiments have been made with flounders in order to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of color on their upper sides to exposure to light. The fish experimented upon were kept living in a glass tank, having a mirror placed beneath, so as to reflect light upon the under sides of the fish. One of these prisoners survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and all of them exhibited the development of spots of pigment on their lower surfaces. The experimenters concluded that it is exposure to light that causes the coloration of the upper parts of the bodies, not only of flounders, but of other fish, and, conversely, that it is to the comparative absence of light that the whiteness of under sides of fish is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colorless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

### Bird Songs.

Naturalists have long been puzzled as to how birds learn to sing. Does it come natural to a bird of a certain species to sing the song common to its kind or does it learn to imitate whatever song it most hears during the early days of its life? Experiments made by a well known student of bird life proved that most birds simply learn by imitation. He placed young linnets to be reared by skylarks, woodlarks, titlarks and other breeds, and in every case the linnet learned the song of his foster parents. Again, a number of linnets were reared where they had no chance of hearing the song of any bird at all. In due course they began to sing, but their song was entirely original. The cuckoo, however, seems to be an exception, for although it is almost invariably reared by foster parents of any species but its own, it always sings to perfection its own peculiar song, quite uninfluenced by the vocal efforts of its guardians.

### Origin of the Strike Fund.

The earliest mention of a strike fund occurred in the strike of the Parisian stocking weavers in 1724, when a crown a day was subscribed for every striker and all blacklegs were mercilessly boycotted. But the biggest strike under the "ancient regime" was that of the silk factory hands at Lyons in 1744, when 12,000 men went on strike and so alarmed the mayor that he conceded everything they asked and wrote to his brother that he had "la tete cassee par cette vile canaille." The "vile canaille," however, had had their moment, and it was no longer theirs. Two months later the king sent down 20,000 soldiers "pour remettre l'ordre dans la bonneville de Lyon," and we hear no more of strikes till the supreme strike of 1789.

### A Snail's Sense of Smell.

Professor E. Yung of Geneva discovered that the keen sense of smell attributed to the ordinary snail is distributed over the entire body not covered by the shell, the two pairs of tentacles, the lips and the edges of the feet being particularly sensitive. In the experiments made a brush dipped in various odorous substances in turn was brought near the different parts of the body, and responses were noted at distances of one twenty-fifth of an inch to several inches. Only in exceptional cases was odor perceived as much as fifteen or twenty inches away, showing that smell cannot guide these creatures to food far removed.

### Convinced.

Mr. Spongely (slightly related)—Splendid! Magnificent! Do you know, Uncle Eli, I believe I shall never get tired of seeing the sun set behind that hill!

Uncle Eli—That's what me an' mother's beginnin' to think.—Puck.

### A Common Mistake.

Many a man has become possessed of the idea that he is a humorist merely because other people think he is funny. —Chicago Record-Herald.

I know no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.—Steele.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 2.

**Text of the Lesson, Luke xviii, 35, to xix, 10—Memory Verses, 42, 43—Golden Text, Luke xix, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

It is probable that following the lesson of last week there came the parable of the laborers found only in Matt. xx, 1-16, then the third prediction of His death found in the three first gospels, after which the request of James and John to occupy the highest places in the kingdom, found in Matthew and Mark, then the story of the blind men, one of whom was healed as He entered Jericho and two as He left the city. Matthew and Mark both say "as they departed or went out of Jericho" and the former mentions two blind men, while Mark mentions but one and calls him Bartimaeus. There is neither contradiction nor discrepancy in this, for Matthew's two includes Mark's one.

In our lesson the man seems to have been healed with just a word, whereas in the case of the two in Matthew He touched their eyes (Matt. xx, 34). In John ix Jesus put clay on the man's eyes and sent him to wash in Siloam, while in Mark viii He took him by the hand and led him out of the town and spit on his eyes and put His hands upon him, but he did not see clearly till Jesus put His hands on him the second time. We must not think that there is but one way to be healed, nor that the use of means is at all inconsistent with the prayer of faith. That God may be glorified is the first and highest thought always, whether we are in health or sickness, whether we live or die. The sickness of Lazarus was for the glory of God, and Peter was told by what death he should glorify God (John xi, 4; xxi, 19). We have seen the empty, helpless little children and the poor sin convicted publican receive blessing at His hands, while the rich ruler went empty away because he thought more of his wealth than of eternal life.

In today's lesson we have a poor blind beggar, empty and helpless enough, and a rich publican willing to be emptied. The blind beggar hears the multitude passing and, inquiring the cause, he is told that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. At once he is stirred by the thought of his opportunity, for he had doubtless heard of the Great Healer and longed to meet Him. Now is the opportunity of his life, and he realizes it, and no one can stop his cry, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He cared not for rebukes; he must be heard. This is the importunity that wins, the earnest, persistent, heartfelt cry that God is sure to hear, and so Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought. Listen to the question from the Lord of heaven and earth to a poor blind beggar: "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" (Verse 41.) Note a somewhat similar question from the same Lord to King Solomon (II Chron. 1-7), but note His word to you and me in John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7. The blind man had but one burning desire, and he states it promptly and briefly, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." As promptly his prayer is granted, his faith honored, he receives his sight physically and we would judge spiritually also from the words, "Thy faith hath saved thee" (verse 42), and from the fact that he followed Jesus glorifying God. If we are right, how exceeding abundantly was his prayer answered! He asked sight for the body and received sight for body and soul. What does your own heart say to the Lord's "What wilt thou?" See Ps. xxvii, 4; I Pet. iv, 11; Gal. i, 24, as suggestions.

In Zacchaeus we see another earnest man determined to see Jesus, and he hesitates not to run, and even climb up into a tree that he may get a glimpse of the wonder working teacher; perhaps he had heard of the healing of the blind man at the entrance to the city and thus had his desire increased to see Jesus, to see a man who could do these supernatural things. He did not tarry to think of what might be becoming or otherwise in such a one as he in the sight of his fellows. He was doing one thing with all his heart, he was intent on seeing Jesus, and the manner of his doing so probably never gave him a thought. His zeal makes us think of the four who broke up the roof of a house to get their friend to Jesus. Such zeal is never passed by by Him whose eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth looking for such people (II Chron. xvi, 9); hence when Jesus came to the place He looked up and saw him and spoke to him. And how the surprised Zacchaeus must have been thrilled by the words, "Make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house." This must have been exceeding abundantly above all he could ask or think (Eph. iii, 20). Quickly he descends and receives Him with joy. This is his salvation (John i, 12), and of course the devil is angry because he has lost another piece of property, and incites his followers to criticise and condemn the Lord Jesus. But what does it matter? Another sinner is saved and there is joy in the presence of the angels.

I suppose that no soul ever yet yielded to Christ for salvation or for discipleship without a great conflict with the powers of darkness, but there is victory by the Blood of the Lamb (Rev. xii, 11), and any lost soul may have it in Christ. While no works of ours can count for anything till we are saved, a saved soul will always manifest that salvation in good works according to Eph. ii, 10, and we see at once the evidence of this man's salvation in his gifts to the poor and his abundant restitution to any whom he had wronged.

### Acute Laryngitis.

George Washington died of a disease that was then called a quinsy, but which is now known as acute laryngitis. His physicians treated him according to their best light and knowledge, but such treatment now would be little short of criminal. An eminent authority says that if medical men had known as much then as they do now the distinguished patient would probably have been cured in a week. As it was, he slowly strangled to death by the closing of his throat. At the present time physicians treat a case of this kind by tracheotomy—that is, by making an opening into the windpipe, through which the patient may breathe. They also diagnose a case by using the laryngoscope, which enables them to look into the throat and see exactly what the trouble is.

### Probably.

Probably a woman would be a bride to her husband longer if she should continue making company of him. Most women begin to save their jam for visitors when they have been married three months.

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### Valuable Zones of Silence.

There has come into modern life a greater variety of sound and a greater volume than assailed the ears of our ancestors. To keep one's freshness there ought to be a zone of silence around every human being during some part of the day. The finest creative work is done, as a rule, in seclusion; not necessarily apart from men nor in solitary places, but away from the tumult and away from distracting sounds. There was organized in Paris years ago a society for the culture of silence. On the occasion of the initiation of a distinguished man of letters a bowl of water was brought out to him in a room where he was waiting in solitude. He studied it a moment, placed a rose upon it and sent it back. The water bore the rose without overflowing. To the members assembled in another room the act was the most convincing evidence that the initiate comprehended the purpose of the fellowship and was prepared in spirit to become one of the company. The act was a symbol which Americans may wisely study.—Good Health.

### English Railways and Fogs.

It is seldom that there is a sufficiently heavy fog on an American railway to cause serious inconvenience that no special precautions are taken, but in England a heavy fog is so common that there is a regular service made up of the repair gangs, who take the place of the mechanical signals. Every distance signal is guarded by a signal man, who is supplied with flags and torpedoes, the latter being called detonators, while the signal men are pointsmen. Two torpedoes are placed on the track to warn the engineer when the signal is set at danger and are supplemented by a red lantern in the hands of the signal man. As the torpedoes cost a cent and a half each and are used in great numbers there is a machine supplied by which the second torpedo is forced from the rail by the force of the explosion of the first, as only one is necessary, the second being merely a precaution.

### The Chow Dog.

The chow, the solemn, black tongued dog which comes from China, is, the London Chronicle thinks, the ideal city dog. It says: "He never barks unless there is something serious to bark at. You open the door, and the dog marches out with fine solemnity. This writer's chow has a range of about ten square miles, and he has never hurt a baby, though he has gathered innumerable friends during his solemn march through London. He never loses his head, and his morning walks embrace Chelsea, Putney and the sacred precincts of the Brompton oratory. Indeed, he once followed a bicycle to Hendon and found his way back within forty-eight hours with an honorably empty stomach. The unaccompanied chow is the very least of the nuisances of the London streets."

### Artificial Honey.

The honey had some foreign substance in it—the leg of a bee and a shred of broken wing.

"Well," said the wife of the food expert, "this is pure at any rate." She held up the bits of bee on a fork before her husband. "No benzoic acid, formaldehyde, boric acid or salicylic acid here, eh, John?"

But John, the food expert, laughed scornfully. "Those bits of bee in the honey," he said, "prove its artificiality. Genuine honey never has dead bees in it. They who make genuine honey are too clean and careful for anything of that kind to happen. It is as rare to find in real honey a bee's wing or a bee's leg as it is to find in a loaf of bread a baker's hand or foot."

### Bagging the Grapes.

Immediately after the grapes have blossomed cover the bunches with two or three pound manila grocers' bags, according to the size of the variety. This is pre-eminently a fruit garden method, although commercial growers often use it. It is the surest and often the most practical way of securing perfect bunches. Tie or pin the mouth of the bag firmly; leave no opening to catch water. Cut a small piece off the lower corner of the bag, so that no water will stay in it. Leave the bag on until the fruit is ready to pick.—Garden Magazine.

### Best She Could Do.

Husband—What! Twenty-five dollars for that bonnet? Why, it's ridiculous!

Wife—Yes, I know it isn't anything to boast of, but you said you couldn't afford an expensive bonnet.—Columbus Dispatch.

### The Complementary Virtue.

"What do you consider most essential in being quick at repartee?"

"A person who constantly strives to be quick at repartee," answered Miss Cayenne, "should be quite sure he has friends who are slow to anger."—Washington Star.

### A Special Case.

"If Mr. Winslow calls tonight, mamma, what shall I say?"

"Say whatever your heart tells you to say, my dear."

"But this isn't one of those cases, mamma. There is nothing to Mr. Winslow except his money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A FAMOUS DANCER.

### Sir Christopher Hatton Won Royal Honors by His Grace.

In Queen Bess' time Sir Christopher Hatton won his way to the lord chancellorship by his ability or agility in terpsichorean lines. He first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth by his graceful dancing in a mask at court. He henceforth became a reigning favorite, and his promotion was rapid.

He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the board of gentlemen pensioners (the bodyguard), vice chamberlain and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honor him caused much envy. Complaints were uttered that under the existing government nothing could be obtained by any others than "dancers and carpet knights, such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton." On the death of Lord Chancellor Bromley the queen offered Hatton the great seal. Even while chancellor Sir Christopher exhibited his skill in dancing. Attending the marriage of his nephew and heir with a judge's daughter, he was decked, according to the custom of the age, in his official robes, and when the music struck up he doffed them, threw them down on the floor and, saying, "Lie there, Mr. Chancellor!" danced the measures of the nuptial festivity.—St. James' Gazette.

### A Tongue Twister.

Try it yourself, very slowly and carefully until you can say it easily; then pass it along to your friends. Here it is:

"She stood at the gate, welcoming him in."

Ten to one a person trying to pronounce the sentence for the first time will fumble it laughably. Tongue twisting sentences, however, are good elocutionary exercises. They give you control of your vocal organs so that you can enunciate properly, just as finger exercises on the piano or organ give control of the fingers. What an immense amount of mechanical practice does it require to establish anything like a close sympathy between the brain and the physical organs!

### Elasticity of Spiders' Webs.

Did you ever watch a spider's web on a windy day? If so, you will notice how wonderfully it accommodates itself to the swaying of the twigs to which it is attached. It is in fact elastic of the very finest quality. Were it not for its elasticity the poor spider would not long survive. The first breeze would rend the silken meshes of the web to atoms and the owner's stock of new materal would very soon be exhausted in repairs and renewals. Besides its elasticity, the spider's web is very sticky, a property which accounts for the ease wherewith it holds insects when once caught.

### Very Polite.

The politest man has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."

And he tore away with redoubled speed.—Chicago Journal.

### Nerve.

"The great requisite for playing cards or the horses," remarked Mr. Everwise, "is nerve."

"Yes," answered young Miss Torkins, "it must take a great deal of nerve to enable a man to come home so often and tell his folks that still further economy will be necessary."—Washington Post.

Business Cards.

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## ARRESTING OLD AGE.

### Modern Life and the Lengthening Period of Youth.

It may seem strange to us, though the fact nevertheless remains, that the veterans of the grand army of Napoleon, weighed down by age and glory, were men of whom few had passed their thirty-fifth year. It was a time of rash and short living, with an early age and no overtures of real youth—a time when we find Thackeray ridiculing Du Florac for holding claims on being still a young man at the age of thirty-five! The unmistakable tendency of our time to rejuvenate life and to prolong or, rather, to vanquish age, is placing its stamp on every event of individual existence. The average man today carries the spirit and power of youth into an age which a century ago was regarded as bordering on the shady side of existence. The buoyancy and vigor characteristic of our present middle aged man make it in most cases extremely difficult to approach any fair degree of accuracy in determining the age of a person passing along the ascension scale between forty and fifty-five. And what is said of man refers, of course, in equal if not in still more accentuated degree to woman. One of the causes of this remarkable arrest of old age lies undoubtedly in the increasing indulgence of our time in healthy outdoor sports, with their care free and worry free abandon. The occasional freeing of the mind from the "strenuous life," the determination for a longer or shorter time to force business and routine interests to the wall and give up oneself without scruple or narrow minded conventional restraint to the spirit of the sport, undoubtedly tends to liberate forces of original pristine strength.—Dr. A. E. Gibson in Medical Brief.

The first regular serial newspaper was printed at Antwerp in the year 1605 and bore the name of Niewelijdinghe.

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 41.

## Business Cards.

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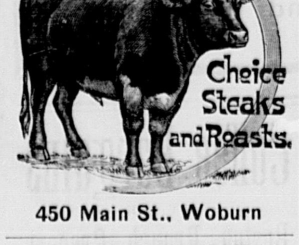

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

**SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

C. M. BURT,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
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| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
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| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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Three blows call out entire department.
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Office: 549 Main St., Woburn.

## "For Sale Cheap"

By C. H. SUTCLIFFE

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"Why don't you fellers," wrote Burt Henderson to young Weaver and Knowlton of Columbia college, "hire an auto some Saturday and come down here to see me? The old folks will make you welcome, and my sister Annette, of whom you have heard me speak, is home now. Arrange to stay over Sunday with us. We'll have a bully time."

Young Henderson was still living with his parents at their country house on Long Island and had been chummy with the two men during his days in college. The invitation was alluring. Each of the sophs had taken lessons in running an auto, the Long Island roads were known to be good, and at the end of the run was a handsome girl, as they knew by a photograph they had seen.

It was a rare chance to get out of town and do a lot of other things besides, and on a certain Saturday morning of a certain June an auto might have been seen speeding two rather hilarious young men up the island roads. The garage man had been particular when they went to hire the machine. They confessed to being timid about speed, but felt perfectly confident on all other points, and after displaying their knowledge in a practical way he had placed them in charge.

The destination was thirty miles from Brooklyn, but at a steady jog this might have been covered by noon had not something happened to prevent.

As they were passing through Jamaica, the journey only just begun, a handsome young lady emerged from a house, stepped into a steam runabout and, acting as her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"By George, but did you ever see anything to compare with her?" gasped young Weaver, who was noted as impressionable.

"Handsomest girl I ever saw," was the reply.

"Did you notice that look she threw at me?"

"It was meant for me."

"You go on! Say, I'd give all I expect to get from my grandmother's estate to know that girl. What eyes! What hair! As her eyes looked into mine for an instant I"—

"She was looking into mine, and there was a roguish, defiant look in them as if she dared us to follow her."

"By George, but come to think of it, we ought to follow her anyhow. No woman has any business driving a machine. Suppose a tire comes off or anything breaks. She may meet a train at a crossing, run into a ditch or have something else happen. If we are on hand we can assist"—

More speed was put on to decrease the distance and the young lady looked back as she heard the chugging of the big machine.

"She's surely flirting with me!" gurgled young Weaver as he clasped his hands.

"You dolt!" replied young Knowlton. "She doesn't know that you are on earth. Isn't she skimming along pretty fast?"

"Seems to me she's let out a link. This is faster than we ever drove before, but we've got to take chances or lose that girl."

The girl in the runabout had several ideas on the subject in hand. One was that the two young men behind her were new to the sport. Another was that they had left the direct road in order to follow her. The third was that she would be revenged on them. She rattled along at a high speed for a mile and could see without turning her head too much that the big machine was wabbling badly and being driven by a trembling hand. On coming to where the highway separated to unite a quarter of a mile farther on, she chose the roughest way. The lightweight runabout seemed to sail over the humps and ruts and washouts, while the larger machine had to slow down and bump its way along.

"If we lose her I'll commit suicide," said young Weaver as he hung on for dear life and grew paler every minute.

"Don't you fear that I will lose her," grimly replied Knowlton. "This is rather bumpy, but I'll stand ten miles of it for another look from those blue eyes."

"Her black eyes, you mean."

"I mean blue. If I ever take you out into the country again may I be hanged."

"Ditto. Because a handsome girl takes it into her head to flirt with me a bit"—

But the rest was lost in the bumping. The girl could have dropped them on that bit of road, but she made no effort. When they debouched into the main road she was in sight and jogging along at an easy pace. She had led them seven or eight miles out of their road before they realized it. Each was wishing the other would throw out a hint about abandoning the chase when the runabout turned into a highway that was not macadamized. It was heavy with sand, and the auto groaned and complained as it made the steep hills.

"If she wasn't the best looking girl I ever saw"— began Knowlton.

"If she hadn't dared us to follow her"— replied Weaver.

Then there was a scream ahead of them, and a tire was seen to leave one of the wheels of the runabout and the machine to come to a standstill.

"Ye gods, but what luck for me!" whispered Weaver.

"Say, now, if you don't let me do all the talking I'll break your neck!" replied Knowlton.

When the auto came up, the girl was down on her feet inspecting damages. It was easy to see that the machine must be got home by some motive power beyond its own. There were too many stony spots on the highway to run it on the rim of the damaged wheel. Mr. Knowlton at once introduced himself and companion and tendered their services.

They found the young lady even better looking than they had given her credit for. She was not at all embarrassed over the meeting. She was chatty and vivacious, and in five minutes' talk she made them realize that she knew twice as much about an auto as they did. One thing the boys forgot until afterward. They gave their names to her, but she did not reciprocate. It was decided that the damaged machine must be drawn to the side of the road and sent for later on, while the auto was to convey the girl to her home, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. Why she had gone out of her way she didn't explain, and the boys didn't ask.

"As I am used to autos I shall ask the privilege of acting as chauffeur," announced the young lady as she was ready to get in.

This seemed like a reflection on the abilities of the young men, and they were hesitating over it when Miss Blank took the matter in hand. There was room for one of them beside her, and both jumped for the place at once. There was a struggle, but shame soon came to both and they humbly climbed into the rear seat and glared at each other and mentally threatened murder at the first opportunity. They soon discovered that the young lady was no vain boaster. She turned the machine about with a whiz and started off at a speed that had not continued for five minutes when young Knowlton felt compelled to lean forward and say:

"This is certainly exhilarating, but do you think it altogether safe?"

"This isn't twenty miles an hour," was the reply as the machine sailed around a curve on three wheels.

Three minutes later Mr. Weaver, whose face was growing as white as chalk and his teeth clicking together, managed to make the young lady understand that he was troubled with palpitation of the heart at times.

"Best remedy for it in the world," she replied as the machine struck a road as level and hard as a floor, and she increased the speed.

The young men instinctively clasped hands and said farewell to each other. They didn't dare reach over and twist the wheel out of the driver's hands, and yet they realized that a calamity must soon happen. A word from her might have prevented what followed, but she was intent on the road ahead. Of a sudden, as they came upon a long strip of hazel bushes, both stood up and jumped for it and landed among the bushes with a crash.

The auto did not stop. If the girl missed them she was not concerned. They picked themselves up after a while and limped out to the road in time to make inquiries of a passing team. They walked two miles and then hired a farmer to drive them six more, always inquiring for an auto driven by a girl. At length, as they drew near a manor house embosomed in a grove, young Weaver exclaimed:

"Say, now, it's dollars to cents that this is the house we were bound for—the Henderson place!"

"And if that isn't the young lady we have been chasing may I never eat again!" replied Knowlton as he nodded at a girl on the veranda.

In front of the house was an auto tied to the fence with a rope. It was their auto. Hung in a conspicuous place was a sign reading, "For Sale Cheap." The young men did not stop to ask any questions. If their friend Burt was home they did not want to see him. If his sister Annette was home they did not want to see her. All they wanted was to get back to New York by the shortest route.

### Vulgarity and the Sexes.

Vulgarity is certainly commoner among men than among women, and, indeed, when a woman is vulgar she is apt to display the quality in high perfection. The reason why it is rare among women is that the emotional nature is stronger among women than among men, and thus where men are ambitious, fond of displaying power, anxious to carry out designs, desirous of recognition, women are sympathetic, tender, affectionate, subtle; they value relations with others more than performances, they encourage and console, because they are interested in the person who desires sympathy more than in the aims which he nourishes. If one's main interest in life is in the personalities that surround one, one is not likely to be tempted by vulgarity, because the essence, again, of vulgarity is that it tends to affix an altogether fictitious value to material things. A man who pursues wealth, comfort, power, position, is always in danger of vulgarity.—A. C. Benson in Atlantic.

### Peril of Erring Soldiers.

"Strange as it may seem," said a former colonel of a Manhattan regiment, "members of state military organizations will continue to violate duty calls while knowing full well that by so doing in certain instances they render themselves marked men for life. The fact is probably not generally known among citizens that a dishonorably discharged militiaman is forever barred from holding public office, whether this applies to the municipality, the commonwealth or the federal government. I know of some cases where men with dishonorable discharges have fallen to speedy ruin upon full realization of the serious consequences attaching to conduct unbecoming a soldier."—New York Press.

### They Scorned Doctors.

The learned ladies in olden times took great comfort and pride in their skill in medicine. With true professional scorn they looked down upon the regular doctors as upon quacks. "For God's sake beware what medicines ye take of any fyssissyans of London. I shall never trust to them because of your father and my uncle, whose souls God assoil." So wrote a lady in conscious pride. She knew she could have saved the lives of her unfortunate relatives if she had only had a chance to dose them with some of her wonderful concoctions or to have put upon them some such plasters as those for which Dame Margery Paston was famous. Her husband sent for one of her plasters for the king's attorney, James Hobarst, who was suffering with an ache in his knee, and to whom Sir John Paston felt himself sentimentally indebted. "He is the man who brought you and me together," he wrote to Margery, "and I had leaver than £40 that ye could with your plaster part him and his pain."

## FIGHTING THE SEA.

### Holland's Continuous Performance In Preventing Floods.

Holland is a country of wooden piles and dikes, for the people are perpetually fighting against the encroachments of water. One building in Amsterdam rests on no fewer than 13,659 piles, though the dikes around the town, which have been erected at enormous expense, effectually prevent any chance of a flood. The streets of the flourishing port of Rotterdam even are frequently under water in the winter, and in some parts of south Holland the people are compelled to do their shopping in boats.

When the Zuyder Zee breaks on to the land, those who wade up to their knees along the streets of a flooded village meet all manner of fish. This is explained by the fact that the Zuyder Zee, with its mud bottom, is literally crammed with finny tribes; and one authority states that if it were well scraped of all its fish one year, it would be full again the next.

The land of Holland is really of four distinct levels, and from ten to twelve feet between the highest and the lowest. To make the land dry, the water is pumped from the lowest level to the one immediately above it, and so on, until the water has been returned again to the sea. A large number of engineers are specially engaged to look after the dikes, and no less a sum than $2,500,000 is expended every year in keeping these fortifications against the sea in proper repair.

## SOFT CRABS.

### After Shedding the New Shells Harden With Great Rapidity.

The supply of soft crabs for market is obtained by catching hard crabs and keeping them until they shed their shells. For this purpose large rectangular floats, made of laths and planking, are employed, and three or four times every day the stock on hand is carefully inspected, all the soft crabs being picked out and packed without delay. They are put into shallow boxes of moist seaweed, from ten to thirty-five dozen in a box, according to the size of the animals. When the packing is done carefully the occupants may be kept alive from sixty to seventy hours after leaving the water.

Crabs have been shipped all the way from the Chesapeake to Canada, arriving at their destination in good condition. In summer, of course, ice is used.

But where soft crabs are concerned it is necessary that they shall reach the market quickly, because their new shells harden with great rapidity. At the end of twelve hours the shells are like parchment, and in three or four days the crab is as hard as ever—hence unfit for use in the form most highly approved by epicures.—New York Herald.

### Nautical Etiquette

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones, "Let go the sheet." No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick." Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York Post.

### Long and Short Days.

At Hamburg, Germany, the longest day occupies seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. In Finland the longest has twenty-one and a half hours. In the northernmost parts of Norway the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 2, the sun not sinking below the horizan during this period, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

### The Word "Privilege."

"Privilege," seen so often of late in the phrase "special privilege," has been used commonly to signify a right, immunity or benefit enjoyed by a person beyond the common advantages of other individuals. Primarily, however, the word signifies an ordinance in favor of an individual, and this is in keeping with its derivation—"privus," one's own, private, and "lex," law. It is in this old sense that Chaucer uses the word.

### How to Arrive.

Man has to be humbugged if one would command him, and he has no use for the humble person. The way to get into a publisher's or editor's office (or indeed any other with a man at the head of it) is with a tremendous show of bounce and swagger.—A Spinster in M. A. P.

### Dog Days and Rabies.

There is not the remotest connection between dog days and rabies; indeed, the records show that the fewest cases of rabies occur in July and August. There are more cases in April, November and December than in any other months.—Springfield Union.

### A Fine Art.

Zabzin—How's this for a neat little work of art? It's worth over $10, but I managed to get it for $1. Jabzin—Where's the art in it? Zabzin—In getting it for $1, of course.

What men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral.—Lowell.

### Doubtful.

Lady (in dry goods store)—And is this color also genuine? Salesman—As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, miss. Lady—H'm! Show me another one.—Kleines Witzblatt.

### Just Badness.

Father—That kid ought to have a spanking! He's altogether too precocious; knows more than I do! Mother—But, dear, I wouldn't call that precocious.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Bite of a Girl.

The bite of a girl may be as productive of poisonous germs as improperly prepared foods, according to the statements of Professor W. D. Miller of the University of Berlin. In a lecture the professor said that a bite of a pretty girl would often bring a quicker and more horrible death than the bite of a serpent. Professor Miller, who has made a special study of the bacteria of the mouth, said that only a short time ago he experimented on a beautiful girl in Germany and found that an arrow dipped in saliva from her mouth would send its victim in death throes more terrible than one dipped in the venom of the most deadly snake.—What to Eat.

### Twins Born In Different Years.

"I have often been present at the birth of twins," said an old nurse. "Only once was I present, though, when the twins were born in different years."

"Twins born in different years? You are crazy," said the young bride.

"Not a bit of it," said the old nurse. "The thing happened in Pittsburg in 1899. The first twin was born at 11:30 o'clock on the night of Dec. 31, 1899, and the second was born at 1 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 1, 1900. There are, ma'am, a number of other cases recorded of twins born in different years."

### The Cat Had Chickens.

The old housekeeper met the master at the door on his arrival home.

"If you please, sir," she said, "the cat has had chickens."

"Nonsense, Mary," laughed he. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens as you brought home last night?" asked the old woman.

"Why, they were chickens, of course."

"Just so, sir," replied Mary, with a twinkle. "Well, the cat's had 'em!"

### A Comprehensive Verdict.

A child in an English town was killed by a steam atomizing apparatus falling on it. The coroner's jury brought in the following curious verdict: "Death resulted from shock following bronchitis and whooping cough, caused through the shaking of the house by the firing of a gun at the government proof butts on the Pulmstead marshes."

### Raising His Wages.

Y.—You know I told you a few days after he employed me that he said he'd raise my wages in a month or so?

Z.—Yes. And didn't he?

"No. I misunderstood him. He said he'd try to raise my first week's wages by that time. I haven't had a shilling yet."—London Tit-Bits.

### Compromise.

"I have a little granddaughter," said a senator, "who is very fond of animals, especially dogs. Her mother has taught her to pronounce the word until it sounds like dahg. Her father sticks to the good old fashioned dawg, so the child has compromised, and now every canine is a dahg-dawg."

### Peevishness.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—Johnson.

### Vitality A-plenty In Monastic Life.

Oh, my friend, you may prate of wasted lives and idleness and the parasites of the church and all that sort of thing, but I fear it is little you know about the vital forces that are feeding and sustaining and strengthening it every hour of the four and twenty.

If I could show you the letters that came to me from that friar in the south of Europe, letters bubbling over with health and happiness and the sweetest resignation, and then show you a photograph of a young man in tonsure and cowl, with the calmest, clearest eyes that ever looked out from under a placid brow; if you could have felt of his knotted biceps and known the grasp of his small but powerful hand and heard the peal of his hearty laughter—for his spirit was bubbling over even there in his serene solitude—you would perhaps begin to understand why the monastic life, in spite of its tranquillity, never stagnates and why the more you contend against the spirit of the religious orders the more they live and thrive.—From "A Fin de Siecle Friar" in National Magazine.

### Typhoid.

By boiling all the water and sterilizing all the milk and thoroughly cooking all the vegetables and killing all the flies the average person may become fairly immune from typhoid fever.

### Envy In the Garden.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."

**For the Children**

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

**Ayer's** Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

### An Ingenious Accusation.

"The favorite horse of the Chinese Emperor Tsi," said a Chinese statesman, "died through negligence on the part of the royal master of the horse. The emperor was so enraged at this that he drew his sword and would have run the careless functionary through the body.

"But the learned mandarin, Yen-tse, struck up the emperor's sword, saying:

" 'Sire, this man has not yet been formally accused of any crime. He deserves to die, but his accusation should come first. It is the law.'

" 'Well,' said the emperor, 'tell me what he has done.'

" 'Listen, you rogue,' said the mandarin, turning to the trembling master of the horse—'listen to a catalogue of your heinous offenses. In the first place, you have allowed a horse to perish that his majesty had intrusted to your care. In the second place, it is on your account that the emperor became so exasperated that he was actually on the point of disgracing himself in all his people's eyes by killing a man for the sake of a horse.'

" 'Enough,' said the emperor, appreciating the rebuke. 'Let him go. He is pardoned.' "

### Breaking It Gently.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson as he buttered a biscuit and passed his coffee cup for a second filling, "I don't miss anything, but after I had come in last night, about 11:30, I found the house had been broken into. Somebody had smashed a pane of glass in a basement window, crawled inside and made his way up the stairs to the first floor. There hasn't been anything disturbed in the pantry, the china closet or the sideboard, has there?"

"No," answered Mrs. Ferguson. "But, mercy, who could it have been and what do you suppose he wanted?"

"I suspect," he rejoined, clearing his throat, "that I—er—did it myself and that I wanted to get inside without disturbing anybody. You had all gone to bed, and I had left my latchkey in my other trousers. It will cost about 25 cents to repair the basement window. The weather man, I see, predicts possible showers for today."—Chicago Tribune.

### Three Kinds of Lightning.

The Etruscans of old believed that there were three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury, another more mischievous in its character and consequently only to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods, and a third carrying mischief in its train and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientific men agree with the view that there are three kinds of lightning, but their varieties differ from the Etruscans. The first is known as forked lightning and runs in zigzag lines, the second as sheet lightning, because it is seen in a body, and the third as globe lightning, as it sometimes runs in the shape of a ball. The latter variety is rather slow in moving.

### The Word "Nice."

"Nice" is one of the exceptional words which have risen on the scale and improved with age. It is from the Latin "nescius" and originally signified ignorant. To Chaucer it regularly meant foolish—"wise and nothing nice." In Spenser's time it still meant effeminate. From general foolishness there was probably first a specialization to foolish fussiness about trifles. Then the idea of ignorance dropped out, and the word meant particular about details, accurate. It was creditable to be a "nice" observer or to show "nice" judgment. And so in the end the positively agreeable meaning of today was evolved.

### A Savage Poison.

The juice of the green pineapple is accredited in Java, the Philippines and throughout the far east generally with being a blood poison of a most deadly nature. It is said to be the substance with which the Malays poison their kreeses and daggers and to be also the "finger nail" poison formerly in use among the aborigine Javanese women almost universally. These women cultivate a nail on each hand to a long, sharp point, and the least scratch from one of these was certain death.

### The Meanest Man.

The meanest man has been located in Philadelphia. He dropped a large roll of bills on the street, and a boy who found it returned the money to him. Counting the bundle carefully, the owner put it in his pocket. "My son," he said benignly to the boy, "I am rejoiced to see that you are guided by lofty principles, and as an earnest of my approbation shall refrain from charging you interest for the time you have had my money."

### A Continuous Feast.

They were from the country, on their first visit to London, and a notice in their hotel puzzled them considerably. It ran: "Breakfasts, 8 to 11; luncheons, 12 to 2; teas, 3 to 5, dinners, 6 to 8; suppers, 8 to 11." "Say, Garge," said one to the other, " 'cordin' to this yere, there bean't so vary much toime fer soightseein.' "—St. James' Gazette.

### Advantage of Being a Brute.

"Do you think animals feel pain as deeply as we do?"

"I've never studied the subject, but it is safe to say that they don't worry as much as we do over pains that have not yet been felt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In our relation with one another we are apt to neglect the little things which count so much in making our lives happier.

### Didn't Wait.

"Were you frightened when you arose to make your first speech?" "What should frighten me?" "The audience." "The audience left as soon as my name was announced."

### A Hopeless Case.

"I am in favor of spelling reform."

"Glad to hear it. Come around and give my stenographer a few points, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## LOST AND FOUND.

### In England 10 Per Cent Is the Recognized Reward.

"If you lost a watch worth $100 what reward would you give the finder for its return?"

"Oh, ten or twelve dollars."

"Ten per cent, eh? Well, that is about right," said the detective. "It is more, though, than the average person would give. Here in America in lost and found cases there is no recognized percentage of reward, but in England there is such a percentage, namely, half a crown to a pound; that is to say, about 10 per cent. Ten per cent is what the finder must be paid in England provided he takes his find to a police station or to Scotland Yard. He always does so, as otherwise the owner is apt to give him less than the legal 10 per cent. I lost in a London cab a kit bag worth $20. The kit bag was returned by the cabby to Scotland Yard and I left there for him gladly a reward of $2. If the bag had been worth $2,000 I'd have been charier of handing out $200, but that is what I'd have to do before the Scotland Yard folks would have given me my property. When you lose anything be prepared to give at least 10 per cent to the finder. Ten per cent is the recognized reward in lost and found cases abroad, and it should be the recognized reward here. To my mind it is little enough, and they who give less are to my mind dishonest."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

### Finest Mental Drillmaster the World Has Ever Known.

When the Romans placed over the door of the temple of Janus "Ex Oriente Lux et Ludus Scacchorum" (Out of the East Came Light and the Game of Chess) they spoke of the two greatest bequests that the storied east had ever made to the young and aggressive west—the light of religion and the greatest mental achievement of man since he came through Eden's frowning portals.

In the middle ages, when the monks and abbots watched from afar the brutal soldiery of Christendom swooping down like a pestilence on the sunny plains of the south, they chanted "A furore Normanorum libera nos, O Domine" (From the fury of the Northmen deliver us, O God) and returned to chess—all that was left a noble soul in a vain and turbulent world.

Chess is the finest mental drillmaster the world has ever known. As a mind trainer it ranks above Greek and dialectics.

But, above all, it is the science of battle; it is war without bloodshed; it is strife on equal terms, which all the race loves and to which from the cradle to the grave all mortality is subject.—Charleston News and Courier.

### The Prim Dutch Girl.

The etiquette of Holland is exceedingly strict in all classes. The young girl is most carefully chaperoned, and she never goes anywhere, even to church, unless accompanied by her parents, some male relative or other equally trusted attendant. At a dance the parents sit round the walls sipping their coffee or wine, and the young men must make the best of their chances in the opportunities afforded by the dance, for when it pleases the guardians to depart there is no help for it, the girls must go too. An unmarried girl always takes the right arm of her escort, while the matron takes the left, perhaps because it is nearer the heart.

### An Example.

One of the most intimate friends of M. Dumas fils was a retired naval officer who lived in a distant corner of Normandy. As soon as the author of "Camille" died the officer went over all the letters which he had received from Dumas and destroyed every one which referred to any private affairs of the author. Where letters also contained literary and philosophical discussions he carefully blotted out the personal parts in order that nothing of a personal nature might ever reach a publisher. This is an example not often followed.

### Avoiding the Doctor.

Dr. Sanderson, an old Scotch physician, was a queer character, but a clever doctor.

So roughly did he handle his patients that the ignorant were chiefly anxious to escape him. The story goes that as he was passing along the street one day a sweep rolled from the top to the bottom of a staircase outside one of the houses.

"Are you hurt?" called the doctor, running forward.

"Not a bit, doctor—not a bit," replied the man in haste. "Indeed, I feel a' the better."

### Menagerie at Home.

Jones declined to visit the zoo with his friend, says London Health. "I don't have to go to the zoo," he said, "because my eldest daughter does the kangeroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my cook is as cross as a bear and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla."

### Willing to Try.

Stern Father—You want to marry my daughter, do you? Young Man—I do. Stern Father—What's your salary? Young Man—Oh, I'm not particular. Just give me a trial of three months, and if I fail to give satisfaction as a son-in-law you need not pay me any salary.

### Male Vanity.

Man believes himself irresistible at all ages, and I believe that the older he grows the more fascinating he thinks himself.—London World.

### A Deadly Weapon.

The gentle wave of a lace edged handkerchief has carried more poor fellows to their doom than the mighty breakers of the sea.—Exchange.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.—Solon.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men. Mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, SEPT 7, 1906

## LABOR DAY.

Light showers during the forenoon culminated in a smart downpour between 12 and 1 p. m. which was followed by as fine an afternoon as is often experienced in early autumn days.

The forenoon Labor parade in Boston, in which some 15000 to 17000 people were to appear was somewhat interfered with by the afterdinner shower, but not so seriously as to spoil the fun for marchers or spectators. The crowds that filled the Hub's streets to overflowing were mainly from towns and cities in the Metropolitan District outside of Boston, whose transportation from the Suburbs taxed the ability of the steam and electric roads.

It was dull indeed in this city, for all business places were closed, and nothing was doing on the streets. Some life was seen in spots before the weather cleared at 1 p. m., but after that hour, until quite late in the evening, dull but feebly expresses the condition of things here. Hardly a cloud floated in the azure canopy above; the atmosphere was mellow; a fine warm breeze prevailed—just warm enough to be comfortable; and early in the afternoon the trolley lines radiating from this city were burdened with passengers on celebrations bent. They went in all directions.

There were nearby grove picnics, auto and trolley parties to the beaches, family and neighborhood dinners, and other forms of pleasure resorted to, and the afternoon was happily spent by everybody—from all appearances.

## MAINE NEXT.

Maine is to hold her election next Tuesday. State and county officers and Congressmen are to be chosen.

The only real contest is in the Second Congressional District—Littlefield's—and there the fight is a hot one. The Republican ticket for State officers are sure to win, according to reports of latest date.

Charles Littlefield will probably secure a reelection to the National House, but by a considerably reduced majority. The labor element in his District, led by Gompers, President of the National Federation of Labor, are leaving no stone unturned to defeat him, and although Speaker Cannon and other big guns are making speeches in his behalf, it will be a squeeze for him to pull through—so politicians think.

## VERMONT ELECTION.

The Vermont State election was held last Tuesday, and was handsomely won by the Republicans. Proctor was elected Governor by 17,000 plurality, and the Republican candidates for Congress were reelected. The Fusionists had counted on 5000 plurality for Clement, their candidate for Governor, and were out of the way only 22,000.

## REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican Party of Middlesex county are to hold their convention in Odd Fellows Hall, Lowell, at 10 o'clock, Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1906.

☞ At the annual rifle shooting match of the Fifth Mass. Regiment held at the Bay State Range in Wakefield last Monday, Capt. John M. Portal, Superintendent, Company G of Woburn won the trophy offered by the State by a score of 585. Not only did Co. G. win the State trophy with its leading score, but private George Durward, whose brother James, won the U. S. Military Rifle championship at Sea Girt last year, maintained the fame of the family by winning the Regimental individual prize with an aggregate of 65, and Capt. Thomas McCarthy captured the Company individual with 64, which was one of the two second highest of the day. The Boston *Globe* of Tuesday morning gave a picture, en groupe, of Co. G's team of sharpshooters, and also fine individual portraits of Capt. McCarthy and Private George Durward. The Durward brothers are famous rifle marksmen, and have been wonderfully successful in winning trophies at matches, of which George has a numerous and very valuable collection. James's skill in handling the "shootingiron" has won for him the responsible and lucrative position of U. S. Rifle Inspector at Springfield, Mass., Armory. They are hard to beat.

☞ Last Tuesday Col. James T. Low, Chief of the Government Supervising Architect's office of the Treasury Department at Washington visited Woburn to examine the sites offered by real estate owners, with bids, for a U. S. postoffice here, for which Congress voted $12,000 for ground purchase at the last session. Col. Low came out from Boston on Monday, but was prevented by the rain from pursuing his inspection of the several sites. He returned on Tuesday, and, guided by Capt. E. F. Wyer, Postmaster, examined the several lots offered, and obtained the necessary data for his report, which will be submitted on his return to Washington. Chief Low was born in Boston; skated when a boy on the Middlesex Canal; went to Illinois many years ago; and was a soldier in the Civil War from that State. This was his first visit to New England in a long period of time. In due season the result of his visit here will be heard from.

☞ Our neighbor, the Woburn *News*, blossomed out in fine feather last Tuesday as a Semi-Weekly and presented a literary and mechanical appearance of which the enterprising proprietors have reason to feel proud. With young men of pluck and cash at the helm the *News* ought to flourish, and would, swimmingly, if the business men of this city would only realize their duty, consult their best interests, and prove liberal with their patronage.

☞ Republican caucuses to choose delegates to the several conventions will be held in this city on Tuesday evening, Sept. 25.

☞ We have received per courtesy of Hon. Joshua Bennett Holden of Boston a copy of the "Forty-eighth Annual Report of the Washingtonian Home, for the year ending April, 1906," for which we return thanks. The great Washingtonian temperance reform was started by seven Baltimore drunkards in 1840, and soon spread like wildfire. From the movement proceeded homes for inebriates in cities all over the country and by their good work thousands and thousands of victims of strong drink were rescued and permanently saved. The Boston Washingtonian Home was organized in 1857—almost 50 years ago—and is in a flourishing condition and doing a vast amount of good at the present time. Mr. Holden is a member of the Directory and also of the Executive Committee; and our former townsman, Mr. Daniel H. Lane, is one of the Vice-Presidents, a Director, and member of the Executive Committee.

☞ The proposed contract with the Edison Co. for lighting the streets of this city was not closed at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Wednesday evening, as was planned by the advocates of immediate favorable action. Some of the members of the Board thought the idea of a 20-year contract was too absurd and unbusinesslike to be entertained for a moment, and that one for a single year was long enough.

☞ Ald. James H. Connolly is in the field for next Mayor of Woburn, and will, no doubt, be the Democratic candidate. His campaign slogan is to be Municipal Ownership, on which he will ring the changes from the stump and the pen, and incidentally talk on other interesting subjects.

☞ The records at City Hall show that nearly $10,000 has been expended and voted for immediate use for the extension of water mains by the present city government, which is claimed by not a few clearheaded business men to have been an injudicious use of the public money.

☞ Mr. Wilfred D. Gray, Clerk of City Council Committees, has decided to become a candidate for the Legislature and will work for the Republican nomination. This decision was reached after consultation with friends and prominent party men.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

A. M. S. Lewis—Music.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
A. H. Simonds—For Sale.
Copeland & Bowser—Goods.

— Nellie and Mabel Moore have got home from a fine visit to Maine.

— A party of young Woburn gentlemen are to camp on Ipswich River.

— Read what Mr. G. W. Copp has to say about tomatoes in another column.

— Mr. Frederick T. Dow of Birmingham, Alabama, is visiting his people and friends in this city.

— Miss Helen Wetmore will be the soloist at the Unitarian church through the month of September.

— Mr. John T. Trull and his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Bates, left Jackson, N. H., a few days ago for Woburn.

— Services at the Unitarian church will be resumed next Sunday, Sept. 9, with preaching by Pastor Parker.

— Mrs. Clara I. Cottle, her daughter Agnes and her fiancee, Daniel Norris, are at home from New Hampshire.

— Capt. John P. Crane, after more than a month at Poland Springs, Me., is again at his home on Academy Hill.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow made a business trip to Chicago early this week for his Boston Insurance Company.

— Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney will resume music teaching, voice culture, etc., at her residence, 29 Warren avenue, on Sept. 15.

— James Durward, Jr., was selected for one of the crack rifle shots at one of the big prize rifle contests at Seagirt last week. Good for our Jim!

— Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell of Arlington Road have recently had for a visitor their daughter, Mrs. J. Winn Brown of New York city.

— Salesman Begley of McCormick's shoe store is at Veazie, on the Penobscot, Maine, where his wife has been visiting her old home for some weeks.

— Last Tuesday night was a cold one for early September. Frost was reported in some of the lowlands, but no damage of any account was heard of.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Rev. Dr. H. B Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, is at home again from an agreeable summer vacation. He preached last Sunday at his church.

— On Labor Day Carpenters Unions of Middlesex Co. were entertained by the local Union in Mechanics Hall. Wilfred D. Gray and Charles A. Dean were the chief speakers.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to give a promenade concert and ball this evening in Lyceum Hall. Arrangements have been completed to make it a brilliant society event.

— The alarm from box 31 Sunday afternoon was for a fire in a stack of hay at the residence of Hugh Martin, Supt. of Streets, corner of North Warren and Ellis streets.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street has been a material help to the W. C. T. U. Flower Mission this season by his generous contributions every Friday of great, handsome bouquets.

— One week from today, Sept. 14, the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith will be duly celebrated. C. Willard Smith and S. Lillian Thompson, daughter of Hon E. E. Thompson, were married on Sept. 14, 1881, by Rev. Leander Thompson and Rev. Daniel March, D. D.

— A. E. Gage, Esq., Clerk of the District Court, and family are at home from a delightful vacation outing.

— Last Saturday evening four applicants for the purchase of as many houses visited Prior's Real Estate Agency. Good sign!

— Mrs. John Peterson, printer, went to her former home at Gardiner, Me., a few days ago accompanied by her nieces, for a fortnight's visit.

— Mrs. Lewis and son Percyval, having returned from summer travel and recreation, are now ready for musical business. See card and notice in this paper.

— On Sunday morning, Trinity church goes back to its regular services, morning prayer and sermon at 10 30 Sunday School in the Parish House at 12 M., and Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7.00.

— Daniel Kerrigan and Wm. J Hammond took first prize at the hose coupling contest at Wellesley Labor Day. Time 14 1-5 seconds. Thomas and James Hammond took second prize at the same place.

— Mr. William E. Kenney, one of Capt. Wyer's most popular postoffice clerks, after a fine vacation outing at Peake's Island in Casco Bay and the Weirs, N. H., is again handling mail matter at the P. O.

— Summer outers are flocking back to their homes here from all quarters of both the Eastern and Western hemispheres. We trust that they all find themselves in a condition to buckle down to hard work and make things go.

— Good progress on building the new schoolhouse is reported by the Commissioner of Buildings, and it is now claimed that it will be ready for occupation early in the coming year. It will be a fine structure and credit to the city.

— The football season has put in an appearance. Are there any good teams in this city? A plenty of excellent material is lying around loose, so we are told, and perhaps favorable reports may be heard from some of it before the season closes.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, and Miss Ryan drove up to Church avenue the other day to make a call on their friends. They spent July and August among the hills of western Vermont and passed their vacation pleasantly.

— The oldest and leading dry goods house in this city, Copeland & Bowser, have an announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL which is worthy of especial consideration. The house is noted for good goods, low prices, and fair dealing all around.

— The reign of the Dog Star ceased last Wednesday. During the 40 days of its sway typical dogdays weather prevailed a larger part of the time to the discomfort of average humanity and strain on morals—the latter especially in case of mosquitoes.

— As will be seen by an ad in this paper that Mrs. Simonds offers the fine George A. Simonds residence property on Arlington Road for sale. She will give a purchaser a firstclass bargain. It is one of the best residences in this city, located in its most desirable section.

— It is suspected that Lawyer W. Fred Davis is prosecuting a still hunt for the Republican Legislative nomination, and it will be wise and prudent for the other candidates to watch him. The poet says: "The taciturn female of the porcine genus obtains the most nutriment."

— Corroborative testimony of the superiority of Ogunquit, Maine, as a seaside resort is furnished by the testimony of Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent of our Schools, who pronounces it all right in every particular. He has got home and is again at his post of duty.

— T. L. Bridges, Acting Director of the Weather Bureau and N. E Climatological Service, in his weekly report, ending Sept. 3, conveys the highly important information that the temperature from Aug. 27 to 31, inclusive, was above normal, with a maximum about 80 degrees.

— The Finance Committee of the City Council did exactly the right thing when they recommended an appropriation of $1000 for the purchase of 2 horses each and equipments for Hose 1 and 6, for they are needed. The Council will doubtless vote the appropriation unhesitatingly.

— Last Saturday evening Mr. John Brauer of Eastern avenue brought to our domicile a splendid bouquet as a present from Mrs. Brauer, who never forgets the Editor when the most beautiful flowers in her garden are in full bloom. It was one of the largest and handsomest bunches that the JOURNAL has received this year.

— The cottage of Capt. J. M. Ellis at Nahant is closed for the season, and his daughter, Mrs. Jones, and children have returned to the home on Salem street. The Captain and daughter have kept open house over by the seaside this summer and entertained lots of neighbors of theirs handsomely.

— The brownest and most sunburned one of the returning prodigals is Principal Owen of the High School. Whether the coloring of the nose he brought home with him from Maine was the work of the sun, or mountain zephyrs, or ponds, or the thing that Maine professes to prohibit, is precisely what we don't know.

— It is no easy matter to find a site for a government postoffice in this city that will meet the requirements of the P. O. Department and can be bought for $12,000, the amount of the appropriation. Good sites are anything but plenty, at the best, and a really desirable one at 75 cents a foot seems to be out of the question.

— It was about 14 years ago that the JOURNAL bravely announced that the gypsy moth could not be exterminated, which announcement it has repeated at brief intervals ever since. And now comes Dr. Howard of the Washington Bureau and, after a thorough examination of the moth situation in Massachusetts, gives it as his opinion that nothing will now stop the spread of the gypsy and browntail to all parts of the country.

— The Woburn Brass Band will give their final concert of the season on the Common tonight.

— Hugh Martin, Superintendent of Streets, had a little haystack blaze at his house last Sunday, which did not amount to much as a conflagration, although it created quite a stir.

— If the Common was better cared for it would look more inviting and be more of a credit to the city. Strewed with paper, leaves, wrecked tobacco boxes, and the like, it does not present a very nice appearance to strangers.

— At a meeting of the City Council last evening orders were presented requesting the Boston & Northern St. R. R. to establish a 5c fare to Pinehurst Park, laying a 30-inch drain pipe in Russell Brook. Order passed first reading for 2 horses for Hose 1 and 6.

— Mr. G. Alonzo Andrews died at Claremont, N. H., Sept. 3. He was born in Woburn, April 3, 1838., the son of George W. and Ann (Leathe) Andrews. He was a cousin of Mr. H. L. Andrews, and had lived nearly all his life in Claremont. A wife survives him.

— Miss Gertrude Heartz of Bennett street is expected to arrive home from an extended and delightful trip and visit to Oregon, Washington, and other Western regions, tomorrow, Sept. 8. Miss Grace has left here, and will resume her Academy teaching at Wolfboro, N. H., next week.

— Our city schools will open up for business next Monday, for which it is sincerely hoped all hands are duly prepared. Supt. Clapp, Principal Owen of the High School, and all the teachers, it is presumed, are on hand and ready for work; now go ahead. The Woburn schools rank high; keep up the present standard.

— Mr. T. Marvin Parker goes down to his ancestral homestead at Lebanon, York county, Maine, this week, to remain there during the balance of the present month. He expects to take right hold and help garner the crops, gather the apples, husk the corn, bank up the house, and get everything nice and snug for winter at the old home, and then return to Woburn.

— Religious services at the First Congregational church next Sunday, Sept. 9, will comprise a sermon at 10.30 a. m., and at 7 p. m., by Rev. C. E. Harrington, D. D., of Waltham, and music by the stated church choir. Rev. Dr. Norton, Pastor, will preach his first sermon after vacation on Sunday, Sept. 16, at which meeting the holy sacrament will be administered.

— The finest floral display and the handsomest sight of the kind in town is the field of dahlias of Edgar W. Ela on Fairview Road near Mishawum Road. Mr. Ela has cultivated dahlias with marked success for several years, but his present exhibition excels in size and beauty all former productions. Many people visit his place daily to see and enjoy the splendid field of brilliant flowers.

— There will be an informal Sunday afternoon musicale at Wm. Horatio Clarke's Clarigold Hall, South street, Reading, on Woburn boundary line, at 3.30 P. M. Sept. 9. Mrs. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis will play piano duets, and Mr. Lewis will play on the pipe organ, which has recently been put into good condition for use. Interested musical people are invited. Car leaves Woburn at 2 45.

— Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis, pianoforte instructor, and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist and teacher of music, who recently spent two years in travel and study abroad, teaching and playing in Leipzig, again resume business in Woburn and vicinity. Arrangements may now be made for lessons. For further information, consult Mrs. Lewis in the Unitarian vestry, Saturday 10-12 A. M., 2 4 P. M., or address Winchester, Mass.

— Geo. H. Gilbert, who has been at the Equinox ever since the house opened in June, leaves Thursday for his home in Winchester, Mass. If ever there was an enthusiast over Manchester and her peculiar beauties, it is friend Gilbert, and the regret at having him leave us will be turned to pleasure in taking him by the hand next summer and again welcoming him to Manchester the beautiful.—*Manchester (Vt.) Journal*.

— At the meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening Miss Mary S. Small of the bookkeeping department of the High School resigned, but will continue to teach until Sept. 28. The matter of filling the vacancy in the Plympton school corps of teachers occasioned by the resignation of Miss Annie B. Atwood was postponed to afford more time and opportunity to select a teacher. One of the subcommittee, Mrs. Hayward, favored immediate action, but a majority, Blake and Chalmers voted to postpone consideration.

— The annual convention of the Swedish Young Peoples' Society of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was held in the First Congregational church, this city, last Monday. It was an allday meeting of two sessions, and the number of people present was estimated at 1200. There were the usual religious exercises conducted by clergymen and prominent laymen, resembling those of the Y. P. S. C. E., and a lively and enjoyable, as well as refreshing, season was passed. The congregational singing was fine, inspiring, and the organ music would have been hard to excel. The convention was a highly gratifying success.

— The picnic held by the Danish Brotherhood and other Danish societies of Boston, Woburn and neighborhood on the grounds of Carl Hedblum, 162 Salem street, this city, on Labor Day, was a phenomenal success. Nearly a thousand people attended and spent the afternoon and evening on the handsomely decorated and illuminated Park in games, dancing, etc., which were kept up to well into the evening. The picnic was held under the management of four Danish societies of Boston, and participated in by others. There were speeches, singing, and orchestral music by the Paulsen brothers, and the finest kind of a time was enjoyed.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it *cures the cold*. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street New York

### Mystery Solved.

The mystery surrounding the possession by her of the revolver which Mrs. Carrie A. Lord, wife of Mr. Herbert E Lord, turned on herself with a fatal result Sunday, Aug. 26, at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Dinsmore, in Burlington, was, later, cleared up by the family of the deceased, and this statement is made to satisfy the many friends of the estimable, but unfortunate, lady that the best of care had been taken of her, and every precaution and means employed to prevent such a lamentable occurence.

The facts were that early in the preceding week Mrs. Lord prevailed on an attendant, not a nurse, at the McLane sanitarium to take a letter for her to the express office at Waverley directed to parties at Worcester. A few days after she induced the attendant to again visit the office and get a package she pretended to be expecting from her husband, which was obtained and delivered to her. The package contained the revolver, cartridges, etc., which were fatally used by her on Sunday, and which had been so carefully concealed about her person that no one at the hospital or home, to which she returned on Sunday, suspected her of possessing it. Mrs. Lord had obtained the money she sent to Worcester of her husband avowedly for the purpose of paying for some dentistry she contemplated having done.

On being closely questioned by Dr. Tuttle, Superintendent of McLean, the attendant, who had innocently, although contrary to the rules of the institution, aided the unfortunate lady to enact the tragedy, frankly told the story as here given, and then, more fully realizing the grave error she had committed by her well meant services, was prostrated by the consciousness of wrongdoing.

Dr. Tuttle protested that in the 27 years of his service at the hospital a case anything like this had never before occurred there.

This explanation should remove all doubt, if any existed, from the minds of Mrs. Lord's many friends, as to the extreme care and caution used by the family to save her from self-inflicted harm.

The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Girl with the Green Eyes" is a brilliant comedy in Clyde Fitch's best vein, and its production at the Castle Square next week will bring it before the Boston public for the first time in several years. Its plot is perhaps intended as a warning to unreasonably jealous wives, but its vivacious dialogue and ingenious incidents make it the furthest possible remove from a tiresome problem play. It shows keen powers of observation on the part of the author, and it exposes to the full the foibles of modern society, but it is never preachy, and it strikes the spectator persistently as a good-humored portraiture of the men and women of to-day. To portray a jealous woman in the spirit of humor is not an easy task, but this is what Mr. Fitch has accomplished in "The Girl with the Green Eyes." During the past week the performances of "Mistress Nell" have demonstrated Miss Thais Lawton's ability to fill the position of leading lady at the Castle Square, and she will be certain to interpret the title role of Mr. Fitch's play with equal dramatic powers and personal charm. Mr. Hansel will have an equally important role, Mr. Waldron, Mr. Hull, Mr. Kent, Mr. Wade and Miss Lasche will be equally well cast and Miss Lenora Bradley will make her appearance at the Castle Square for the first time this season.

### Albert Bancroft.

With the death of Mr. Albert Bancroft at the residence of his sister, Miss Sarah Bancroft, 410 Main street, this city, last Wednesday morning, after a long illness, at the age of 62 years, another Veteran of the Civil War dropped from the ranks of the survivors of the brave men who fought to preserve the Union in 1861-5.

At the age of 19 the deceased enlisted and was mustered into service in Company K, the 39th Mass. Volunteers, on Aug. 22, 1862, and served until June 2, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. He was highly esteemed by his acquaintances. Four children, several relatives, and many friends mourn his death.

Funeral services are to be held at the Baptist church at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

### Real Estate.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Josiah Leathe et al to Mrs. Margaret Burke the estate No. 138 Arlington Road, consisting of dwelling house and about one acre of land.

Final papers have been passed through the office of C. E. Smith for the transfer of the estate of G. W. Gibson 667 Main street, consisting of 10 room house and stable, 5 acres land. Purchaser is J. E. Graves of Cambridge who buys for a home.

At the same office agreements have been signed for the purchase of estate 18 Holden Place consisting of 6 room house, stable ¼ acre of land. Purchaser Mrs. D. S. Pratt of Melrose Highlands will improve and occupy.

### Literary Notices.

The handsome football cover in colors that adorns the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY marks a further step in the very successful effort of the publishers of this magazine to produce what they claim to be "the best boys' paper in the world." The text and illustrations of this number are of the most interesting character. The continued stories by Tomlinson, Stratemeyer, and Alger are the chief features around which the boys' interest will center this month, and many short items too numerous to mention. The various regular departments of the paper are full of good things. The efforts of the publishers to organize boys into bands for literary and athletic pursuits, their efforts to get the paper into the hands of shut-in boys, and their scheme for rewarding boy heroes and boy prize winners in school as set forth in this paper, will not be overlooked by its many readers. 72 illustrations. Subscription price, $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Most Universal Spot on Earth is the title of an article in the current issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Americans who have been in Rome, and students of the various colleges in that city, will find it of special interest. The writer, the Rev. J. P. Conry, having lived in Rome for years, is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and enhances the attractiveness of his text by many fine illustrations, including portraits, colleges and street scenes. A Day by the Lakes of Killarney, by Helen Hughes; The Legend of Ballyvourney, People in Print, The Sandshore in September, by L. M. Montgomery; and Dramatic Stars of To-morrow, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, are other fully illustrated features that will hold the attention of readers. A Woman of Poise, by Mary Catherine Crowley; The Turpentine Trust, by Frank H. Sweet; A Princess of Carnadune, by Florence M. Wilson; The Apostle Spoons, by Magdalen Rock; A Broken Bramble, by S O'Kelley; and Winona: An Indian Legend, by the Rev. E Basel, are short stories affording much variety and entertainment.

### Sparks.

Truth is stranger than fiction to some people.

What has become of the gay and festive Mugwump?

The only thing that beats a good wife is a bad husband.

Some of the tannery whistles in this place are fast acquiring a reputation for unreliability as accurate time indicators.

If the mouth of a newly married Woburn man is as large as represented, his new wife will have to kiss him on the instalment plan.

When the churchman and the saloon keeper are satisfied to vote the same ticket, some one is being deceived, and you can depend upon it, it is not the saloon keeper either.

"The Collapse of the Corset" is the heading in a St. Louis paper recently. We have heard of no such collapse in Woburn, though many of them are subjected to an occasional tight squeeze.

The business men of Cummingsville want an electric railroad. It would be a paying investment. How many boys would go over every night? What do you say, boys? We haven't time to count them now, but we could easily name fifty.

It is more than likely that Woburn will soon become a manufacturing city of no small dimensions. She has many natural advantages, excellent railroad facilities, is within ten miles of New England's metropolis, and has an abundance of good land for building purposes, that is high, dry and healthy. There are many industries in Boston that would better their condition by getting out of town.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "A Man Under Enchantment."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—13th Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In Somerville, Sept. 2, by Rev. William Couden, George Lawrence Haff and Mrs. Lizzie Ella Perkins, both of Woburn.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 29, Matilda T. Madden, aged 31 years.

In this city, Aug. 30, Katie Harrington, aged 42 years.

In this city, Aug. 31, Alice Duffy, aged 60 years.

In this city, Sept. 3, James Foster, aged 47 years.

In this city, Sept. 5, Albert Bancroft, aged 62 years, 4 months, 23 days.

In Claremont, N. H., Sept. 3, G. Alonzo Andrews, a native of Woburn, aged 68 years, 5 months.

Died Sept. 5, Evelin A. Hill, aged 25 years, 2 months, 28 days. Funeral from her home 97 Montvale avenue, this, Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder.

2 Packages make nearly a Gallon. Costs 25 Cents

Stir the contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking or heating, no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add. Everything but the ice in package.

RECIPE BOOK FREE.

5 Flavors. 2 packages, enough for a gallon, 25 cts. at all grocers, or by mail if he hasn't it. Approved by Pure Food Commissioners

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED FEMALE.

Agents—Something absolutely new, a genuine legally guaranteed silk petticoat; to be sold direct to consumer from manufacturer; splendid opportunity, liberal commission, exclusive home territory. Reference required. Address, P.O. Box 45, Sta. O, N.Y. City, N. Y.

ONLY THE VERY BEST

of everything is good enough for the making of Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. Bear this in mind the next time you buy bread and insist on getting Hathaway's. It's the best and costs just the same as the poorest. 10c. the loaf.

Try Winner Bread for 5c.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WOBURN

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10 12 A. M., 2 4 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3.00 Shoes BEST IN THE WORLD

W.L.Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country. Send for Catalog

SHOES ESTABLISHED 1876 CAPITAL $2,500,000

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.

Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.00. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.

Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

*Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.*

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WOBURN —TO— LOWELL

30c. TROLLEY ROUND TRIP 30c.

Beautiful ride through country and towns free of

QUEEN CITY OF THE MERRIMAC

with its fine parks, residences, scenic drives, and the

Great Pawtucket Falls.

TICKETS For Sale at B. & N. St. Ry. Co. Office 318 Main St., Woburn.

Attend To It Now.

September should see your Cemetery Lot at its best. Let us erect a Memorial before the snow comes. Best materials, best workmanship and prompt service.

JOHN H. HERN,

Salem St., - Woburn.

Woodbrook Cemetery.

Coffee Bargains

—AT THE—

Boston Branch Grocery

Our Best Mocha and Java

a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries

30c. lb.

Boston Blend Coffee

a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind

25c. lb.

Santos Coffee

cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price

15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Duffy, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses Russell Varney, late of Rollinsford, in the State of New Hampshire deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Willis L. Varney, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL

AUCTIONEER

65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.

TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,

General Insurance & Real Estate,

Office: 428 MAIN STREET-

Street Floor.

DYSENTERY
DIARRHŒA
CURED BY
WHITCHER'S
Blackberry
Cordial
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price
Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

## Have You Met THELMA?

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

## REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
Notary Public
—AND—
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John F. O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Harold P. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## Mortgages.

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

## City Collector's Sale

—OF—

### Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1906**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 48,728 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 9 inclusive, Section D on Plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 83, Plan No. 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lake View Avenue and Lot 10, shown on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; westerly and southerly by land now or late of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, $4 90

WARD 6.

Non-Residents.

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimack street, being lots 1, 2 and 3 on Plan of Land of France B. Hiller in the northerly part of Woburn Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 49

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 187,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Merrimack street, being lots numbered 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, on Plan of land of France B. Hiller, in the northerly part of Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

## CITY OF WOBURN.

## City Collector's Sale

—OF—

### Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed June 6, 1904, and approved by the Mayor June 16, 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments, with interest and all legal costs and charges, or the whole of said land, if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on Saturday, September 22, 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said assessments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon, respectively for the assessments, for the non payment of which, each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 9,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 4 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Phinney; southeasterly by land of Richardson; southwesterly by Bennett street; northwesterly by land of Champney and Thayer.
Amount of Assessment, $46 67

WARD 4.

DELIA M. MURRAY ET ALS.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52, 54 and 56 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray et al; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Amount of Assessment, 57 73

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

MACULLAR
PARKER
COMPANY

CLOTHES
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Ready for Immediate Use

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

SUITS and
OUTSIDE GARMENTS

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 Washington St.,
BOSTON

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

# BOSTON LETTER.

## Massachusetts Democrats Not All Shouting For Bryan.

## QUINCY AND MORAN AT ODDS.

### Conservatives Still Fighting District Attorney.

The reception to William Jennings Bryan in New York, upon his return from abroad, has touched the Massachusetts Democracy with mixed emotions. When it was announced from abroad that he had become conservative during his long period of political retirement, a great shout went up from all the different elements of the Democracy. All the conservatives were willing to welcome him back to the country, and hand out to him the Democratic nomination two years hence on the supposition that his radicalism had been tempered by several hard winters, and they were especially glad to welcome him as a lesser evil as a presidential candidate than William Randolph Hearst.

But some of the Massachusetts Democrats returned from New York in a very confused state of mind. They are wondering what has become of Mr. Bryan's conservatism and in what respect he is less radical than in 1896, except upon the single subject of free silver, and even upon that some of them have private opinions differing somewhat from the published statements.

For instance, quite a number of the members of the conservative Democracy are not hilariously enthusiastic over the nationalization of railroad trunk lines, even though Mr. Bryan stands committed to that proposition. They feel as strongly in regard to that matter as they did in 1896 on the subject of free silver. But if Mr. Bryan is radical, they do not feel that he is quite as radical as William R. Hearst, and for that reason they are not saying anything at present for publication, but it is plainly evident that the program of Mr. Bryan is much more radical than they had expected to find it.

Aside from that, there are many Democrats who feel that if George Fred Williams is to be the Massachusetts mentor of Mr. Bryan, there will not be much opportunity for anybody else to figure very largely in the counsels of war later on.

### Still Opposing John B. Moran.

The political situation in this state is still very much in the fog on the Democratic side. Chairman Josiah Quincy of the Democratic state committee does not yet admit that Moran is as good as nominated. He does not even admit that he will be nominated at any time in the future. He is thoroughly convinced from a careful investigation extending over the whole commonwealth that there is ten times more hot air than votes in the Moran movement up to date. He is just as determined as ever to fight for the nomination of a discreet and conservative candidate as he was two months ago.

On the other hand, Mr. Moran feels absolutely certain that he will be able to swoop down upon the Democratic convention and elope with the nomination. He is a very different man today from what he was a few days before the withdrawal of Mr. Whitney. At that time he was pretty well convinced that he was beaten. He was a comparatively meek citizen, sobered by the thought that he would probably have to run upon the Prohibition ticket against a regular Democrat and a Republican candidate for governor. No sooner was Whitney out of it than his attitude changed. From a man under the shadow of prospective defeat with a despairing look in his eyes, he became once more the old jaunty, defiant, and egotistic Moran.

It is this Moran whom Quincy proposes to defeat for the nomination if possible. It may be said that the conservative Democrats believe that they can defeat the district attorney without any great amount of difficulty, if the task is undertaken at once. There are still three weeks to the caucuses, and in those weeks an enormous amount of organization and rallying can be done.

It is realized that any Democrat who stands up as an opponent of Moran will offer himself as a target to the vilification and the abuse of the entire Moran following. Whitney was perfectly willing to be assailed by Moran so long as he thought he had the backing of the party leaders, and it was only when he discovered, after he had practically demolished the Moran movement, that some of the leaders were rather jealous of his prominence and anxious to shine themselves, that he threw up the sponge in disgust. The one prominent leader in the Democratic column who has stood like a rock against the turbulence of the Moran movement is Josiah Quincy. He has neither been alarmed at it, dismayed at its apparent growth, or afraid to say what he thinks of it. If he were himself to be a candidate he would certainly have a strong following all over the commonwealth. In this contest he has certainly shown a tremendous amount of sand and it is evident that Moran is more afraid of him and his machinations than of anybody else in the commonwealth.

He certainly has a right to be, for Mr. Quincy is an astute politician with a wide experience, fertility in expedients, and boundless energy.

### Fight Grows Bitter

As the fight develops there is more and more evidence that its bitterness is growing. Mr. Quincy has declared that the fight will go on until after the caucuses, after the convention, and possibly even beyond that. If this is not an intimation that the conservative Democracy will fight to a finish against the hot-headed district attorney, it is difficult to interpret exactly what the meaning is, conceded in these words.

When Mr. Moran ran for the office of district attorney of Suffolk county he was an unknown quantity, an untried official. Today, according to leading Democrats, he has been tried and found wanting. He has instituted plenty of actions, but thus far none of them have borne fruit except some minor matters, and all of them have had a political complexion. There is undoubtedly some ground to the assertion that his chief stock in trade is promises rather than performance. Certainly he is not the type of man who has usually been elected governor of Massachusetts. He is hardly in the same class with Wolcott, Russell, Robinson, Long, Boutwell and Andrew.

The famous Essex club opened its campaign in this state last week in its annual summer outing to Nahant. The principal speaker was United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who made the occasion noteworthy by an address which held the attention of all. The senator is in good health, and his remarks were full of humor and convincing logic. He made an especial plea for the election of Republican members of congress, pointing out the tremendous amount of work they had accomplished in the interest of the commonwealth during the last year. He showed that since July 1, 1893, there has been expended for improvements upon the rivers and harbors of Massachusetts the sum of $7,823,105.00. He showed that there had been appropriated by the last session of congress for the state of Massachusetts $2,171,570.00 for public buildings, aids to navigation, harbor improvements, fortifications and arsenals.

It has long been the Democratic cry that Massachusetts should have members of congress of a different political faith from those who at present represent her, in order that she might receive greater consideration at the hands of the national government. But it should be noted that when the delegation was nearly equally divided, the state fared no better; in fact, it fared not nearly as well as when the delegation was nearly all Republican.

The present Republican delegation in congress has done splendid service, as Mr. Lodge pointed out, and deserve well of their constituents who desire the best service possible.

How Does This Strike You?

Don't say anything to your family, but just give them CREAMALT BREAD (the oval loaf) instead of your own bread. They will tell you how rich and nice it is, and you'll get out of baking during the hot days. You don't realize how much easier this is for you until you try it.

Fresh each day at your grocers's. 10c. a loaf.

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
BOSTON.

Underwear
—AND—
Hosiery
in all weights suitable to the season.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

### The Irish Bull In Journalism.

Of a well known reporter of a past generation many curiosities of style are still repeated with zest by Dublin journalists. It was this man who explained, describing a case of drowning off Dalkey, "The body was washed ashore by a receding wave." Of a fugitive from justice he wrote: "The burglar was surrounded on all sides by the police. Escape was impossible. Suddenly he made his way down a cul-de-sac and disappeared through a side street." The most popular story of this impressionist writer, however, relates to Mr. Gladstone. On the Grand Old Man's one and only visit to Dublin he was interviewed by the eccentric press man. Mr. Gladstone, at the conclusion of a somewhat amusing array of questions, very courteously expressed his pleasure at meeting the interviewer. The latter, in a high state of delight, said with enthusiasm, "The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Gladstone, but is all on my side."—London Tribune.

### The Oldest Sense of Humor.

The oldest idea of humor is surprise. This the child exhibits (for that which is oldest we shall find in the youngest) when it hides and cries "Boo!" both surprising and frightening its senior, be this senior father, mother, brother, sister or friend. One may find this primal sense of humor distributed through the modern short story. Frequently the turn in the plot, if not in its development, hinges upon this child humor of surprise. Even some grownup folk will pull a chair from under one, thus showing themselves still children in their sense of fun. The verbal conceit found in much of the verse in the pages of modern comic papers is of this same class of humor and furnishes conclusive evidence that a number of men and women are at child's play in literature. Poems which end contrary to their foreshadowings are of this sort.—New York Herald.

### A Curious Custom.

In certain parts of India in families where there are several daughters the youngest sisters may only marry after the elder sister is married. Of course it frequently happens that no suitor appears for the elder, in which case she is got out of the way by a very neat expedient. She is wedded to a tree or a large flower, and then the younger sister may marry. The elder sister must be careful, however, to choose a plum, apple or apricot tree, from which she can get a divorce, for if she married an elm, pine or poplar these are sacred trees and must not be trifled with.

## WINCHESTER.

Football will soon be at the fore.

There is to be no trolley line at the Fells. That is too bad.

Many of our summer vacationists are returning to their homes.

Religious services will be resumed at the Unitarian church on Sept. 9.

North reservoir is lined with dead fish, supposed to be killed by black bass.

The Overseers of the Poor of this town want Arlington to take some of our paupers to board.

Real estate trade is lively here. The prospect for a large amount of residence building is bright.

Trolley trips continue to be popular with our people. Many a pleasant ride is taken by broomhandle train.

I am looking for the organization of football teams for this fall's work. Where are the High School lads?

Charles A. Lane left here this week for a fortnight's fishing and shooting in the new Algonquin National Park of Canada.

The Boat club are arranging for a reception to W. J. Ladd who won the big prize at the meeting of A. C. A. in Canada lately.

Rev. Mr. Newton preached his first post-vacation sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday to a large and deeply interested audience.

Our friend Whitfield Tuck feels grand over Bryan's N. Y. reception. He was an original Bryan man in Winchester, and was scoffed at for it.

A whole lot of young men went to Boston last Saturday to see the great ball game played by the Boston and Philadelphia teams, and were more than delighted with it.

Lucky for Mrs. Mary Langford, who was viciously attacked by a couple of wicked bulldogs last Sunday night, that she escaped with only a few slight scratches from the animals.

Last Friday Anthony F. Powers, a mason, fell 50 feet from the roof of a house on Nelson street and received serious injuries. A staging on which he was at work collapsed and he was carried down with it.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### To Insure Privacy of Mail.

All private and confidential correspondence, according to a postoffice inspector, should either be sealed with wax or else addressed and stamped on the back instead of the front. Sealing with wax is an excellent insurance of privacy, but it is a difficult and awkward operation, and wax and a match, candle and seal are not always at hand. The other method is much the better. After fastening down the flap of the envelope firmly, affix the stamp across the flap's junction and write the address across it as well. Then it is absolutely impossible to steam open the letter and close it again in such a way as to escape detection.

### Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health Tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### The Siren of La Prensa.

La Prensa is the greatest and most influential paper in South America. Its offices are in Buenos Ayres, Argentina, situated in a magnificent building in the Avenida. This building is said to be one of the most imposing in the world. It has a tower crowned by a great golden statue of a young woman representing the Spirit of the Press. The proudest possession of La Prensa is a 5,000 horsepower steam operated siren. Whenever there is an appalling disaster—the death of a crowned head or other event of worldwide interest—whoop goes La Prensa's siren and is heard for a while throughout the city. The local government exacts a fine for this performance, $100 per minute, with a minimum of $200, and if the fine is not paid on the nail the charge is double, so when one man is sent to operate the screecher another is sent running with a two hundred dollar bill to the courts. The next operation is to drape the above referred to young woman's torch with red velvet in case of a catastrophe; with crape in the event of a death. All this causes the most extraordinary sensation.

### A Real Celebrity.

The local pride of the natives of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is so intense that it takes the attitude of pity for all who have the misfortune to dwell elsewhere. This, says a writer in the Lewiston Journal, is known to regular summer visitors, and by most of them is respected. One rainy day a newcomer, who had joined the gathering in the store, composed of fishermen and summer visitors, ventured to enumerate some of the distinguished men who had come from Maine.

"There's Longfellow," he said, "and Hannibal Hamlin, and James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed and"—

Here an old fisherman looked up from his work of splicing grass blades, and broke in. "Smart? Those fellows smart?" he questioned. "You just come down an' see Josh Pillsbury skin fish!"

### Shooting From an Elephant.

The elephant's howdah is that bed of Procrustes, in which one can neither sit nor stand with any approach to reasonable ease, and in which a recumbent attitude is impossible, says Blackwood's Magazine. Its advantages are, first, that standing in it a man can shoot on every side of him; second, that it is convenient for the carriage of the occupant's paraphernalia—his guns on racks on either side, his ammunition in a trough in front, his other requisites in leather pockets here and there on the sides of the machine and his bed blanket on the seat—and, third, that in a hinder compartment an attendant can stand to hold that monstrous umbrella over his head, or when quick loading is required take from his hand the gun just fired and recharge it. These are the advantages. Otherwise the howdah is an abomination.

### Most Famous Saying.

"What is the most famous saying ever made by man?" an editor asked.

Some thought that Caesar, some thought that Socrates, some that Lincoln, some that Nelson, had said the most memorable thing; but finally the palm was awarded to Euclid, the mathematician.

Euclid went to Alexandria to teach Ptolemy Soter, the king of Egypt, mathematics. Ptolemy plodded at his problems a week or two, and then asked Euclid impatiently if there was not some special, shorter way by which he could be taught.

"Sire," Euclid answered, "there is no royal road to learning."

### "To Cure a Felon"

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### The Creole.

A pure creole is a person born in Louisiana of French or Spanish parents. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a creole has negro blood in his veins. A creole negro is one whose forefathers were owned by the early French and Spanish settlers and who spoke a corruption of those languages known as "gumbo." Their descendants are the creole negroes and should never be conflicted with creoles in the true sense of the term.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Why, Indeed?

At an examination of Sunday school children the following was one of the questions put upon the blackboard: "Why did your godfathers and godmothers promise these things for you?" The answer of a bright girl, written neatly on the slate, was, "Why, indeed?" She got marks.—Christian Life.

### Well Worth Trying.

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# At the Poorhouse Door

By NANCY HAZLIP

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"I don't see why you would name a girl child Jessica—you might 'a' known she'd grow up so prim and high headed and hateful no man in his senses 'd ever want to marry her, and, land knows, women that don't marry have a hard time," Grandma Cole said to her son's meek widow.

Mrs. Cole answered a little tremulously. "But, mother, they do want to marry her. Jessy might 'a' had four proposals last year, if only she'd 'a' gone and let the men speak out."

"And who were the men, I'd like to know?" Grandma puffed, her throat swelling visibly. "Widderwers with nine children, or else one foot in the grave, or cranky old bachelors, or maybe even preachers. Besides, how can you know even a preacher wants to marry you unless he ups and says so? I never did hold with this way of makin' out every man that went to a house or even rode past it had a notion of goin' there courtin'."

She paused in breathless triumph. If Mrs. Lem Cole had been wise she would have held her peace. Grandma bore controverting very ill indeed, and to prove her in the wrong was to risk everything. Mrs. Lem knew that very well, but a goaded woman is often a desperate one. Therefore she burst out: "Well! Three of the men—and they weren't widowers nor preachers, but real good chances—asked me to ask Jessy if she'd listen to 'em. And the other one"—

"There wasn't any other one. Maria, I don't believe one word you're sayin'," Grandma broke out furiously. "Four proposals indeed! Why, Ann 'Liza didn't have but three in the whole of last year and the beaus around her all the time like bees around a honey pot."

"The other one was Jimmy Wakefield. And he wouldn't be stopped. Just up and asked Jessy like a man," Mrs. Lem said, not meekly, but with such red spots in her cheeks she looked almost as young as her daughter.

"Get out of here, you!" Grandma panted. "Jimmy Wakefield, indeed! Why he's never had a notion to anybody but Ann 'Liza. And she's goin' to take him, too, when she gets good and ready. Don't you dare talk of him wantin' that stick of a Jessy. If I thought there was any truth in what you've said I'd send you straight out of the house."

"Then we'll go without waiting to be sent," Jessy burst out from the doorway. She had been standing just outside, feeling somehow that her dear patient mother might need her help and countenance. "I don't like to tell, to say such things," she went on, "but mammy told the truth, nothing but the truth. And she shan't stay here to be insulted. Unless you ask her pardon we'll go away."

"Where? To the county poorhouse? I don't know any other chance for ye," Grandma said, white faced, her eyes flashing.

She was an imperious old lady, nobly partial to her namesake and favorite grandchild, Ann Eliza Wicks, partly because Ann Eliza was pretty and taking and impertinent, partly also because she had money enough of her own to be entirely independent.

Grandfather Cole had left everything to his wife. She held on to it with a grip of iron. All her five children had prospered except luckless Lemuel. He had left wife and daughter little except his ill luck. It had followed them so throughout the three years since his death they had at last been forced to accept the shelter Grandma had grudgingly offered.

"Teach school! You know I won't have that," grandma had said to Jessy's plan. "No, missy, I'll marry you off in a year. Then you can take your mother home with you. Remember beggars mustn't be choosers. You ain't quite a beggar. You'll get something when I die, of course. But I ain't going to see my husband's money wasted as long as I can help it, even if I had any to spare, which I haven't. It costs such a lot to do things. Why, just even half livin' nearly bankrupts me. Ann 'Liza has to have things. She's got a delicate appetite, and so notionate. She can afford to be, because she can keep on havin' what she wants when she comes to spendin' her own money. You've got no money to spend, so you'd better learn economy every way."

Jessy had been for going away then, but her mother's timorous fears had prevailed on her to stay. Jessy was not strictly pretty. Her eyes were too serious, her lips too severe. She had a good chin, fine and clean cut, and a lovely neck below it. Her hair was flaxen, her eyes a water blue.

Ann Eliza had black eyes and hair and very high color. Grandma thought her the prettiest creature in the world. She likewise thought Jessica hardly passable. But now as she faced her grandchild she saw a Jessica new and strange, one whose cheeks were damask roses.

The change startled her. She turned half about, saying in a grumbling voice: "Maria, you oughtn't to provoke me so. Go out in the garden. I'm comin' pretty shortly. And you, Jessy, tell the boy to bring round the buggy. I want you and Ann 'Liza to drive over to the store for me."

"I'm sorry, but I can't go," Jessy said, holding tight to her mother's hand. "I shall be busy—packing up and finding out how we can best get away."

"Oh, shut up! Stop your foolish talk!" grandma commanded fretfully.

Ann Eliza came in from the garden, both her hands full of dewy roses. "Here! Take these and fix the parlor vases," she commanded Jessica.

Jessica shook her head and turned toward the door. Grandma had weakened sensibly; she was on the point of mumbling out an apology. But as Ann Eliza cried pettishly, "I wish you'd look at that; I told you what would come of setting beggars on horseback!" her anger flamed up hotter than ever.

"You do as you're told," she cried, catching Jessica by the shoulders and trying to shake her. "You say you want to work for a livin'; prove it by waitin' on your betters."

Jessica set her teeth hard, broke from the quavery hold and rushed away. At the steps she stopped, smiled bitterly and shook the dust from her feet. Over her shoulder she called clearly, "Mother, meet me at the big gate in an hour; by then I shall know exactly what we can do."

Ten minutes later she stood in the Wakefield yard facing Jimmy, with her heart beating so it half suffocated her. She had so dreaded to tell what must be told—to ask the help that was imperative. It was not much, only to carry her mother and their scant belongings to the poorhouse. Any shelter would be better than the Cole roof. There was nobody else she could ask. Jimmy was the only friend within walking distance—moreover, the single person to whom she could bring herself to make such appeal. She was, in a way, bound to make it. She had promised, when she denied him that dearer promise, to call on him if she found herself in need of him. Now she was blessing him silently that he had not asked anything; had listened only to what she cared to tell and said afterward, with a little soothing touch on her hand: "You did right to come to me, Jessy. Of course I'll take you anywhere you may want to go."

"You, you must only send us. Black Billy can take us in the wagon. Grandma will be so angry if she knows you helped us escape," Jessica had answered, but at that Jimmy only smiled.

Very shortly he made her sit down on the bench under the big elm and went away whistling, to reappear, all in a whiffet, driving a spanking pair, which drew a double seated vehicle spick and span.

"I think we'd better make the trip a quick one," was all he said in answer to Jessy's expostulation.

Almost before she knew it she was sitting beside him, bowling along the turnpike at the team's best pace. As quickly her mother was gathered up, and, the hand luggage properly bestowed, Jimmy amazed Jessy by bidding her sit behind, adding, "I want to talk to mammy—and these horses don't let me turn my head for any considerable time."

Jessy began to feel desperately lonely—she could not even divert herself by watching the dazzle of the flying spokes as the wheels spun round. Jimmy was driving very fast, and keeping to the turnpike. It must be he meant to take them through town—that, no doubt, accounted for his choice of a rig. She knew he hated a shabby outfit—especially upon Saturdays and court days. It might be he had business that could not wait—but somehow she felt that he was unkind to think of anything but her extremity. Then she sank into a sort of daze, wondering dully how it would seem to find herself a pauper, duly committed. She had not thought of that before—of course there were legal forms before they could claim the last refuge of the destitute, and would not the authorities get back at grandma? She had a dim idea that well to do folk had to answer for their near kin.

No doubt that was what Jimmy was speaking about—he was talking low and eagerly to mamma. Yes, he was turning the horses toward the courthouse square. In a wink they drew up there, and Jimmy, springing down, held out his arms to her. "You know there are—arrangements—will youtrust me to make them?" he asked very low.

Jessica could only bow her head; speech was beyond her. Jimmy looked at her, his eyes tender, yet mischievous. "I want to commit you for life to a poorhouse of which I am keeper," he whispered. "Mamma is willing. What do you say?"

"Nothing," Jessica said, but as she said it she laid her hand in Jimmy's strong clasp, and dropped her long lashed lids to veil a rush of happy tears.

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### A Clock Run by Man Power.

He was a fine old man who had been to South America, but who was devoting his old age to acting as the works of the clock in the piazza in Capri. It was he who rang those many, many bells we heard and puzzled over. Some forty rapid, high pitched bells at 12:42, seven bells of deeper tone at 3:06, and so on.

Adelaide had asked Archangelo, the old man's son, to explain these seeming irregularities and had learned that the bells were only intended to approximate the hour; that his father was old and occasionally forgot and rang too little or too much; also that he was but a man and that hunger sometimes came gnawing at his vitals at, say, 11:45, whereupon he rang for 12 o'clock and wandered home to his spaghetti. His appetite also accounted for occasional delays in the bell for 1 o'clock. Suppose Archangelo's mother was late in the cooking of the midday meal, could his father return to the piazza without his luncheon? And what does a quarter of an hour matter after all? In Capri it is truly dolce far niente.—Scribner's.

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### Ingersoll on Napoleon.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the great Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold. I saw him take an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, when chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of the former king, and I saw him at St. Helena with his hands crossed behind him gazing out at the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cruel hand of ambition, and I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out in the skies, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that impartial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.—Woman's Home Companion.

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### Blowing the Nose.

Medical experts are calling the attention of the public to the importance of performing the nose blowing operation in a scientific and hygienic manner. First one nostril and then the other should be blown without undue violence. Doctors state that the two nasal passages should never be closed at the same time. If they are obstructed, as in the case of a cold, the back of the throat is filled with compressed air, and this, together with the discharge and the microbes which it contains, may be driven through the eustachial tube into the middle ear and lead to serious results. A great authority on the subject used to forbid his patients to blow their noses when suffering from a cold. The course is hardly one which will commend itself to those in the habit of catching colds. The best advice would seem to be that when it is necessary to blow the nose the blowing should be done gently.—London Mail.

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Only the illiterate and the social elect can afford to treat the language recklessly.—Brainerd.

## NAPOLEON'S ACCOUNT BOOK

### Some Entries Made During His Exile at St. Helena.

There was recently sold in London the last book of accounts of Napoleon at St. Helena, from 1818 to 1821. The expenses are classified by month and were kept by Pierron, the ex-emperor's maitre d'hotel, with entries by Montholon.

There are many corrections in pencil by the august exile himself, for he verified all the accounts and changed English money, where it was used, into francs. Some of the entries are highly interesting. Thus, on Aug. 15, 1819, the fete of the emperor, here is one by Montholon: "Artificial flowers, £5. Extraordinary expenses, £1 5s."

Napoleon's resources at St. Helena were very modest, but his tradesmen, as regarded their prices, never forgot that he was an emperor—though an exiled one. Among other occupations to while away the time that hung so heavily on his hands, Napoleon went in for gardening, and among the entries are found: "Four watering cans, £1 8s.; 2 pairs of pruners, £3; 2 axes, £4 10s."—prices which look as if the exile was simply regarded as a subject for fleecing. "For mending the emperor's bed" £2 is charged.

Toward the end of his life Napoleon's nourishment consisted almost entirely of chickens, pigeons, and eggs, and there are numerous entries for medicines. In March, 1821, for instance, thirty bottles of sirup, one case of prunes, two cases of Burgundy plums; in April, ten bottles of sirup, eight dozen oranges, eight dozen lemons.—London Globe.

## BAD CROP YEARS.

### When Birds and Animals Do Not Mate at the Mating Season.

"When birds and animals do not mate at the mating season, it is a sign that a bad year is coming," said a farmer.

"Quails, gophers, rabbits and squirrels all refuse to mate in certain years. These years afterward turn out to be bad ones. The quails are particularly weather wise. By instinct the little wild creatures know that for lack of rain or for some other reason there is to be a grass famine and a seed famine, and, instead of pairing off and mating and setting up housekeeping in little families of two, they remain unmated in the large bands in which they have flown all winter, living, as it were, a kind of apartment house life. That year inevitably turns out a bad one, though the bachelor and spinster quails, with a good deal of picking and scratching, manage to get enough to eat. But to feed families of little ones in such a famine year would be impossible.

"In California the squirrels in a famine year not only do not mate; they do not even live. They become dormant. As by a miracle, they remain dormant until a season of plenty comes with the next winter's rains."—Exchange.

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### For Her Welfare.

Mrs. Goodheart had made up her mind that most of the so called charity of the present day was not, strictly speaking, charity at all. Whoever gave, she had concluded, did so for the pleasant sensation of seeing his or her name figure on subscription lists, and she did not agree with this ostentation.

"Here, my good man," she said one day last week to a man who had begged alms of her, "here is a threepenny piece, and please to understand that I do not give this because I hope to be rewarded for my charity some day, but because it gives me pleasure to do so."

The burly beggar looked dubiously at the tiny silver coin.

"Look 'ere, mum," he said. "In this 'ere wicked world we don't orften get the chance to enjoy ourselves. Why not make it a shillin' an' 'ave a real good time?"—London Tit-Bits.

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### Important Correction.

Under the terror in France people learned to be excessively cautious in all they said and still more cautious in what they wrote.

An old letter is said to be in existence of the revolutionary period in which the author had at first written to a friend, "I write under the reign of a great emotion."

Then, apparently reflecting that it was dangerous to speak of "reigns" at such an epoch, he amended the sentence thus:

"I write under the republic of a great emotion."

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### Forethought.

"That fellow Mulkley you were engaged to at one time may have some of your old love letters, may he not?" asked the husband. "And aren't you afraid he might be cad enough to"—

"Not a bit," replied the wife decisively. "He knows I've got a trunkful of his love letters to reciprocate if he ever does."—Judge.

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### Helped His Ambition.

"Thank you, judge," said the prisoner sentenced to thirty days on bread and water.

Seeing that the magistrate was puzzled, he explained that he long had desired to try the simple life, but lacked the courage to begin. — Philadelphia Ledger.

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### An Exception.

Mrs. Peagreen—Is 13 always an unlucky number?

Not when you hold all of the trumps in a game of whist.—Kansas City Independent.

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### Diagnosis.

Knicker—My wife says she feels like an old rag. Bocker—Then the only cure is to buy her some new ones.—New York Sun.

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### Paying Him Back.

"Will you please pull the bell?" said an elderly woman in a car to a young college looking fellow hanging to a strap in front of her.

"No, madam, but I shall be glad to pull the cord which rings the bell," he answered.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "The cord is connected with two bells—front and back—and you might stop the wrong end of the car."

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### Her Valuable Tip.

"Here's a letter from a woman," said the answers to correspondents editor, "who wants to know how to make a lemon tart."

"That's just like a woman," rejoined the snake editor. "Tell her if the lemon isn't tart to begin with she'd better consign it to the dump and let it go at that."—Chicago News.

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### At the Wrong Counter.

The lady who went to the book department of a big modern store and inquired for "Crabbe's Tales" was told that fish and provisions were on the ground floor.—Boston Herald.

## THE TABLES OF STONE.

### A Curious Calculation From the Talmud and the Bible.

Did you ever figure on the probable size and immense strength of Moses, basing your calculations on the dimensions of the tables of stone, as given by the Talmudic writers? In the Talmud (folio 38, column 8) it is said that the tables of stone upon which the commandments were written were six ells long, six ells broad and three ells thick. In the Bible, Exodus xxxii, 15, we are told that "Moses went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand."

"Hand," mind you, not hands, though it must be admitted that it would have taken a strong pair of hands to perform the task of carrying them, even on the level. Now, we will put the Talmudic and the Biblical accounts together and apply the mathematical rule. The Hebrew ell or cubit was, at its least estimate, a measure of eighteen inches, which would have made each of the tables a stone block nine feet long, nine feet wide and four and one-half feet thick. If common stone weighed as much to the square foot then as it does now the tables would tip the beam at about twenty-eight tons! Was Moses one of the giants of those days or has some one made a mistake in calculations or in the statement of supposed facts?—Exchange.

## SARDINES.

### The Way They Are Cooked and Prepared For Market.

Sardines are caught in nets, and after being well washed the heads are cut off and the fish are sprinkled lightly with salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on grids in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boiling olive oil. The oil is changed as soon as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process.

As soon as the fish are considered sufficiently cooked, they are withdrawn from the pans of oil and the grids are placed on the tables covered with zinc, the surface of the table inclining toward a groove in the center. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it. Round the table stand the women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes.

The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil and the lids are then soldered down. Thus hermetically sealed they are placed in iron baskets and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for half an hour and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to size of box. The fish are then ready for the market. —Pearson's Weekly.

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### The Wearing of Hats.

More or less of a modern habit is the constant wearing of hats. Even as late as 1759 Horace Walpole mentions as a matter of course that he never wears a hat. "Remember," he says, writing to a friend notoriously careless about his dress, who was expected home from Holland, "everybody that comes from abroad is supposed to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with the master of a Dutch smack in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see, I speak very disinterestedly, for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of a hat I don't wear."

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### Dangerous.

A contributor to the "Transactions of the Devonshire association" says that when he came to a certain place as vicar he asked whether there were any sick to be visited.

"Oh, no, sir!" was the answer. "Nobody is ever ill in Berrynarbor. There is an old man, to be sure, over ninety, who has taken lately to his bed, but there hain't much the matter with him that I know of."

"I thought to myself," added the vicar, "of the story of the Scotchman who said to his doctor:

"'Ye pu' a vara long face, doctor. D'ye think I'm dangerously ill?'

"'Na, na,' was the reply. 'I don't think ye're dangerously ill, but I think ye're dangerously old.'"

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### The Missing Key.

One telegraph operator was telling another of a quarrel he had had with another at the other end of a wire.

"I gave him fits over the wire for about two minutes."

"What did he say?"

"Did not give him a chance to say anything. I just opened the key and he could not come back at me."

"Goodness," put in a bystander, "wouldn't it be fine if we could work a scheme like that in matrimony? Just open the key and that would be the end of it."—New York Tribune.

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### Trees.

Authorities on forestry say that seventy-five years are required for the oak to reach maturity; for the ash, larch and elm, about the same length of time; for the spruce and fir, about eighty years. After this time their growth remains stationary for some years, and then decay begins. There are, however, some exceptions to this, for oaks are still living which are known to be 1,000 years old.

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### Possibilities.

"But," protested the first dear girl, "I haven't got the face to ask a favor of him."

"Well," rejoined dear girl No. 2, "you might visit a complexion specialist and have your face remodeled."—Chicago News.

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To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

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### Where the Money Came From.

Batchellor—That's a good cigar you're smoking. Popley—Yes, that's a fine ten-center you gave me. Batchellor—I gave you? I guess not. Popley—Oh, yes, I'm sure it was your money paid for it. The only money I found in our baby's bank this morning was the dime you put in yesterday.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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### The One Rule.

At a club where card playing was prohibited four members smuggled in a pack and, calling the waiter aside, asked him if he had ever known the rule broken. His reply was, "All the years I have been here I have known every rule broken except one—that of giving of tips." The game proceeded.

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### Thoughtful.

"Are you sure the sick man wanted me?" asked the physician, reaching for his hat.

"He didn't mention your name, but he's screamin' for some one that'll put him out of his misery, and I thought of you right away."—Houston Post.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 9.

**Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxi, 1-17. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, Matt. xxi, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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Following the story of Zacchaeus, our Lord spake the parable of the pounds, showing that the kingdom which had been at hand was postponed till His return from the far country and that our business is to "occupy till He come." Then we find Him at Bethany in the house of Simon, the leper, where they made Him a supper, at which Martha served. Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead, sat at the table with Him, and Mary anointed His head and feet with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair. It would seem that from Jericho He went to Jerusalem, stopping over at Bethany. But before He entered the city He sent two of His disciples to bring Him an ass' colt, that He might with it fulfill Scripture, for it was ever before Him that "the Scripture cannot be broken;" "the Scripture must be fulfilled" (John x, 35; xix, 24, 28, 36; Luke xxiv, 44). He shrank from nothing but leaving His work unfinished, which seemed a possibility at Gethsemane, but even concerning that He said to His Father, "Thy will, not mine, be done." When the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem (Luke ix, 51). Whatever is necessary to fulfill Scripture, to accomplish the purpose of God, though it be but an ass' colt, shall be found at the right place at the right time. The disciples whom He sent found as He had said (it always has been and will be just as He says), and, doing as He commanded, they brought Him the colt.

We have seen in recent lessons many sinners saved, and this is so suggestive that we feel led briefly to call attention to it. In Job xi, 12, an unsaved man is compared to an ass' colt, and the law said that the firstling of an ass must be redeemed with a lamb or else have its neck broken. Every sinner is found where two ways meet (Mark xi, 4) and is bound by Satan and must be loosed and brought to Jesus, who will subdue him and use him to exalt Himself to fulfill Scripture. The sinner must come to Jesus.

The welcome accorded to Jesus at this time, the garments and palm branches put under Him and strewn in the way, the hosannas and all else, but all so transient, point to a greater, more real and abiding welcome which shall be given Him at His return in glory. He referred to it in Matt. xxiii, 39, and the prophets tell us that then they shall say: "Lo, this is our God. We have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Isa. xxv, 9).

As He came near the city He wept over it because of the sufferings He saw they would have to pass through on account of their rejection of Him, not knowing the time of their visitation (Luke xix, 41-44). When He was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? (Verse 10.) See a similar question in Jer. xxx, 21, referring to Him as Israel's true surety, and in Isa. lxiii, 1, referring to His coming in judgment; see also Luke v, 21; vii, 49; ix, 9.

The extremely literal fulfillment of Zech. ix, 9, as set forth in our lesson, and also of the piercing and smiting (compare Zech. xii, 10; xiii, 7, with John xix, 37; Matt. xxvi, 31) and all other predictions concerning His humiliation, compel us to expect just as literal a fulfillment of all prophecy concerning His coming again, such as Zech. xiv, 3, 4, 5, 9, 16-21; Jer. iii, 17, 18; Mal. iv, 5, 6; Mic. iv, 1-5; Acts i, 11; I Thess. iv, 16-18, etc.

Having entered the city, He went into the temple of God, and the second time in His ministry He purified it, driving out the money changers and those who made it a place of merchandise, accusing them of making the house of prayer a den of thieves. There is today no tabernacle or temple, no particular building, where He specially reveals Himself, but the whole church now being builded, gathered out of all nations, is called a temple, and each individual believer is a temple also (Eph. ii, 21, 22; II Cor. vi, 16; I Cor. vi, 19), and whether individually or as little companies of believers called churches, or as a whole church, we are here for prayer and the worship of God. We should be in constant communion with God, cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit and in all things glorifying God (Luke xviii, 1; Eph. vi, 18; I Thess. v, 17; II Cor. vii, 1; I Pet. iv, 11).

While the self righteous priests and scribes watch and criticise and find fault even with the children's hosannas, the blind and the lame come to Him and are healed. So again, as always, the empty are filled, and those who think themselves full and needing nothing go away empty. Compare Rev. iii, 17, 18.

How His questions ought to search us—"Have ye never read?" "Did ye never read in the Scriptures?" (verses 16, 42), and how His quotations here from Ps. viii and cxviii and His references to all Scripture in Luke xxiv, 27, 44, should set us diligently reading and searching the book which was all to Him and all about Him and His kingdom.

He will not thrust Himself on those who refuse Him, and so He left them and went out to Bethany and lodged there, for there were those who loved Him and sat at His feet and received His word without questionings or criticism. Such make Him glad enough to tell His Father about it (John xvii, 8). The verses following our lesson, taken with the story of the woman at the well in John iv, show us how He longs for souls and fruit, souls that will bear fruit to the glory of God.

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### Rubinstein on Piano Playing.

When a pupil happened to ask Rubinstein how certain passages should be construed, he invariably showed them. But if a pupil asked, "Shall I play this in this manner or that?"—both equally correct—Rubinstein invariably replied: "Play as you feel. Is the day rainy? Play it this way. Is the day sunny? Play it the other way."

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### Cutting.

A certain photographer is exhibiting in his window the photograph of a young man with the following inscription attached to it: "This is the man who put his hair in curls to have his photograph taken and then can't pay for them."

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### It Might Have Been Worse.

Lydia—I'm just as mad as I can be with Charlie. He kissed me right before all the girls. Georgette—Well, isn't that better than if he kissed all the girls before you?

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Experience is the great test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men.—Dr. Johnson.

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### Stammer to Yourself.

To the many correspondents who have written inquiries and suggestions as to a cure for stammering we may state that this is not a medical bureau. This writer gave his own method of curing his own particular nervous disorder, which is probably shared by many of his fellow men. Let it be repeated in answer to many who seem to have seen the problem and missed the solution. Consume your own smoke. If you must stammer, try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gur-gurred sufficiently to yourself, you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whipped out! But there are some men who hug a stammer—stammering always in the right place—lifting curiosity to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could l-l-l-l-ead it home."—London Spectator.

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### Not a Clothes Peg.

Peggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over. But as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrear, she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eying the faded old cloak. "A peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on—not if I know it."—London Answers.

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### Old Whist Terms.

The following passage is from the Adventurer, No. 35, March 6, 1753:

"On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall, the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running without holding a swabber (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards and ordered Jemmy, the footboy, to sit cross legged for good luck), grew out of all patience and, taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room."

Swabbers are the ace of hearts, the knave of clubs and the ace and the deuce of trumps at whist. To furz or fuzz is to shuffle the cards very carefully or to change the pack.—London Notes and Queries.

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### Why Rain Clouds Are Black.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

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### Tennis and Lawn Tennis.

There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis, the mother game, is always known as court tennis, whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different. The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker.—Fry's Magazine.

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The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Eliot.

### The Caserta Camellia Tree.

In the days of its glory the palace at Caserta of the king of Naples had among its features a so called English garden, made in 1782 by order of Marie Caroline of Austria. It was bright with flowers and wonderful rare oriental plants and trees, so that it was renowned throughout the world, but the crown and glory of all consisted in a camellia tree, a plant then unknown in Europe. The seeds were collected as though flakes of gold, and the queen used to give them and cuttings of this camellia as presents to her friends. These cuttings were most highly prized, and thus it has become a European flower, so much so that the exportation of camellias is an extensive industry in central Italy, and in Germany there are vast fields of them. In its palmy days the Caserta plant had eight branches, the largest of which was twelve inches in diameter, the whole being thirty feet high. This mother plant was in a flourishing condition up to a few years ago, but lately the gorgeous garden has been allowed to fall into decay, and with it the glorious camellia.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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### Rewards of Literature.

A very talented and well known writer—successful, too, in the popular estimation—tells me: "I know a man who spent fifteen years' leisure in getting the material for his best book and writing it over three times, then offered it to almost every publisher in America, meeting with refusal by all, and finally sold it to a London publisher for £50, had it republished in America some years afterward, got a few dollars before the publishers failed and as his last royalty received just 2 cents, which was exactly 10 per cent of the last sum due him. I am the man, but I don't publish the fact nor feel inclined to brag about it nor to complain, for that would be useless and would only cheapen my wares in the literary market. The book paid me, by accurate calculation, 33⅓ cents a week for the fifteen years' work."—Papyrus.

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### Birds Have Favorite Plants.

Like man, birds have their favorite plants. It has been discovered that the goldfinch is passionately fond of apple blossom. This may be because its favorite building site is in the lichen covered forks of apple trees, but apart from such attachment the bright little finch frequently spends hours tearing the petals into tiny fragments. Though the nightingale never builds in the thorn boughs, it loves to sing on may laden branches, often in the very midst of the fragrant blossoms. It is somewhat peculiar that most birds avoid the cow parsnip, owing, no doubt, to the unpleasant greenish smell emitted by this umbelliferous plant. Small birds very often build in less secure places, but the parsnip, gigantic and strong as it is, is left severely alone.—London Opinion.

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### What Makes the Trout Shy?

The shyness of the summer trout of the still springhole is due not entirely to his keen eye trained by the quietude of transparent waters. It is to be credited more to his gregariousness. The cool places and deeper pools of the trout stream are apt to be few and hive the fish in schools. If the school number, say, fifty fish it means a hundred watchful eyes and a collective shyness adjusted to that of the most timid fish of the fifty, whose sudden dash to safety gives the warning signal to all. A single nervous trout—and there are usually several—is thus enough to scatter a big school in a flash and baffle the hopes of the angler.—Clarence Deming in Outing Magazine.

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### Tobacco Leaves.

A scientist writes: "The essential quality for which tobacco is smoked or chewed lies not really in the leaves themselves, but is contained in thousands of hollow knobbed hairs which cover their surface. The vital nicotine is garnered in these pear-like balls, but as it is impossible to shave off these hairs and would be a scarcely commendable achievement if it could be undertaken it becomes necessary to preserve the whole foliage for commercial purposes."

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### Not to Blame.

Father (sternly)—Now, Sophia, something must be done to reduce your expenses. You are actually spending more than your allowance.

Daughter—It isn't my fault, father. I've done my best to get you to increase it.—Brooklyn Life.

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### Hairs of Caterpillars.

Several kinds of hairy caterpillars are known to have a poisonous effect on the human skin, notably the caterpillar of the processionary moth, so called because the caterpillars march in procession after their food. The scientist Reaumur found that this caterpillar's hairs caused him considerable suffering in the hands for some days and that when he rubbed his eyes his eyelids, too, were inflamed. Even approaching too near the nests of these caterpillars has caused painful swellings on the necks of certain persons from the caterpillar hairs floated by the winds.

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### Songs and Sentiment.

It is a singular fact that in proportion to the wealth of melody of a nation so does its emotional side develop. Remarkable instances of this are to be found in the United Kingdom. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales, countries rich in national songs, the emotional nature is strong. In England, where the melodies, if sweet, at any rate are not so touching and appealing, sentiment is slight.—Liverpool Courier.

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### The History of Man.

The ecclesiastical authorities divide the history of man into six ages: First, from Adam to Noah; second, from Noah to Abraham; third, from Abraham to David; fourth, from David to the Babylonish captivity; fifth, from the captivity of Judah to the birth of Christ; sixth, from the birth of Christ to the end of the world.

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### Hard to Please.

Mr. Snaggs was accosted on the street the other day by a beggar who was covered with a very remarkable mass of patched and ragged garments and who said:

"Mister, haven't you some old clothes you could give a fellow?"

Snaggs surveyed the beggar from head to foot and then asked:

"Are not the clothes you have on old enough for you?"

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 42.

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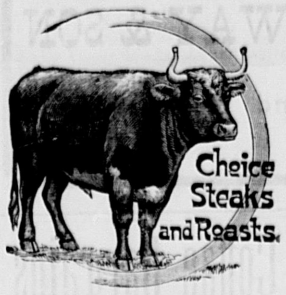
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The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

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**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12. 7.37, 8.14, 8.21. 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

**SUNDAY—To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
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From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

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## FOR $2,000 EACH

By C. B. LEWIS

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Young James Harper, farmer, and Sarah Lee, daughter of another farmer, married for love. They had two or three lovers' quarrels, as was quite on the cards and very natural, but for two years after marriage no couple ever lived more happily. This state of affairs might have continued at least two years longer but for Abner Jones, Esq., country justice of the peace and agent for the Farmers' Fire Insurance company, and sewing machines of all makes, bought and sold. He made his appearance at the farmhouse one day.

"Well, Jim," he said, "what do you and Sarah think? I've got the agency for a life insurance company and am going to branch out a little. I want to insure the both of you. I've got Tom Spooner and his wife, Bill Wheeler and his wife, Silas Johnson and his wife and several others, and I'm here to get you. I want you to take $2,000 apiece. If you die, Sarah, Jim has got $2,000 to buy you a monument, pay funeral expenses and go away to Niagara Falls to get over his grief. If you die, Jim, Sarah has got money to bury you decently and carry on the farm without having to rush off and marry again."

The squire went into further explanations. He talked life insurance and stayed to dinner. He talked life insurance and stayed to supper. He talked life insurance and stayed until 9 o'clock in the evening. Then he drank two glasses of cider, ate three fried cakes and a piece of mince pie and went home to make out two policies for $2,000 each.

Jim and Sarah had decided that such insurance was a good thing. Neither wanted to die, but if death must come they would not be selfish about it. It would be a bond to draw them still closer together. In the course of a couple of weeks the policies were delivered, the premiums paid, and Squire Jones stayed to dinner again and said as he finished and wanted to lick his plate, but remembered his dignity in time:

"Now, then, young folks, this is the best thing you have done so far in your lives. Keep on loving, keeping up your premiums as they fall due, and don't worry about the future. With $2,000 coming to the survivor in case of death you needn't either of you begrudge the Astors or Vanderbilts. Sarah, you can dress in the most expensive mourning, and Jim, you can wear patent leather shoes and hear Niagara roar till you get tired of it."

It was Squire Jones who was responsible for the insurance, but it was Aunt Deborah who was responsible for what resulted. The policies had been carefully laid away in the bottom bureau drawer and the subject talked out when Aunt Deborah came visiting one afternoon. She had not been invited, nor was she expected, but she proceeded to make herself at home, and by and by announced:

"Sarah, I have heard that you and James have had your lives insured for each other's benefit, but I told 'em you were not the woman to go into anything like that."

"But we have," replied Sarah. "We were insured two weeks ago."

"Upon my soul! No one could have made me believe it."

"But why? What's the matter."

"Sarah Harper, do you know that you have the same as doomed yourself to death?" asked Aunt Deborah, in a hoarse whisper.

"What do you mean, Aunty?"

"I mean that there isn't a man on the face of this earth who wouldn't kill his wife for the sake of $2,000 in cash. That insurance is a temptation to murder. Hundreds of wives have been killed off every year, and you will be one of them to go before another year rolls over your head."

The young wife laughed merrily at the idea, but Aunt Deborah grew more solemn and serious, and said:

"Don't fool yourself, Sarah. Jim is just as good a husband as any of 'em, but you have put temptation in his way. He'll be thinking of them $2,000 all the time, and the longer he thinks the easier it will come for him to murder you. Two thousand dollars in cash and you out of the way so that he can marry again is more'n he can stand up under. I shan't be a bit surprised any day to hear that you have been found murdered. Squire Jones ought to be prosecuted for coaxing you into such a thing, and I'll tell him so before the week is out."

Sarah continued to laugh and make fun at the idea, and it was finally dropped to take up soft soap and carpet rags. When she set about getting supper Aunt Deborah made a sneak outdoors and caught the husband as he came up from the cornfield.

"Well," she began, after he greeted her, "you want Sarah to chop you up with the ax or pour melted lead in your ears, I see?"

"What is it, aunty?"

"It's that life insurance. Henry Harper, I'm astonished at you. Do you know how many wives killed their husbands last year to get the insurance?"

"A million perhaps, but Sarah isn't going to kill me."

"Time will tell, James; time will tell. Sarah is sweet and lovely and innocent, but when there's $2,000 at stake who can tell what a woman will do? With this farm and all that money behind her if she was a widow she can catch a better looking man than you."

The good natured young man continued to laugh, and at the supper table his wife laughed with him as they chaffed Aunt Deborah, but the old lady continued to shake her head and reply:

"Wait till the ax or the melted lead get to work and then we'll see whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

That night at midnight Sarah woke up with her heart beating rapidly. She was about to nudge Henry with her elbow, when a sudden thought came to her. Aunt Deborah's grewsome predictions came up, and she wondered if she had been awakened by some move on her husband's part—some move to take her by the throat. She smiled at first, but presently the smile faded away. Wives had been killed that the husband might profit by the insurance. Aunt Deborah was always predicting, but at the same time many of her predictions had come true. She knew that Henry loved her with a great love, but there was that $2,000. For an hour she lay awake and thought, and the longer she thought the more miserable she was.

Sarah had only fallen into a troubled sleep when the dog barked and Henry awoke. He did not get up for fear of disturbing his wife, and after listening to the dog for a few minutes the thought of Aunt Deborah's predictions and solemn face came to his mind.

He grinned at the idea of Sarah killing him off for that $2,000, and yet he began to recall cases where wives had done that same thing. She could push him into the well, push him down the cellar stairs or dispose of him in other ways to enable her to escape detection, and with that $2,000 she would be a rich widow, and windmill men, wire fence men, piano agents and men with patent farm gates would tumble over each other to ask for her hand. She might not even put a $10 headstone at his grave.

There was constraint between them when the couple woke up next morning. They tried to make out that there wasn't, but realized that there was. Sarah claimed to have a headache, and James said he had a touch of rheumatism.

At noon when the husband came up from the field he had been thinking things over and almost wished he had turned Aunt Deborah out of the house. She was a meddlesome, gossipy old thing, and he would let nothing she had said annoy him in the least. Sarah had also been thinking, and about the same thoughts, and so there was a return of love and confidence.

It did not last thirty-six hours, however. Henry had to sharpen the ax, and Sarah saw him at it and felt that he was contemplating a crime. Sarah asked if the handle of a table knife could not be made fast by a little melted lead, and Henry said to himself after answering her question:

"Ah, ha! Got melted lead on her mind, has she? Well, I've got to look out for my ears."

For the next four weeks the pair were hypocrites toward each other. They dissembled and deceived. They thought black thoughts of each other. James wanted to sleep in the barn o' nights, and Sarah wanted to go home and tell her mother all about it. Things were hastening on toward a separation when, as they sat on the veranda one night after supper, saying little, but thinking a great deal, farmer Joe Collins came driving along and halted to say:

"Say, you folks heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"It'll take your breath away."

"But let's have it."

"Wall, that life insurance company you are insured in has busted higher'n Gilroy's kite!"

"Oh, James!"

"Oh, Sarah!"

And as they went dancing around the veranda in each other's arms Mr. Collins looked at them in astonishment and said to himself:

"By George, but they seem to be durned glad of it!"

And so they were.

### A Little Misunderstanding.

"A young lady I know," said an Englishman, "got married last year in London and had only been keeping house a week or two when a cousin in the country sent her a brace of pheasants. Some people like to 'hang' pheasants—to keep them a week or two, letting them get 'high,' on the ground that the fresh flesh is tough and stringy. The cook knew this, but her young mistress knew nothing—positively nothing—of cooking.

"'Please, ma'am,' said the cook when the pheasants arrived, 'do you like the birds 'igh?'

"'The bird's eye?' said the mistress, puzzled.

"'What I mean, ma'am,' the cook explained, 'is that some folks likes their birds stale.'

"'The tail?' repeated the mistress, more puzzled than ever.

"And then, in order not to appear ignorant in the cook's eyes, she smiled brightly and said:

"'Prepare the birds, please, with the eyes and the tail both.'"

### Drank a Hogshead of Wine.

Of the great scholar and writer, George Buchanan, it is related that he was told by his doctors that if he abstained from wine he might live five or six years and that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at longest.

"Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your prescriptions and your course of diet and know that I would rather live three weeks and be drunk every day than six years without drinking wine!"

He was as good as his word. Having discharged his physician, like a desperate man, he ordered a hogshead of grape wine to be set at his bed's head, resolved to see the bottom of it before he died, and he carried himself so valiantly that he emptied it to the lees.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### His Wig In His Pocket.

Benjamin Franklin once wore his wig in his pocket at the court of Versailles. When he was about to present himself at the court for the first time he was informed that a wig was essential. Franklin's head was so large that no ordinary wig would begin to fit it. However, one was found sufficiently large to pass him through the antechambers, after which he was permitted to remove the ridiculous conventional appendage and place it in his ample pocket.

### Viewing the Remains.

It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of two of the party that night, and the answer came with joyous promptness:

"We've been to a dead circus."

## THE YELLOW PERIL.

**How Supremacy of the Chinese May Come to Pass.**

Will the Chinese some day become the ruling nation of the earth? George Borrow, the English philologist, traveler and author, used to say that they would. Nearly fifty years ago, when he was studying their language, he maintained that there was among them the finest natural fighting material on the face of the earth.

He instanced in proof of his assertion their prowess in stone throwing, the most primitive form of marksmanship. An ordinary Chinaman, he said, could throw a stone weighing half a pound or more a distance of 120 yards with sure aim and deadly effect. He described a stone fight between some English bluejackets and an equal number of Chinamen in which the former were most ignominiously routed, many of them very badly hurt.

But it was not through their martial prowess that he predicted the supremacy of the Chinese. He said it would come about in another way. As western civilization became more luxurious and enervated and manual labor fell into contempt the Chinese would gradually supply all the workers in civilized countries—miners, farm laborers, factory hands, laundrymen, cooks, domestic servants would all eventually be Celestials. Then some day they would rise suddenly, cut the throats of their masters and become absolute rulers of the destinies of the world.—Chicago News.

## THE FRENCH MEAL.

**Its Greatest Charm Is the Cheerful Table Talk.**

After all, excellent as are the dishes and the order and manner of their service, the table talk is perhaps the chief glory of the French meal.

It is no unusual thing to hear our countrymen and countrywomen, especially our countrywomen, refer to eating as a necessary evil, like the prescribed dose of noisome medicine; as an altogether bothersome business to be disposed of as quickly as possible, with an air that is sour, aggressive, disgusted, languid, patronizing, dreamful, whining or discouraged, according as it springs from dyspepsia, puritanism, interrupted hustling anaemia, affectation, esoteric philosophy, disappointment in love, or honest weariness with a hard and monotonous daily round.

Such a sentiment would scarcely be uttered in France, where the attitude toward the table is universally cordial and respectful, and it could not be taken seriously if it were.

The French writer who said, "The table is the sole place where one is never bored during the first hour," voiced perfectly a national feeling.—Smart Set.

### When the Earth Was Top Shaped.

After people dropped the old fashioned idea that the earth was as flat as a pancake they did not immediately grasp the globe or spherical idea as it is applied to worlds. The people of the time of Columbus believed that the earth was a body shaped like a top or cone, the surface rising from the north to the south. There are several letters written by Columbus and still in existence which go to prove that such was his conception of the shape of the earth. The top shaped idea of the earth seems to have originated with one John Blauvis about 1479 and to have immediately become very popular.

### The Press Gangs.

Desperate means were sometimes resorted to in order to get men for British warships. A chronicler writes that in the year 1738, "a fleet of ships being required immediately to be manned, the press gangs placed a live turkey on the top of the monument, which, drawing together a great number of idle people, they had the opportunity of selecting as many men as answered the purpose of their intended scheme." The scene so enraged a citizen that he fired a shot at the bird, "which occasioned it to fly away." But the mischief had been done.

### An Odd Argument.

Here is a knotty problem suggested by Sir Henry Roscoe in his autobiography. Two men argued as to whether oil or water were the lighter. The first man contended that the oil must be lighter, as it floats upon water. And then the unscientific man triumphed with the argument that oil must be the heavier because it keeps the water down.

### Libeled London.

When the most has been said against London smoke and London fog, against the dirt laden atmosphere and the noise and worry of the metropolis, it is still true that there are healthy people in the capital. London has not perhaps deserved all the hard things that have been said of it.—London Country Gentleman.

### Qualified.

Baron—You have called to secure the position of porter? Applicant—Yes, sir. Baron—Was there not some one in the anteroom as you came in? Applicant—There was, sir. There was a man with a bill against you, Herr Baron, but I threw him out.—Fliegende Blatter.

### Its Purport.

"What does that expert witness' evidence go to show?" inquired the man who was trying to understand the trial.

"It goes to show which side has paid him a retainer," answered the lawyer.—Washington Star.

Spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors.—Vandyke.

### Shaving.

The earliest known mention of shaving is in the Bible (Genesis xliv, 14). "And he (Joseph) shaved himself and came before Pharaoh." Shaving the beard was introduced by the Romans about 300 B. C.

### The Optimist.

Small Boy—Pa, what is an optimist? Pa—An optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a blank what happens, so that it doesn't happen to him.—Life.

## MADE FUN OF PHARAOH.

**The Ancients Evidently Had a Keen Sense of Humor.**

The fables of Æsop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun, and the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humor are more common than is supposed by most persons.

A drawing on a tile in the Metropolitan museum, in New York, represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion. She is seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject looking tomcat, his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two wolves with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in the museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptered like a pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to which a bull acts as proud conductor.

Another picture shows pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle axes and bows and arrows.

## SLEEP AND DIET.

**Without Slumber Digestion and Assimilation Are Imperfect.**

One of the most important functions of that mysterious physical condition we term sleep is so little understood that persons who cheat themselves habitually out of two or three hours of their natural rest every night are heard wondering at the same time why they are affected with dyspepsia and malnutrition. Care, even rigor, in the matter of diet seems to avail nothing, the stomach continuing in a condition of chronic revolt.

In reality the processes of digestion and assimilation are so closely interwoven with slumber that unless the required amount of sleep is taken it is impossible for the body to be nourished, if, indeed, the food undergoes the ordinary digestive changes.

It is only when the brain and the entire nervous system are practically off duty that the processes of ultimate nutrition take place. The food eaten is finally assimilated and transformed into new tissues, into blood, muscle, nerves and brain, only while the body is relaxed in slumber.

A curious illustration of this necessity of sleep is that furnished by the six day endurance races. One man engaged in these deadly tests eats five times as much as a man on ordinary labor could cram down. Want of sleep has rendered it impossible for even the enormous amount of food taken at this time into the body to form new tissue.—Philadelphia Press.

### A Hundred Course Dinner.

At a dinner given by the late Prince Ratibor there were a hundred courses. The chefs of the prince were solemnly chosen after the greatest deliberation and cross examination. On one special occasion it was announced that he was in need of a cook, and ten of the best chefs duly presented themselves for the coveted post. They were informed by the prince that each must serve a dinner of his own choice and cooking, consisting of ten courses, to be served the same evening to a jury of the best gastronomes in Paris, who would eat of each different dish and then pass judgment. This programme was carried out and the palm awarded to a Frenchman who had been chef for many years to the Baron Haussman. A trip to Marienbad by the whole of the jury was the sequel to this famous dinner of 100 courses.—London Tit-Bits.

### Don't Worry; Smile.

Centenarians give various reasons to which they ascribe their longevity, but it is significant that they all agree on the advantage of plenty of work and little worry in aiding length of life. The advice lately given by a woman over a hundred is worth considering, as she advises one to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, with plenty of sleep, to work constantly, keep cheerful and avoid worry. This puts in a few words the doctrine of the simple life, and her conclusion is worthy of an ancient sage when she says that if these rules will not produce health and long life there is bad blood in the family and it had better die out.—Baltimore American.

### How the World Pays.

Knicker—I think the world owes every man a living. Bocker—Perhaps, but he has to take it out in trade.—New York Sun.

Shame may retain what the law does not prohibit.—Seneca.

**It Quiets the Cough**

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of pneumonia, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."—WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

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Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

## HALTING A COLD.

**What to Do When You Sneeze or Feel the Warning Chill.**

A cold, as nearly every intelligent person knows, is the result of a stoppage somewhere of free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a feeling of chill. So slight is the chill oftentimes that not until the preliminary sneeze comes is the victim aware he or she has been in a draft, or that the temperature has changed.

The usual notion is that by going indoors, by changing to heavier clothing or retreating from the moist atmosphere the danger is averted. These precautions are all well enough, but the first and most efficacious measure should be to restore the quick flow of warm blood through every vein, and so by heat instantly counteract the little chill.

When the temperature of the body or extremities is lowered, or a sudden chill or quick change from warm to cold temperature is endured, take three or four deep breaths through the nostrils, expand the lungs to their fullest extent, holding the inhaled air as long as possible, and then slowly exhale it through the mouth. In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels, and so runs out into the toes and finger tips, and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. In short, the whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion as from rapid exercise.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WHERE CATS CAN'T LIVE.

**In Very High Altitudes the Felines Go Mad and Die.**

Cats go mad and die in high altitudes. Leadville, Colo., is a city over 10,000 feet above sea level, and there is not a single cat in the place that has been there more than three months.

The greater the height above sea level the greater the degree of nervousness both in people and the dumb animals. Even in Denver, which is only half as high as Leadville, cats are high strung and flighty, given to sudden fits of arching their backs and growling at nothing. But they do not go mad in Denver with the same unanimity that they do in Leadville. In the latter place cats seem to be more than usually drowsy when they are first brought there and spend nearly every hour of the twenty-four in sleep. This condition will last a week or two, and is succeeded by a state of ordinary well being, which terminates at a greater or less interval of time by their suddenly having a violent fit, which in a human being would be called hysterics. These fits are repeated with continually increasing frequency until one more violent than any of its predecessors carries the cat off. Even kittens born in high altitudes never seem to get accustomed to them and invariably go the way of their parents.—New York Herald.

### A Strange Animal Friendship.

Sometimes animals which are by nature deadly enemies, such as dogs and cats, strike up a very strong friendship. I have known a cat adopt a puppy and nurse it tenderly, but as a rule they prefer to bite and scratch. A sculptor of animals, a Mr. Harvey, had two pets, a pigeon and a cat, who lived together in great friendship, and had their photograph taken while eating out of the same dish. The pigeon was named Pidgie and the cat was called Toddie. They ate, slept and played together, and when Pidgie died Toddie was nearly broken hearted, and would never again eat or drink from the dishes from which she and her little playmate used to eat together.—Home Notes.

### In Place of Tobacco.

Coltsfoot or the leaves of lettuce, being slightly narcotic, would form a harmless make believe for the good folk who persuade themselves that they could not sleep a wink were they deprived of their evening comfort. Ages ago both Greeks and Romans, according to Dioscorides and Pliny, found comfort in smoking through a reed or pipe the dried leaves of coltsfoot, which relieved them of old coughs and difficult breathing. And as to lettuce, it has been famous since the time of Gelen (Claudius Galenus), who asserts that he found relief from sleeplessness by taking it at night.

### Mother Earth's Call.

Force ourselves how we will to lead a strained, unnatural life, we can never get entirely used to it. It is never satisfactory. There is a yearning for the simple life, for the natural life, and, for most of us, country life. We want to feel Mother Earth, to breathe the fresh air, to drink in the beauties of flower, of field, of mountain and of sunset, which never tire or pall upon the mind.—Exchange.

### Good Advice.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite floorwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Living on Love and Kisses.

She—That's all very pretty, Jack, but do you think we can live on love and kisses? He—It's much the safest. Everything else is either adulterated or poisoned or tainted.—Exchange.

### Charging Was In His Line.

A party of gentlemen sitting on the veranda of a leading hotel at Jackson, N. H., fell into an amiable discussion of their delightful host, who bore high military title and who won his military spurs on the staff of a New Hampshire governor. One of them asked, "Did he get his title from service in the defense of his country?" And the reply, from a retired army officer was, "He must have, for he has not forgotten how to charge."

### Mother Love.

Friend—I am afraid your husband has a bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him? Matron—Well, I'm waiting just a few days, because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.—Bon Vivant.

## TENNYSON'S MOODS.

**Eccentric Manner In Which the Poet Received Some Visitors.**

It was an eccentric reception that Sir Henry Rosco was given when he visited Lord Tennyson. The former had been unwilling to intrude on the poet, but consented to accompany a friend, William Summers, who had a note of introduction from Sir Lewis Morris. They found Tennyson at lunch. Sir Henry writes of it: "Tennyson at once asked me to sit by him, while Mr. Summers was held in conversation at the other side of the room by Lady Tennyson. The old man began with the words, 'Your name has been before me at every meal,' at which I expressed great astonishment, not thinking that he had ever heard of me.

"And thereupon he produced a small vial containing saccharin, on the outside of which was an advertisement containing a few lines of some appreciatory remarks respecting saccharin which I had made in a lecture at the Royal institute. This notice I had never seen, and on my return home I wrote to the proprietors requesting them to stop issuing such notices, as I could not have my name used for advertising purposes, and this they did.

"In a few minutes, without further conversation, Tennyson rose and said: 'Well, I must bid you goodby, for I must now lie down. I am going to smoke a cigar and go to sleep.' Upon which he walked out of the room, giving a distant nod to my disconsolate friend, Will Summers, who had come on purpose to interview the poet, but with whom he had not exchanged a single word."

## MATCHES ON MAIL BOXES.

**The Scratcher May Afterward Get a Light on Prison Bars.**

Mr. Smoker, see to it that your Uncle Samuel doesn't catch you striking a match on one of his mail boxes. He'll surely make trouble for you if he can prove that a certain scratch on the metal of one of those gray boxes on the corners was made by your drawing the tip of a lucifer across it.

That's about what the mail carrier told the fellow who is handing you this advice. It was given just after the adviser had stopped, feeling "smoky" after coming out of an office where they wouldn't let him puff the stogie he had in his pocket, to scratch a match on the mail box. He was rather surprised when the mail carrier, coming up to unlock the box, said:

"Don't do that!"

"Why not?" he queried. "I've been doing it for years. It doesn't hurt the box. Other fellows and myself have scratched matches on the top of this mail box for years, and there is only a little worn patch on the metal to show for it."

"Well, go ahead if you want to," sighed the mail carrier. "But remember that, if the inspector sees you, up you go on a charge of defacing government property. And you know that if the inspector ever gets you it's you for scratching matches on the prison bars for a day or so. By-by."—Detroit News.

### How the Great Penguin Hatches.

It may interest you to know that the great penguin of the southern circle standing with its head as high as a man's waist, hatches its eggs in a peculiar manner. These are not laid upon the ground and brooded on after the manner of most birds' eggs. The female lays two large eggs. The first she hands over to the male bird, the other she keeps. The egg is held on the upper surface of the large flat feet, and is pushed up under the waistcoat of thick feathers. It is there held close to the body, whose warmth gradually vitalizes the young bird. So tenacious are the parent birds of this grip that if you knock one of them over it will fall on its back with its feet stuck stiffly out, still clutching the egg to its body.—Saturday Review.

### Tommy and His Pets.

The British soldier is inordinately fond of his animal pets and has also the reputation of coveting those of his neighbors, particularly dogs and mongooses. Parrots he simply adores, and it is calculated that their strength in the service is in the proportion of at least six birds a Tommy. He is supposed to teach them to be personal in their language, but as a matter of fact Tommy is for some unaccountable reason a very emotional man, and his birds as often as not have to submit to a sound musical education, hymns being as often taught them as the comic songs of the day.—Allahabad Pioneer.

### The Same Old Dish.

Two thousand years ago the chafing dish was used by the Greeks and Romans. It was so popular that it was used for a table ornament, just as floral pieces are used now. Pliny relates that the tragic actor, Æsopus, had a dish worth 1,000 sestercii. No doubt then, as at the present time, the actor enjoyed his hot midnight meal filled with grateful appreciation of the chafing dish.

### An Inspiration.

"Of course," said the new rector, "you hope eventually to reside in a heavenly mansion where"—

"Oh, yes," interrupted Miss Uppisch, "and I do hope it won't be too close to the heavenly huts of the poor."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### A Good Example.

Generous Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance; but, understand me, I will pay no debts! Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Believe that every longing of your soul contains its own prophecy of fulfillment.—Bradbury.

The wages of sin have not materially changed in some thousands of years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### How to Be Beautiful.

"What do you do to keep so beautiful?" they asked the butterfly.

"I? I do nothing," she replied.

A deep, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.

**The Woburn Journal**

**Telephone 55.**

FRIDAY, SEPT 14, 1906.

## *NEXT REPRESENTATIVE.*

The new Representative District of which Woburn is a part is definitely and safely Republican. This means that the nominees of the Republican Representative convention of the District are practically certain to be elected. It is also safe to assume that one of these Representatives will come from Woburn. As Representative Riley retires from the House this year it devolves on Woburn Republicans to decide whom they will select to represent the city and the District the coming year. This is an important question. The interests of the District are large; the problems of legislation are increasingly important in these days; the position of Representative gives opportunity and calls for the exercise of the best talent. It is worthy of the ambition and entitled to the services of men of recognized capacity and mature judgment. Woburn and this District can and should be represented by men of proved strength of character and fitness for leadership.

The opportunity to select and elect such a man is open to Woburn Republicans this year. Ex-Mayor George F. Bean has been urged by prominent Republicans and has consented to be a candidate. This should be enough, under present conditions, to ensure his nomination, which would mean his election. Mr. Bean, from the time he became a resident of this city, has been recognized as a public spirited, high minded citizen. He has been honored by being chosen to important positions both public and private, having been a member of the School Board for the past ten years. He has a taste for public affairs and in the event of his election to the Legislature the JOURNAL predicts he would soon take a position of prominence which would be a credit not only to him but to the city and district he represents.

This endorsement of Mr. Bean is given with no disposition to criticise any others who have been suggested as candidates. The JOURNAL merely feels that at this juncture Mr. Bean's candidacy, for reasons given and others which might be brought forward, should be heartily endorsed. Republicans should go to the caucuses Tuesday evening, September 25, and vote for delegates favoring him. Don't assume that others will do this and that you need not go. Go yourself and help to make the result certain.

## *NOT A CANDIDATE.*

Yielding to the counsel and earnestly expressed wishes of numerous friends, I have lately had under consideration the expediency, or advisableness, of announcing myself a candidate, and making a campaign, for the Republican nomination and election to the next House of the Massachusetts Legislature. I have weighed their arguments, and looked the field over thoughtfully, and the conclusion reached by me is, that interests in my Law studies at the University, and other personal considerations, do not warrant acquiesence in the advice and desires of those friends, at this time; therefore, I feel compelled to return a negative reply to their appeals, and respectfully decline to enter the race for a nomination.

I would, however, improve this opportunity to return sincere thanks to my friends and wellwishers for the deep interest they have taken in my behalf in this matter.

WILFORD D. GRAY.

## *WHAT WILL WINCHESTER DO?*

How do Winchester Republicans stand on the question of a Senatorial candidate? Will they have one of their own to present at the convention? About all the other places in the district have a favorite son, so, too, should we.—*Winchester Star.*

According to the regular order of things Woburn would be entitled to the candidate this fall, and from present appearances is likely to be given it by the convention.

Except, perhaps, in Medford, there seems to be a general feeling in the District favorable to the nomination of Representative Riley of this city.

## *THE MAINE ELECTION.*

The election in Maine last Monday turned out just about as the JOURNAL thought it would and predicted. The Republicans won, but only by the skin of their teeth. Governor Cobb was elected by a plurality about one-third of what it was two years ago; and Congressman Littlefield of the Second District, which was the storm centre, pulled through by a majority that came perilously near the vanishing point.

Rum and the Labor forces did it.

☞ A few days ago parties approached Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, an old and highly respected resident of this city, formerly for many years the popular and successful Principal of the Rumford School at North Woburn, with a view of prevailing on him to stand as a candidate for the Republican Representative nomination in the caucuses on Sept. 25. He listened respectfully to their pleas, but up to date had declined to accept the honor and become a candidate. He has no ambition for political office, but prefers a quiet life.

☞ As will be seen by his card in this paper, Mr. Wilfred D. Gray, Law student and Clerk of the City Council Committees, declines to prosecute any farther his campaign for the Republican nomination for Representative in the next Legislature from this District. He entered the race reluctantly, but has many staunch friends in this city who have urged him to run. He considered the matter carefully, and the conclusion reached by him was, that he could not afford to sacrifice private interests for political honors just at present.

☞ Unless the approaching Republican State convention make an out-and-out, square-toed declaration in favor of the present Protective Tariff with no "string to it," and Guild endorses it without if or and, the Party will wake up on Wednesday morning, Nov. 7, the most surprised set of men the State ever saw.

☞ It is encouraging to be told by the papers that Lieutenant Governor Eben Draper is going to "run" his own campaign for a reelection. With his knowledge of men and politics, sound judgment, and a plenty of the sinews of war, he is sure to get there.

☞ Eugene N. Foss is using the "canal" for bait in fishing for Cape Cod delegates to the State convention. Looks as though he was scared.

**THE WOBURN JOURNAL**

**Subscription $1.50 a Year.**

**3 Cents a Copy.**

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

W. L. Rice—Card.
City—Reg. of Voters.
C. A. Jones—Citation.
C. L. Babcock—Wanted.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
National Bank—Statement.

— The carbarn of the B. & N. at N. W. is to be enlarged.

— Capt. John E. Tidd, Court Officer, and wife are at home from York Beach.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Strout and daughter Ruth are at Ogunquet, Me.

— Miss Mary D. Prior arrived home Monday on the Devonian from Europe.

— Mr. Elwyn G. Preston returned from a visit to New Hampshire early this week.

— Wednesday afternoon shutting up of business houses in this city is drawing to a close.

— W. F. Kenney of the Boston *Globe*, and family have left Cape Ann for their Woburn home.

— Sunday was a very hot day, the average notch on the thermometers showing over 80 in the shade.

— Michael J. Mulkeen, son of the popular Agent of foreign steamship companies, has returned to College.

— Our thanks are due to City Clerk Finn for a handsomely bound copy of the Woburn City Reports for 1905.

— Arthur K. Smith, the expert jeweler, silversmith, and watch repairer, is back at his bench in Hanson's store.

— Bertha P. Trull has been teaching in the High School for Miss Mary D. Prior, who has just got home from Europe.

— Edward Caldwell, the well known and prosperous furniture dealer, has put into his big store new high efficiency electric lamps.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan has closed a contract for 300 lights in new high efficiency lamps for the St. Charles Parochial school.

— Miss Rosetta Key, soprano of Dr. E. E. Hale's church, Boston, was the soloist at the opening service at the Unitarian church Sunday, Sept. 16.

— It will pay to notice with care the change in Gage & Co.'s business card. They have just shelved a splendid stock of fall and winter goods.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannett and her niece, Miss Bertha Smith, had the nicest kind of a visit at Sanbornton, N. H., this vacation season. They have returned.

— C. L. Babcock of North Woburn wants to run across a farm for purchase that will fill the bill he publishes in the business columns of today's JOURNAL.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker of Burlington has for a guest Mrs. Frank C. Brockway of New Hampshire, who is a member of the School Board of her town.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, the First church soprano soloist, a sweet singer, returned to her home on Church avenue last Saturday and took her place in the choir on Sunday.

— If reports can be relied on, there will be great pulling and hauling for the Mayoralty nomination this fall. Signs of a hot contest are not wanting. The air is full of rumors, and the woods full of aspirants.

— At a meeting of the Painters and Decorators Union of this city held last Monday evening the wage scale committee reported that all of the employers had signed as a minimum rate $2 60 per day until next spring.

— Please read the notice of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. of a splendid trip to Lake Winnipesaukee tomorrow, Sept. 15, and then, if you can scrape $2 together, jump aboard and enjoy the finest excursion of the season.

— We direct particular attention to the card of Mr. W. L. Rice of Winchester in our business columns. He occupies an enviable position in the front ranks of the profession, and is well and favorably known to the people of Woburn.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company will run their annual New York excursion on Oct. 4. This is one of the best of the Company's annual pleasure trips, and will be, as heretofore, liberally patronized. The fare is very low.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis, the contractor, and Mr. H. W. Hayes of Arlington, Assistant Chief Engineer of the B. & M. R. R. Co., leave this evening for a camp in the forests of New Brunswick, not far from St. John, where they expect to remain three weeks.

— The annual promenade concert and ball given by the Woburn Brass Band last Friday night was a brilliant and successful one all the way through. The attendance was large and fashionable; costumes and suits elegant; music fine; and limitless pleasure furnished from start to finish.

— Alice O'Rourke, Mary Murray, and Frances Maguire have been awarded diplomas for high grade scholarship in a competitive examination by students in Parochial High Schools held in this diocese. There were over 500 competetors, and these young ladies won honors handsomely.

— The hottest place Miss Gertrude Heartz found in her extended Western travels, from which she returned, in excellent health and spirits, last Saturday, was in Southern California; and the finest city, to her thinking, visited was Toronto, Canada. She also took in the Grand Canon of Arizona.

— The Woburn Woman's Club will resume sessions and work early in October.

— Helen Sylvester, her mother, and Irene Foster are at home again from Vermont.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Boston boys and girls have left Winning Farm after a jolly good vacation by each party. Mrs. McGarrey, the Matron, has also gone back to her Boston home.

— The engagement of Dr. J. Frank Donaldson of Salem and Miss Roma Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Blanchard of Dorchester, formerly of Woburn, is announced.

— Miss Katherine Marie Conway left her home in Philadelphia lately for Jamaica, W. I., where she is to remain until next May. Mrs. Conway, her mother, now visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald in this city, will follow her daughter to Jamaica later in the season.

— On Sept. 14, 1902, Rev. Dr. March preached a sermon on "The Comforts of Old Age" at First church, which was published in the JOURNAL on Sept. 17, for copies of which there was a great demand. It was one of the most interesting sermons Dr. March ever preached, which means a good deal.

—The new 500-mileage ticket issued by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company on Sept. 1, inst., at 2 cents per mile, is bound to become very popular indeed. It is a step in the right direction, one that the B. & M., with Lucius Tuttle as President, can always be depended on to take when things are ripe for it.

— Mr. Elisha J. Mann of Colombia, South America, who, with his wife, was visiting his former home in this city after an absence of 20 years, died suddenly at Montvale last Tuesday morning. The funeral was held in Montvale chapel at 2 o'clock yesterday. Mr. B. A. Tripp, the undertaker, had charge of it.

— While taking a short cut from Abbot street to his home on North Warren street last Sunday evening Michael Finan was attacked by two men who gave him a severe beating and robbed him of a watch and other things. Several of his ribs were broken, and other serious injuries were received by him.

— President Blodgett of the Council announced that the highway loan of $7,000, adopted by the Board last week, making $21,000 during the year, would be the last one during the present administration. At the same meeting Ald. Feeney made another attempt to get the city to buy an ambulance for the police, a pet scheme of his.

— The Finance Committee of the City Council have recommended an appropriation of sufficient size to establish a general playground in the rear of the Public Library. It is another of Ald. Feeney's pet projects. It remains to be seen whether, or not, the Library Trustees will consent to have a playground in close proximity to their building.

— Mr. Frank T. Buchanan, a prominent street railway official, for a couple of years past, in Cape Breton, son of the Dean of Bennett street and Church avenue, will return to Woburn about the last of this month permanently. The climate "Away Down East" is too severe for him, and to preserve his health he abandons an important and lucrative business position.

— Following a paralytic shock on Saturday Mrs. Caroline B. Hayes, relict of the late Col. Henry B. Hayes, died at her home, 568 Main street, last Wednesday, aged 84 years. She was a well known and estimable lady. Rev. N. E. Richardson, former pastor of the M. E. church, and Rev. H. C. Parker are to conduct the funeral exercises at 3 P. M., Sunday, at the house.

— The Eunice Thompson Memorial Library, the establishment of which at North Woburn was provided for by the will of the late Jonathan Thompson, which is to be a branch of the Woburn (Winn) Public Library, is now expected to be ready for use this fall. It is to be a fine building, 25x45 feet, furnished with readingrooms and all necessary appliances to make it firstclass. The architect is J. Lawrence Berry of Boston.

— Last week's *Congregationalist* said: "The pastorate of Rev. Dr. Walcott Calkins over the Montvale church near Woburn, Mass.,—though a younger man—points to the same truth," to wit: to the principle enunciated by the Union Conference in Boston that "high grade ministers are needed for new and weak [church] enterprises." Rev. Dr. Calkins is an able minister, and is wholly devoted to his Montvale charge.

— Mrs. John Connolly of 13 Bennett street, who was hit by a team and violently thrown down on Main street last week and quite seriously hurt, has nearly recovered from her injuries and is getting on well. No bones were broken, but she was badly bruised and severely shaken up. She was promptly visited by the owner of the team, driven by a young man, who manfully offered to pay for all damages, which was kindly declined.

— A remarkable school record is that of Carl Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alva J. Foster of Church avenue. He entered the Junior Class of the High school last Monday and from his first appearance in the public schools to the present time has never missed a session in any department, or been tardy at a single rollcall. Few, if any, pupils can match Carl's record for school attendance, and there isn't a brighter or smarter lad in this city.

— The City Council held a meeting last Monday evening at which the chief business transacted was approval of the list of election officers presented by Mayor Linscott, which was done. The matter of municipal ownership of a lighting plant, which passed a first reading at a former meeting, was postponed to the next assembling of the Board. Some other affairs were attended to; notably the passage of an order for $450 for the Library playground.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Springer of Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, are visiting Mrs. Levi Sylvester at her home on Main street. Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of St. Johnsbury, Vt., will join the party.

— Mr. Smith, who looks after and regulates the weather in Boston and vicinity, has been quite considerably off the eggs the past week. There must have been a cog loose, for his guesses have been wide of the mark

— Great stress should be laid on teaching the three Rs at the evening school this winter. It will be of more advantage to the pupils than getting a smattering of Latin, Algebra, and such like. Learn them to read, write and cipher.

— What promises to be one of the most successful society events of the coming season is the Butterfly Ball, to be given by the "Independent Maids" composed of talented young girls of this city, in Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 8.

— An attempt was made to wreck the B. & M. train that leaves here for the north at 11.50 p m. last Wednesday at Billerica. Railroad ties were piled on the track which derailed the engine and baggage car but not one of the 100 passengers was killed or hurt.

— We felt very thankful for a pleasant call from Rev. Charles Anderson of Constantinople, Turkey, yesterday. He left here 18 years ago to become connected with Robert College in that Oriental city. He is the same clear headed, kind hearted and genial gentleman that he was when pastor of the North Woburn church.

— The next annual concert of the First Congregational church is to be given in the auditorium of the church on Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, concerning which full particulars will appear in the issue of the JOURNAL on Sept. 21. The concert is to be given by the same high talent as last year, namely: The Symphony Sextett of Boston with Miss Jennie Trecartin as soprano soloist.

— The plant of the Woburn Machine Company is growing into large proportions. It is one of the leading manufacturing industries of the city. Owned and conducted by enterprising young men of the best of business capacity the establishment is sure to grow into still larger and more important dimensions in the near future. Just now a new smelting machine is being installed in the Company's foundry, and other improvements are contemplated.

— The following members of Co. K attended the 40th annual reunion of the 39th Mass. Vol. Regiment, and the 44th anniversary of the Regiment's departure from Boston for the front, held at Bass Point on Sept. 6: A. H. Richardson, A. P. Barrett, A. Thompson, George E. Fowle, A. R. Linscott, A. D. Carpenter, George Linscott, M. B. Baldwin, D. H. Johnson, John H. Sheehan, William McDevitt, William B. Warren, John Gilcreast, William B. Brown, A. G. Brown, Ferdinand Spokesfield.

— Mr. F. Percyval Lewis began his seventh year as organist of Unitarian church on Sept. 9. Having given a short recital before service for six years, half of that time without repetition of any piece, he has played a repertoire of about sixty hours of organ music. He now plans to perform some masterpieces of the most important early Italian and German composers, with selections by Girolamo Frescobaldi, who was the famous organist of St. Peter's in Rome nearly three hundred years ago. Music of the present will follow later.

— Rev. Charles Anderson, lately arrived, with his family, from Constantinople, Turkey, now a guest of Mr. B. F. Kimball at North Woburn, is to preach at the North Congregational church, of which he was, for several years pastor, next Sunday morning. It is more than probable that a number of the Centre Congregationalists will go up to hear him. Mr. Anderson was very popular as a minister and citizen while a resident of this town. Hosts of friends were happy to see him back in his old haunts once more.

— Miss Fannie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maguire of Stoddard street this city, having finished her course in the St. Charles Parochial School, has gone to the convent in Waltham, where she will prepare for the life of a nun, and although missed very much by her many friends she has the best wishes of them all. She has been a member of the girls' orchestra of the St. Charles church of which she was cornetist and could handle that instrument in fine style. She is one of the youngest girls that has ever entered the convent, but her friends say that her knowledge of the sisterhood will help her considerably.

— Our old and highly esteemed friend, Joseph W. Fields, reached the 69th anniversary of his birthday, serenely, and in peace and plenty, last Saturday, and observed it in a quiet, comfortable and sensible sort of a way. Joseph is a Veteran of the Civil War; was a good soldier; and is now Commander of Post 161, G. A. R, well esteemed and happy. The Boston papers, in noticing the event, gave his pedigree in full, especially the musical side of his family, many members of which were famous musicians. Joseph is musical, too, and the oldest member of the Woburn Brass Band. May he live long and prosper, to use the words of the late lamented Joe Jefferson.

— The Flower Mission of the Woburn W. C. T. U., which is expected to close for the season at the end of this month, has done good work for the sick poor in Boston this summer and fall in the way of contributing flowers for their comfort and pleasure. Meetings have been held every Friday afternoon in the kitchen of First church where bouquets are made up and sent to the Congregational House in Boston, in which charitable work many kind women and children have been interested. Writing to the Superintendent of the Massachusetts W. C. T U Flower Mission Jacob A. Riis, the distinguished literateur and lecturer, well known in this city, said: "There is no better cause than yours. We forget too often that especially in the starved little lives of many city children the beautiful is sometimes the most useful in a very real sense. It recreates the ideals that are smothered by the slum."

**FIFTY CENTS**

In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

Send for free sample

**Scott & Bowne,** Chemists 409-415 Pearl St. New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

— Last Sunday afternoon about 100 lovers of artistic music assembled at Clarigold, the home of William Horatio Clarke, the retired organist and organ builder, to enjoy a fine musical program arranged by Messrs. Clarke and F. Percyval Lewis, which was the opening of a series of Sunday afternoon musicales there. The audience were delighted. There is to be another next Sunday at 3 30 p. m. Take 2.45 car to Reading line.

— That the climate and soil of Woburn is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of sunflowers no longer admits of a doubt. Last Monday we were shown the photograph picture of one raised on the grounds of Mr. George Buchanan on Church avenue the stalk of which was full 12 feet high, and the flower as big over as a pewter platter. A full length portrait of Mr. B. appeared in the picture, and the top of his head reached just about middleway of the stalk.

— Last Saturday afternoon the JOURNAL was surprised and gratified by a call from Mr. William A. Mussey, a retired grain dealer at Atkinson, Illinois, who, with his wife, has been visiting in New England since the middle of last July. They are with a married daughter residing at Arlington, and have a son who is a Professor in a Pennsylvania College. Mr. Mussey served in a Vermont Regiment in the Civil War; and in 1868 he left his home at Rutland, Vermont, and settled at Atkinson the same year, where he and his brother conducted a successful grain business until his retirement not long ago. He was prominent in town and county affairs, and a neighbor and friend of ours for several years. His visit on Saturday was a welcome one, for nearly 30 years had elapsed since our last meeting on the Illinois prairies. Another surprise and pleasure came to us on last Tuesday in the shape of a visit from Mrs. Harriet Waite, and her daughter Laura, of Geneseo, adjoining Atkinson, and Miss Sarah Allen and Mrs. Louise Williams of Somerville, but formerly of the Illinois city, to meet whom once more was a real delight to us. Mrs. Waite was the wife of Judge Geo. E. Waite, a native of Vermont, and for many years before his death a leading lawyer and citizen of Henry County in his adopted State.

### "Uncle Sam."

As a nickname for the United States "Uncle Sam" is of comparatively recent creation. The original sobriquet of our country, and by which it was known all over the world, respected by many and feared by some, was "Brother Jonathan," quaint pictures of whom, dressed in Yankee style, with keen Yankee features, long angular body and limbs, and a general air of swagger, are, no doubt, well remembered, by old people of the present day. "Brother Jonathan" was a character, as "Uncle Sam" is in these modern times. But the name had its day, and finally gave way to a new one, or to a change of the old.

It must surprise our readers quite a good deal to learn that the original of "Uncle Sam" is now an old and prominent citizen of Woburn; but such is a fact. He is Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street and Church avenue. How he came to give the name of "Uncle Sam" to the United States we will proceed to relate;

When a young man living at Amesbury on the Merrimack River, where his parents located after leaving Scotland, their native clime, his mother one day dressed him up to appear in a public exhibition to be given there on a certain evening. The suit consisted of a long clawhammer coat, a waistcoat made of two small American Flags, pantaloons in Red, White and Blue, stripes tightly strapped down, top boots, etc. Thus rigged out George went to the exhibition, acted his part in it, and, of course, was the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," as representing "Brother Jonathan"

It so happened that a New York artist, visiting Amesbury, attended the exhibition, and, struck with George's appearance, made a sketch of him in his patriotic and unique costume. This he sent to a pictorial journal in New York, in which it shortly after appeared headed in large letters "Uncle Sam," with explanatory text. Thus was brought about the change of the nickname of the United States from "Brother Jonathan" to "Uncle Sam." Just why the artist made it was never explained; but it "took" and stayed, the old name becoming gradually obsolete until it finally faded away, and "Uncle Sam" became the Nation's sobriquet.

### "To Cure a Felon"

says Sam. Kendall, of Phillipsburg, Kan., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the Salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for Burns, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Wounds, Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Sore Feet and Sore Eyes. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Guaranteed.

### Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The first melodrama of the season at the Castle Square will be given next week. It is called "By Right of Sword," and is a dramatization of A. W. Marchmont's novel of the same name. Russian politics and a Nihilist scheme to kill the Czar form the basis of the plot, and the atmosphere is brought thoroughly up to date by frequent allusions to recent Russo-Japanese troubles. Green, blue and scarlet uniforms, a military ball, and a court martial, give color and realism to each of the four acts. Sword combats, too, furnish no little excitement, and there is a piquant love interest that involves the leading characters. Miss Lawton and Mr. Hansel will act the hero and the heroine, and the cast will include Mr. Johnson, Mr. Waldron, Mr. Hull, Miss Bradley and Miss Lasche. For the week of September 24, there will be a grand production of Sardou's "Gismonda" at the Castle Square.

### The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### North Woburn.

Rev. Charles Anderson of Constantinople, Turkey, arrived here last Tuesday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kimball. He was for several years the beloved and successful pastor of the North Congregational church in this village, and chiefly instrumental in building the fine edifice in which it worships. Mr. Anderson left here and went to Constantinople where he was for a long time officially connected with Robert College and engaged in missionary work, with the spirit of which he is abundantly embued. He and Mrs. Anderson have returned for a year's vacation, and all of the family are now in America. The people here were over joyed to see and greet their former pastor and wife again, who received a warm welcome on their return. Mr. Anderson is to preach in the North Congregational next Sunday morning.

### Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

**1¢ A Plate**

For the most delicious

**ICE CREAM**

is cheap enough, isn't it? That is all it costs when made with

**Jell-O Ice Cream Powder**

and it can be made and frozen in 10 minutes. Simply stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking, heating or fussing; no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add, as everything but the ice and milk is contained in the package, and approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Five kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry and Unflavored.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and 25c. to us for two packages. **Illustrated Recipe Book Mailed Free.**

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3.00 Shoes**
BEST IN THE WORLD
W.L.Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country Send for Catalog
SHOES
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CAPITAL $2,500,000

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.
Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.
*Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.*
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**Musical.**

**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**

**Piano-forte and Violin**

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

**MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS**
**MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS**

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10 12 A. M., 2-4 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

**VIOLIN INSTRUCTION**

GIVEN BY

**WALTER LINCOLN RICE.**

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St. Winchester, Mass.

HELP WANTED FEMALE.

Agents-Something absolutely new, a genuine legally guaranteed silk petticoat; to be sold direct to consumer from manufacturer; splendid opportunity, liberal commission, exclusive home territory. Reference required. Address, P.O. Box 45, Sta. O, N.Y. City, N.Y.

**Poor Bread**
**Poor Health**

You owe it to yourself and family to buy nothing but clean, wholesome, nutritious bread.

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread is rich and satisfying. Uniform in weight. shape and quality.

Ask your grocer.

**C. F. HATHAWAY & SON**

**CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM**

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

**WOBURN NATIONAL BANK**

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, September 4, 1906.

| RESOURCES. | | |
|---|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | | $359,784.10 |
| Overdrafts secured and unsecured | | 387 24 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | | 100,000.00 |
| Premiums on U. S. Bonds | | 4,400.00 |
| Bonds, securities, etc | | 19,587.50 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | | 23,455 00 |
| Checks and other cash items | | 8,627.30 |
| Notes of other National Banks | | 2,960.00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents | | 581.14 |
| Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: | | |
| Specie | 23,642.00 | |
| Legal tender notes | 4,141.00 | 27,783.00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) | | 5,000.00 |
| Total | | $552,565.28 |
| LIABILITIES. | | |
| Capital stock paid in | | $100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | | 20,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid | | 12,485.98 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | | 100,000.00 |
| Due to other National Banks | 2,986.48 | |
| Due to State Banks and Bankers | 9,462.09 | |
| Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks | 15,224 91 | |
| Dividends unpaid | 21.00 | |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 269,466.07 | |
| Demand certificates of deposit | 22,083.59 | |
| Certified Checks | 835.16 | 320,079.30 |
| Total | | $552,565.28 |

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, G. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1906.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JULIUS F. RAMSDELL,
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
Directors

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St.,

**SATURDAY EVE., SEPT. 22, 1906**

**AT 7 O'CLOCK,**

to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 11 of the Revised Laws.

☞ Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 11, 1906.

**WOBURN**

— TO —

**LOWELL**

**30c. TROLLEY ROUND TRIP 30c.**

Beautiful ride through country and town to the

**QUEEN CITY OF THE MERRIMAC**

with its fine parks, residences, scenic views, Butler estate and the

**Great Pawtucket Falls.**

**TICKETS** For Sale at B. & N. St. Ry. Co. Office: 318 Main St., Woburn.

**DO NOT FORGET**

Your duty to your loved ones who have passed away. Let their final resting place be marked for all time with a suitable memorial.

**JOHN H. HERN,**

Salem St., - Woburn.

Good work and thoroughness in construction.

**Coffee Bargains**

—AT THE—

**Boston Branch Grocery**

**Our Best Mocha and Java**
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
**30c. lb.**

**Boston Blend Coffee**
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
**25c. lb.**

**Santos Coffee**
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
**15c. lb.**

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

**Boston Branch**
**Tea and Grocery House**
**351 Main Street.**
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Duffy, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses Russell Varney, late of Rollinsford, in the State of New Hampshire deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Willis L. Varney, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martin Cole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Joseph H. Cole of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

**GEO. A. CAMMALL**

**AUCTIONEER**

65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.

TELEPHONE 309 - 3

**GRIFFIN PLACE,**

**General Insurance & Real Estase,**

**Office: 428 MAIN STREET**
**Street Floor.**

DYSENTERY
DIARRHŒA
CURED BY
WHITCHER'S
Blackberry
Cordial
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

**Sunday Time.**

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**Have You Met THELMA?**

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
**Notary Public**
— AND —
**Justice of the Peace.**
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**TOMATOES.**

Housekeepers wanting tomatoes for canning can have them delivered at residence for the next few days at

**Very Reasonable Price**

by sending postal to

G. W. COPP,
177 Burlington St

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

EDWARD E. PARKER,
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

**To Let.**
**A STORE:**

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1906,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

**WARD 5.**

**Non-Residents.**

EDGAR W. FOSTER.—About 48,728 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 9 inclusive, Section D on Plan of Park District Land Improvement Association, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 83, Plan No. 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lake View Avenue and Lot 10, shown on said plan; easterly by Beacon street; westerly and southerly by land now or late of Whittemore.
Tax of 1904, $4 90

**WARD 6.**

**Non-Residents.**

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 9,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimack street, being lots 1, 2 and 3 on Plan of Land of France B. Hiller in the northerly part of Woburn Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 49

PATRICK DONOHOE TRUSTEE HEIRS OR DEVISEES. About 187,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Merrimack street, being lots numbered 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, on Plan of land of France B. Hiller, in the northerly part of Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Plan Book 39, Plan No. 50.
Tax of 1904, 1 47

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## City Collector's Sale

— OF —

### Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., Aug. 29, 1906.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed June 6, 1904, and approved by the Mayor June 16, 1904, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments, with interest and all legal costs and charges, or the whole of said land, if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the Collector of Taxes, Room 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on Saturday, September 22, 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said assessments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon, respectively for the assessments, for the non payment of which, each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

**WARD 1.**

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 9,450 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 4 Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Phinney; southeasterly by land of Richardson; southwesterly by Bennett street; northwesterly by land of Champney and Thayer.
Amount of Assessment, $46 67

**WARD 4.**

DELIA M. MURRAY ET ALS.—About 8,599 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52, 54 and 56 Broad street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by other land of Delia M. Murray et al; easterly by land of Flagg; southerly by Broad street; westerly by land of McKenna.
Amount of Assessment, 57 73

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector
of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

**MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY**

**CLOTHES**
FOR MEN AND BOYS
**Ready for Immediate Use**

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises
Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

**SUITS and OUTSIDE GARMENTS**

MEN'S AND BOYS'
**HABERDASHERY**

**400 Washington St.,**
**BOSTON**

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

# STATE POLITICS.

## Federal Authorities Investigate Naturalization Frauds.

## BRYAN ENTHUSIASM WANES.

### Quincy Helping the Election of Governor Guild?

United States District Attorney Asa P. French is after the fraudulent naturalization bureau which has been at work in Boston now for several years. Already several arrests have been made of those implicated in the fraudulent naturalization of aliens, and a number more will be arrested in the near future.

It is suspected that a very large business in fraudulent naturalization has been done in the city of Boston in the last half dozen years. One of the men arrested has stated that he was induced to swear that he had been in the country long enough to be naturalized, by the promise of a city job under a Democratic administration. He is sorry now that he listened to the suggestion which has brought him to the United States District Attorney's office.

The new naturalization law passed by the last congress is expected to make very difficult any such frauds as have been perpetrated in the past. It is recognized by the federal authorities that crimes against the franchise are extremely serious matters and that those who are caught at it should be made to suffer an extreme punishment for such an offence.

It is said to be the understanding of the federal authorities that many prominent men of the Democratic party are responsible for these frauds against the naturalization laws and that a tremendous effort will be made to fix the crime upon those who conceived it and employed others to do the actual work.

In the city of Cambridge a good many of these frauds have been unearthed and several very prominent Democrats have paid the penalty by serving terms in jail, although in most of those cases the penalty was not extreme, and it is recognized that in order to put a stop to such crimes the extreme penalty of the law must be enforced. Consequently if the thing can be traced to its actual source and such parties made to suffer rather than their less culpable henchmen, that result will go far toward putting a check upon such nefarious work.

United States District Attorney French is making a special effort in these cases to get at the bottom of the whole affair and it is to be hoped that he will be successful. Among a good many Democrats crimes against the franchise are not considered crimes at all, but defensible from the standpoint of political exigency. It is time that such men found a new viewpoint.

**Bryan Enthusiasm Waning.**

It is remarkable how quickly the enthusiasm for William J. Bryan has ebbed since his return from abroad. Here in Boston there is a good deal of quiet talk in favor of Governor Folk of Missouri since the return of the Democratic hosts from New York. The sensational nature of Mr. Bryan's speech has served to call the attention of many Democrats to the fact that if anything he is even more radical than in 1896. The conservative element of the Democratic party becomes more alarmed the more the situation clarifies. If the battle in 1908 on the Democratic side is to be between Bryan and Hearst, it will merely be a question of which of two radical gentlemen the party desires as its presidential candidate. So far as it is a question of personality between two men, no doubt Mr. Bryan would be much more popular than the New Yorker, but when it resolves itself into a consideration of platforms, the difference is felt to be not as great as had been supposed.

From present indications the radical element in the Democratic party would be satisfied with either man while the conservative wing would look askance at both. If the present conditions of radicalism within the party hold until 1908, there will be little for the conservative wing to do except to sigh for the return of the old days of conservatism and party sanity.

However, it is possible that there may be a change in the political sentiment of the party throughout the country, although at the present time this does not seem probable. If anything, the Democratic leaders in Massachusetts fear that the growth of the party is rather toward radicalism than in the direction of conservatism. Surface indications at all events point that way.

**How Quincy Helps.**

The Boston Journal in a recent editorial declares that Josiah Quincy, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is doing all in his power to make the re-election of Gov. Guild certain. The Journal infers that this is so from the fact that Mr. Quincy insists upon opposing as far as he is able, up to the time of the Democratic state convention, the nomination of John B. Moran for governor.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Quincy is strenuously opposed to Mr. Moran and his methods. He is not so much opposed to Moran personally, perhaps, as he is to the class of men who surround him, and who are his closest friends and advisers in his campaign for the gubernatorial nomination.

It is possible that it is because Mr. Quincy has had some experience with that class of men that he is now so earnestly seeking the nomination of some other person as the Democratic standard bearer. Mr. Moran is a radical. All the men who are about him, or nearly all, are also radicals in political matters. Among these men are George Fred Williams, the two Coakleys, and various other individuals of the radical and senational type. The Democratic party has had one era of George Fred Williams, and during that period the party became so small and insignificant as to excite the pity of the most hard-hearted. Mr. Quincy probably believes that the defeat of Mr. Moran in the coming election would be the best thing that could happen to the Democratic party in case the Democratic state convention places him in nomination.

There were some good Democrats as far back as 1896 who believed the best interests of the country demanded the defeat of William J. Bryan and his free-silver heresies. Probably none of those Democrats today find anything to regret in the course of action which they pursued ten years ago, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Bryan is again looming up as a presidential candidate and may once more lead the Democratic party in the next presidential canvass.

If there are Democrats in Massachusetts who believe the best interests of the state demand the re-election of Curtis Guild, Jr., they may well profit by the example set by other Democrats in 1896, especially in view of the happy outcome of that action.

Why In The World

Do you bake bread during hot weather? It is because you have never tried CREAMALT BREAD (the oval loaf.) When it gets cooler next Fall you can start in again, but you won't because the family will insist on having the same delicious, rich bread you gave them all summer. You may know how to make good bread but you don't know how to make CREAMALT BREAD.

Fresh each day at your grocer's. 10c. a loaf.

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
Boston.

**Underwear**
— AND —
**Hosiery**
in all weights suitable to the season.

**COPELAND & BOWSER,**
**399-401 Main Street.**
**WOBURN.**

### Gypsy Pests in the Fells.

The task of exterminating the gypsy moths in the Fells must certainly appear to be a hopeless one to the Metropolitan Park Commissioners. A visit this week to that part of the Reservation bordering on Winchester shows that on trees where there was one egg cluster a year ago, there are now a hundred or more, despite the vast amount of work that was done last winter and in the early spring. The utter hopelessness of getting rid of the pest through present methods, is apparent when the egg clusters are seen in the crevices of ledges, in stone walls and under boulders and other obscure places. The parasite that is to bring about their destruction, while being turned loose in large numbers from the bug house in Saugus, will not accomplish anything noticeable for four or five years to come and in the meantime at the present rate of increase of the pest, the Fells are more than likely to be defoliated, despite all that the commissioners can do. Vast sums of money will no doubt be spent during the coming fall and winter in an endeavor to keep them down.

It is worth a visit to that part of the Fells situated between the North and the Middle reservoirs, to see the great quantity of egg clusters on the trees.—*Winchester Star.*

Thus gradually do people come around to the WOBURN JOURNAL'S way of thinking as expressed more than a dozen years ago. Taking the Colorado Beetle, or Potato Bug, as a base for calculations, we were firmly of the opinion, and so said on many occasions, that the gypsy and browntail moths could not be exterminated, and time has demonstrated the soundness of our judgment and correctness of our conclusions. And, yet, no doubt, the State, municipalities and persons will go right ahead wasting money on the moths—with Kirkland at $5,000 a year in charge.

### Lake Winnipesaukee Excursion.

On Saturday, September 15, the Boston & Maine R. R. will run its third annual excursion to Lake Winnipesaukee. This is the ideal day's trip from Boston. The train ride is through the most beautiful section of the New Hampshire to Alton Bay on the shores of Winnipesaukee. At Alton Bay connection is made with the steamer Mt. Washington for a sail of 60 miles over the lake. This steamer sail occupies about five hours and covers a course of about 60 miles. The view from the decks of the steamer is superb. In the distance the peaks of the Presidential Range and the nearer summits of the Sandwich Range are clearly discernable on a fair day. Round trip tickets good going and returning on special train on above date will be on sale at Boston City Ticket Office, at 322 Washington Street, until 5.00 p. m. Friday, Sept. 14, and at Union Station until date of excursion. Special train will leave Boston at 8.20 a. m. connecting at Alton Bay with the steamer Mt. Washington. Returning, leave Alton Bay on arrival of the steamer.

### Base Ball.

Neither the North Woburns or the St. Charles played last Saturday.

The South Ends were defeated at Stoneham last Saturday 5 to 3. Kearns did the pitching for the South Ends.

Tomorrow the St. Charles will play the Atwood and McManus team at Chelsea; and the South Ends and the North Woburns will have it out at the Park.

### A Card.

We are very grateful to our many friends for their kindness and sympathy in the time of our bereavement.

MISS S. BANCROFT,
MISS A. E. BANCROFT.

### Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### LIFE'S MIRROR.

BY MADELINE BRIDGES.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
With a smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers, again,
The scattered seed from your thought, outborne,
Though the sowing seem but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Positive and Negative Religion."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—14th Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion with Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In this city, Sept. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Connell Ward of South Boston and Helen F. Boyle of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 5, by Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Charles Joseph Cookson of Medford and Mary Clifford Smith of Somerville.

In this city, Sept. 12, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Jeremiah F. Carey and Mary A. Lombard, both of Woburn.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 6, Ellen C. Lyons, aged 34 years, 5 months.

In this city, Sept. 8, James Hackett, aged 56 years.

In this city, Sept. 11, Elisha J. Mann, aged 66 years, 8 months.

In this city, Sept. 12, Caroline B., wife of the late Col. H. B. Hayes, aged 84 years.

### A Brilliant Party.

The informal dancing party given by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kenney to their daughters Laura and Inez at their Villa, Wheeler's Point, Gloucester, proved to be one of the most brilliant social events of the season. The costumes of the ladies and the artistic illuminations made the Villa look like a fairy land.

The chaperons were: Mrs. W. F. Kenney, Mrs. Juliet Hopkins of Winchester, Mrs. William Orr of Philadelphia, Miss Stimpson of Malden.

The young ladies and gentlemen present were: Misses Ruth Orr, Helen Orr, Dorothy Hopkins, Ruth Griffin, Elsie Griffin, Amy Rowe, Sarah Babson, Iva Marchall Rane Burgengren, Edith Crow, Hazel Trueman, Muriel Trueman, Molly Guinan, Ethel Fowle, Sara Folan, Louise Guinan, Marion Williams, Lucile Mellen, Edna Derby, Hazel Prince, Esther Luce, Marion Luce, Eva Bachelor.

Gentlemen: William Ferguson, Kenneth Ferguson, Robert C. Clark, Frank B. Sullivan, Dudley French, Russell Smith, William Bott, Paul Tappan, Richard Fisher, Nat Rice, Edward Robinson, James Cunningham, Cadet James H. Cunningham of West Point, Ernest French, Robert Thompson, Frederick Thompson, Edward Rowe, Freeman Davis, Daniel Sharp, Joseph Leland, Abbot Fish, Arthur Smith, Harry Whalen.

Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mellen, Mr. and Mrs. William H. French, Mr. and Mrs. Kevogan, Mrs. Garvey.

### Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health Tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

### WINCHESTER.

Autoists are getting to be more cautious as to illegal speeding in this town. Chief McIntosh has learned the reckless drivers a profitable lesson.

At a meeting of the Woburn City Council held Thursday evening Sept. 6, the order for a 30-inch drain pipe to be put in the Russell Brook passed its first reading.

Miss Mary Holland won the handsome diamond ring offered by the Pilgrims to the member selling the largest amount of tickets for their dance in Lyceum Hall last Monday night.

Our public schools were never in better running order than they are today. Our corps of teachers possess superior qualifications for educational work; the Committee heartily second every advance movement; and the character of the schools is A1.

I don't pretend to know much about politics, but am told that things are beginning to sizzle in political circles. It don't look as though Winchester would have much of a show this year in either the Senatorial or Representative District. Well, we can stand it. I should like to see Dr. Church sent to the Legislature.

On this day, Friday, Sept. 14, the venerable Samuel W. Twombly and wife are to observe in a quiet and modest way the 63d anniversary of their wedding-day. The instance of a couple living together as man and wife 63 years is rare indeed, and, therefore, this anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Twombly is worthy of more than common notice. They are prominent and greatly esteemed in this town.

Our town is increasing in population and wealth. Why not? Located within 8 miles of the State House in the midst of the most attractive natural scenery in this section of the Commonwealth; with steam and electric transportation facilities unsurpassed; furnished with every modern improvement; schools of a high order of efficiency; fine churches; people intelligent, cultured, progressive; splendid building sites—why shouldn't this fair town grow rapidly, as it has done in years past, is now doing, and is bound to grow in the future?

While returning from a dance at Lyceum Hall about 12.30 last Monday night, Fred Kenney and Fred Stevenson of Winchester discovered a man laying beside the track just below Cross street in Winchester in an unconscious condition. They immediately notified the Winchester police who were quickly on the scene. Dr. McCarthy arrived and ordered his removal to the Massachusetts General Hospital, his scalp being torn and his shoulder broken. When questioned Tuesday morning he gave his name as P. J. O'Garra and said that he boarded at Hannon's on Main street; he also said he had a brother living at 296 Pine street, Manchester, N. H. He claimed that he had been to Lowell and was returning on a train and that he was pushed off but the authorities did not take much notice of his claim, as he had been seen in Winchester Centre that night, and it is their belief that he was walking on the track and was struck by the 11.20 train from Boston, the heavy fog being the cause of the engineer not seeing him. He is 23 years old.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## *Mortgagee's Sale*

— OF —

## REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William O'Brien to John Fenlon, dated July 27th, 1874, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1315, Page 596, which mortgage was duly assigned to Thomas Salmon by assignment dated February 18, 1881, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1560, Page 554, and by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of Thomas Salmon to John G. Maguire by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, and by said Maguire assigned to Julia A. Scalley by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

**Saturday, the sixth day of October, A. D., 1906,**

at two o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots numbered 27 and 28 on a Plan of House Lots in said Woburn and Winchester, belonging to Lemuel G. Richardson and William H. Richardson, containing about sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty (16880) square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on Arlington street at a stake by land of James E. Abbott, the line runs southwesterly by land of said Abbott about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake at lot No. 29 on said plan; thence nearly southeasterly by land last named about ninety-seven (97) feet to Belmont street; thence by Belmont street about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to Arlington street; thence northwesterly by said Arlington street about one hundred and fifteen (115) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises are the same conveyed to William O'Brien by Lemuel G. Richardson by deed dated May 20th, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1162, Page 124, and is hereby conveyed subject to the conditions therein mentioned.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Assignee
and present holder of said Mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., September 12th, 1906.

**WANTED!**

To find a 200 acre farm for sale within fifteen miles of Boston; light, dry sandy soil, with or without buildings; no swamp; no rocks; on a public road; in one body; cash sale; no objection to a silo; not much wood. Enquire or call on

C. L. BABCOCK, Agent,
79 Elm St., North Woburn, Mass.

**RESIDENCE**
**For Sale.**

The Homestead Estate of the late George A. Simonds, 14-room house, with all modern improvements. 17,186 feet of land.

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ALICE H. SIMONDS.

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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— AND —
**COLLEGE ICES**

with Crushed Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, Peach, Cherry or Walnuts, are as delicious as ever.

**Ice Cream To Take Home:**

Harlequin, Country Club, Harvard and Tuttifruiti in individual bricks. Vanilla and Strawberry in bulk.

**McLaughlin & Dennison,**
**Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.**
**417 Main Street, Woburn**
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

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like Cuff Buttons and Scarf Pins, are what shows one's good taste. Our stock is large enough and our prices small enough to enable us to suit your purse and your fancy.

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**409 Main Street, WOBURN.**
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

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PEACH ICE CREAM made from fresh fruit.

Theonleigh Club } Strawberry, Coffee,
In Pint Bricks 25c. } Orange Sherbet, Pineapple

NOTE — Our PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM is made strictly from fresh fruit prepared at our store.

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LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Best home purifier of foul places. Destroys decomposition, maintains conditions essential to health. Beware of inferior imitations.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels.

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**WANTED.**
A House and Barn
WITH FROM
10 to 5 acres of Land.
Cash Down will be paid.
Apply to G. PLACE,
428 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

# THE PINK KIMONO

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the itness of all," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others wide and welcoming, Warwick knew.

The boy was young and clever. The only thing that ailed him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it all—the whirl and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hillsboro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crape, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy Trainor's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the chair and opened the door.

Billy stepped in smilingly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Rex," he said reproachfully; "why, Rex!"

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastily. "The hall boy did it. What is it?"

Billy lifted it by the shoulders and beamed with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"It's a kimono, the real imported article. No bargain sale. Who's the lucky lady?"

The door bell buzzed again. Warwick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in his dressing room and concealed it therein.

"It's Stanton," Billy announced, "and the rest."

Warwick played the host with more inner discomfort than ever before in his life. It was not the mere fact of the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but he didn't want to see that particular—what had Billy called it?—kimono?—handled and laughed about and speculated over. Somewhere there must be the girl who wanted that kimono. He hoped she was a brunette. Pink was best for brunettes. Not too much of a brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or gray—yes, gray—a gray eye or so.

Billy was pushing back the chairs and taborets for the spread. Stanton was singing at the piano. Out in the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforths were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Veau was up on the divan with its red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original poetry.

"Rex, don't you own a decent tablecloth, you beggar?" called Yates.

Warwick smoked without replying. Through the haze he saw the brunette girl with the pink kimono about her smiling deliciously like a geisha—no, he didn't want her to be a geisha—smiling, well, just as a girl should smile when she had the right one to smile at.

Stanton left the piano and came over.

"Say, you're a prince to get me here tonight," he said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?"

"Studio apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Half den, half home, not confined to bachelors. I like it. When a fellow's had a home, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a Jap comes in and cleans up for me, and if I want a meal, I can have it."

"I—I am going to housekeeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honeymoon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far.

"No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the joyous, riotous crowd about the piano. "It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and—well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today"—

"Whoopee!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warry's tablecloth. It's a dream!"

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette. Waltzing dizzily, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn howl of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They handed him a Samoan fan of dyed plumes and a Mexican peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "San Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said.

The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight. I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has on my kimono."

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and divested of the pink silk gown.

"I am sorry to spoil your amusement"— she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stanton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived here"—

"That's Warwick," interposed Stanton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay."

Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "itness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watching Marjorie make tea, tea from his teapot, which the Jap servant had brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He was wondering how she would look in it.

"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, Mr. Warwick?"

"Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Mar—Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes."

"Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.

"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea a la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

### Grasshopper Glacier.

One of the small glaciers in Montana is of special interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are literally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most obvious explanation is that centuries ago two enormous swarms in course of migration were caught in a snowstorm, chilled and buried in the snow, where they have remained till now in a perfect state of preservation. In the accounts of the early western explorers a few instances are related of meeting large swarms of locusts on the mountain tops in the Rockies. It is a very fortunate circumstance that the great extension of agriculture in the west has broken up the breeding grounds of these insects.—St. Louis Republic.

### Bear Hunting.

Bear hunting, with the assistance of guides supplied with a well trained pack of hounds, may be satisfactory if merely the killing of them is desired, but it certainly is no sport and deserves not even to be ranked with trapping bears, as in the latter case the hunter must possess at least some knowledge of the quarry's habitat and habits. Unlike a fox, a bear, when once found by the hounds, stands no chance whatever of escaping, and there would be just as much sport in shooting the animals in a park or pen as to kill a run to bay bear. And, while this truth applies to mountain lions also, there is not even the excuse of the animal's destructiveness, which is applicable as far as the latter is concerned.—Field and Stream.

### The Poodle.

Why is a poodle so called? Some one says: "Probably the natural answer would recall the old lady who said that no credit could be given to Adam for naming the pig, since anybody would have known what to call it. 'Poodle' seems so obvious a name for this dog. And, in fact, this is not far from the truth about the origin of the word. It is quite recent in English, not being found before 1864, apparently. It is the German 'pudel,' which comes from the Low German, 'pudeln,' to waddle, and the dog must have been so called, as Skeat says, either because he waddles after his master or because he looks fat and clumsy on account of his thick hair."

### Coldness of Ice.

It seems strange to think that some ice is colder than other ice. The term "ice cold" always seems to signify a definite temperature. All water under similar conditions freezes at a certain definite temperature. But when the thermometer falls below that it continues to affect the ice, making it harder and colder. The test has been made by placing a piece of ice from the north and a piece of ice formed in the vicinity of New York near a stove together. The former took much longer to melt than the latter.—New York Tribune.

### A Story of Ole Bull.

A curious tale of Ole Bull is told in a book on violins and violinists. It seems that in 1831, being then twenty one years of age, the famous violinist wandered to Paris. The cholera was raging and Malibran singing. He went to hear her, and his landlord decamped with his possessions, including his violin. He was speedily reduced to extremity. During the last dinner that he was able to pay for he made the acquaintance of a remarkable man. To this stranger Ole Bull confided his miseries. At the conclusion the stranger said abruptly, "Well, I will do something for you if you have courage and 5 francs." "I have both," said Bull. "Then go to Frascati's tonight at 10 o'clock, pass through the first room, go into the second, where they play rouge et noir, and when a new taille begins put your 5 francs on rouge and leave it there." Bull did as directed and when his 5 francs had become 400 he took them up after an episode with a woman who attempted to take them. Red continued to win, and had he left his money longer he would have won an independent sum. The stranger, who was present as his elbow, was Vidocq, the French detective, already a European celebrity.

### Turkey's Way of Raising Revenue.

The land in all Turkey and her dependencies belongs to the reigning sultan and is only occupied at his will. It is divided among those who wish to cultivate it at a nominal rental of one-fifth of the produce, which goes directly to the crown. Three-fifths more are taken from the lessee on other pretexts, all for the maintenance of the government, the pasha in each district having the authority to lease the ground and collect the taxes, which may be in kind or money. If crops are short, they take four-fifths of all the man has in animals and even in household utensils, sometimes all his possessions, to make up the deficiency which Providence has withheld. Everything that can produce, be it a tree, beast, fowl, worm or the labor of a man and his family, is subject to the four-fifths tax. Those who toil at any labor or trade other than agriculture are taxed also pro rata according to their wages and must pay or go to prison.—Pearson's Weekly.

### How to Remove a Corn; Try It.

Expose the corn and pass the finger tips of your right hand over it slowly and caressingly, at the same time sending a vibration from the brain to the corn. If it is a soft corn 413 vibrations per second will suffice; if a hard corn, put on a forced draft. Repeat slowly, "I am now sending a current of thought force into my corn and so separating, deducing, disintegrating, rendering, splitting, sundering, splintering, snipping, dwellicating, whittling, dispersing, dislocating, eliding, divorcing, pulverizing, slashing, slicing and dissecting it that presently it will pass away. Repeat it three times; then, with rising inflection, "Avaunt, avaunt, avaunt!" Finish by repeating the password: "The universe is mine. I am it." The corn will at first look extremely surprised, then wilt and fade beautifully from sight.—New Thought.

### A Nice Distinction.

A well known Atlantan has a wife with a sharp tongue. Jones had come home about 2 in the morning rather the worse off for a few highballs. As soon as he opened the door his wife, who was waiting for him in the accustomed place at the top of the stairs, where she could watch his uncertain ascent, started upbraiding him for his conduct. Jones went to bed and when he was almost asleep could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark, "I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this." "Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"—Kansas City Star.

### Clams' Eggs.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them the mother clams discharge the eggs which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is this: When the eggs are set free in the water they soon hatch and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which to attach themselves. They live for a time on the mucus of the fish and then drop off, sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious semiparasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.

### One Man's Wisdom.

Green—Who was it that said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws?" Brown—I don't know the man's name, but he was a wise guy, all right. Green—Because why? Brown—Because it is possible to evade the laws, but one can't get away from the songs, especially when they become popular. —Chicago News.

### The Price of Vanity.

"What became of that life guard who had forty-one medals for saving people's lives?"

"The poor fellow fell out of a launch with them all on and the combined weight sank him."—Minneapolis Journal.

### Must Have Been Smart.

Signora P.—I had a dozen proposals before yours, all from smarter men than you too. Signor P.—They must have been. How did they manage to crawl out of it?—La Caricaturista.

Do not allow Idleness to deceive you, for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.—Crowquil.

### A Funny Incident.

When Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farthur up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott and finally at the donkey ventured, "Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

### The Art of the Parasol.

A well adjusted parasol enables you to hide blushes you don't want people to see and to hide the blushes that aren't there if you want people to think they are, and it enables you to cut people who deserve to be cut and to avoid people whom you daren't cut, but whom you particularly don't want to see.—"The World and His Wife."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

### LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 16.

**Text of the Lesson, Mark xii, 13-27. Memory Verse, 27—Golden Text, Mark xii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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We are now in the last week before the crucifixion, the week so fully recorded by each of the evangelists. After He had cleansed the temple He was questioned by the chief priests and scribes as to the authority by which He had done this. He in reply asked them whether the baptism of John was from heaven or of men. This, for reasons given, they refused to answer, saying, "We cannot tell." He then said, "Neither do I tell you by what authority I do these things" (Mark xi, 27-33). He then spake the parables of the father and two sons, the vineyard let out to husbandmen, the marriage supper and wedding garment (Matt. xxi, 28, to xxii, 14), in which He set before them their treatment of the kingdom and of Himself, their King, and the punishment that would come upon the disobedient. Then certain Pharisees and Herodians are sent to Him to catch Him in His words (verse 13) or entangle Him in His talk (Matt. xxii, 15).

With many flattering words they ask Him if it is lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not. In Ps. lxxviii, 36, it is said of their ancestors, "They did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied unto Him with their tongues, for their heart was not right with Him." "They tempted and provoked the most high God" (verse 56). These people were true children of their fathers, appearing outwardly righteous unto men, but within full of hypocrisy and iniquity (Matt. xxiii, 28). He said also of them, "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth and honoreth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me" (Matt. xv, 18). Compare Isa. xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31. Jesus knew their hypocrisy, perceived their wickedness and craftiness (verse 15 and the parallel accounts), and said: "Why tempt ye Me, ye hypocrites? Bring Me a penny, that I may see it." Then, drawing from them the fact that the money bore Caesar's image and superscription, His simple and unanswerable reply was, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Thus He confounded the worldly minded Herodians from their own text, "a penny." Let the worldling enjoy the world and worship the world—in other words, the devil—for the whole world lieth in the wicked one, and he is the prince or god of this world (I John v, 19; John xiv, 30; II Cor. iv, 4), and then complain not if in the life beyond this he finds himself in the devil's territory, the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. xxv, 41). Let those who have been born again and who have begun to bear the image of Christ, and are being day by day by all things conformed to that image (Rom. viii, 28, 29; xii, 1, 2), render to God in Christ the whole hearted devotion which is due to Him, looking forward to the time when we shall be like Him and share with Him His kingdom and glory (I John iii, 1, 2).

Our Lord is next tempted by the Sadducees, who deny that there is any resurrection of the body or angel or spirit (Acts xxiii, 8), asking Him about a point in the law (Deut. xxv, 5, 6) and citing the case of a woman who had successively become the wife of seven brethren, and derisively they ask, "In the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven?" Our Lord's reply is most comprehensive, suggestive and final. The Scriptures are a full and perfect authority. You do not know them nor the power of God, and therefore you err in your question and your thoughts. There are angels even if you do not believe it, but they do not marry, for marriage is for this world only. In the resurrection the redeemed will be in that respect like angels. If we know not the Scriptures we shall surely err concerning the things of God, for God has fully revealed His will and purpose in His word. There is a resurrection of the dead, which shall include both the just and unjust and be completed at the time of the great white throne, but there is a resurrection from the dead, of which our Lord here speaks, a resurrection of the just, a first resurrection (Luke xiv, 14; Rev. xx, 6). These are called the children of the resurrection (Luke xx, 36) and are equal to the angels in the matter of not marrying any more, but are higher than angels in the matter of their relation to Christ, for they with Him shall judge angels, shall sit with Him in His throne and reign over the earth (I Cor. vi, 2, 3; Rev. iii, 21; v, 9, 10; xx, 5, 6). In bodies, like the resurrection body of Christ, they shall never be sick nor old nor die (Phil. iii, 20, 21; Rev. xxi, 3, 4; Isa. xxxiii, 24).

The Sadducees professed to believe the five books of Moses, so our Lord calls their attention to Ex. iii, 2-6, and the words of God to Moses out of the burning bush, really His own words, for it was He who spoke to Moses at that time, He whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity (Micah v, 2, margin). Our Lord says that the words He spoke at that time, "I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob," prove that the dead rise. The multitude were astonished at His doctrine, and the scribes said, "Master, Thou hast well said," and after that they durst not ask Him any question (Matt. xxii, 33; Luke xx, 39, 40). The words spoken at the bush and our Lord's comment here, "He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living," certainly prove clearly that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were alive in the time of Moses, although their bodies were dead.

### The Streets of Peru.

The streets of Peru, especially on gala days or when they wear the special dress of some celebration, are said to be among the most picturesque in the world. In their narrow proportions they resemble somewhat the streets of China, and the variety and contrast of the colors used in decoration may be compared with the Chinese. There is, however, a distinct Latin character to the decoration, which lends them an atmosphere entirely their own.

### No Guarantee.

A sporting paper recommends a certain way of avoiding the bites of a dog, however savage. All one has to do is to stand perfectly still and hold one's hand out. The dog, says the writer, will take the hand in his mouth, but will not bite it. But what guarantee have we that the dog knows this?—London Globe.

### He Might Be Needed.

It is best to be courteous to all, even to the man that you dislike. You may want to borrow money from him some day.—Boston Globe.

### Town Without Horses or Wheels.

The town of Funchal, in the Madeira islands, is a town with no horses and no wheeled vehicles. In traveling about one either drives in a sledge or is carried in a hammock. The streets and adjacent roads are paved with small and curiously smooth cobblestones, and from the first it was found that runners were better than wheels both for speed and comfort. For instance, when you come to a hill the oxen draw your sled to the top and are then unhitched. Your driver then proceeds to toboggan your conveyance gently down the other side, while the team trots on behind. Horses are not available in Funchal, as the nature of the cobblestone roads would soon ruin their feet. This is why the ox, with his flexible hoof, is the draft animal of Funchal. For expeditions into the country the hammock is used. This is slung on a pole, carried on the shoulders of two men, and is perhaps the most comfortable conveyance in the world—no jar and no need to guide it.

### A City on the Cliffs.

Precisely why the town of Bonifacio, in Corsica, is built to the sheer edge of the cliff which forms the sea frontage of that part of the island is a question always asked by the traveler who views Bonifacio for the first time, and he reiterates his question when he observes, upon visiting the environs of the place, that there is plenty of room for the town to have spread out in an inland direction. The early Corsicans apparently thought that farm land was worth more than city real estate and so crowded their dwellings to the dizzy edge of their 200 foot precipice. One's first impression is that these houses, with their walls on a vertical plane with the cliff, were purposely so situated that the body of a victim of a dark vendetta murder might be conveniently dropped out of the window into the sea beneath, with no one the wiser. Certainly there is a suggestion of romance and mystery in the aspect of the town. It forms, at any rate, one of the oddest sky lines in the world.

### Knew From Experience.

"I say," said a friend the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married, and don't understand much about the business, but has a married man any rights left when he once assumes the hymeneal responsibilities?"

"Rights? Yes, lots! He's a right to pay all the bills, to"—

"Stop. I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box and drawer and portmanteau and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars"—

"Hold hard! I know what you mean. Listen, young man. If your bedroom were 200 yards long and lined from the floor to the ceiling with drawers and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of collars, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, tufts of frizzes, pads, scent boxes, old gloves, powder puffs, rings and things. So just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper or some brown paper and hide the parcel under the bed."

The inquirer smiled loudly and ironically and passed on a wiser if not a better man.

### Eskimo Throwing Sticks.

A "throwing stick," "throwing board" or "spear thrower," as it is sometimes called, is a contrivance for casting a javelin or harpoon, which is employed by various savage races, such as the Australians, some South American tribes and especially by the Eskimos, among whom its use is almost universal. Roughly speaking, it is a narrow grooved board a foot or so long, with one end cut into a handle and the other provided with a stud or spur for the butt of the spear to rest against. It is used thus: Grasping the handle as he would a sword, the man fits the shaft of the spear into the groove, with the butt resting against the stud, steadying the spear with the finger. Then, extending his arm and bending back his hand till the spear lies horizontal, he aims at the mark and propels the weapon by a quick forward jerk of the stick. In this way I have seen Eskimo boys casting their forked javelins at wounded waterfowl.

### When Buchanan Was King.

George Buchanan was a scholar, historian, controversialist and the best Latin poet of his age. Buchanan was tutor to Mary, queen of Scots, and to her son James, afterward James I. of England. One day he caused himself to be made king of Scotland, and this was the way of it: Having observed in James a tendency to too ready acquiescence, he drew up a paper for the royal pupil to sign. James did so at once without having read it. The document happened to be a transfer of the royal authority to Buchanan for fifteen days, and no sooner had the poet got it into his possession than he began to play the monarch, even before the king himself. James thought the man a lunatic until the instrument was produced by which he had signed away his sovereignty. This incident was used by the worthy preceptor to illustrate the day's lesson on the responsibilities of monarchs.

### Monkeys as Nurses.

"Monkeys make poor nurses," said a zoo keeper. "When they live near a stream of water and one of the colony falls sick they invariably toss him overboard. They don't want him around. His sighs and groans annoy them so. 'Psst! Off the dock!'

"Here in captivity I have to remove at once a sick monkey from his comrades' reach. Otherwise they would soon kill him. When they can, well monkeys take a strange joy in tormenting an invalid. They bite the end of his tail, they drag him about, and they pinch him. Finally, when he dies, as many as can find room sit on his body, close together, very solemn, as though engaged in some religious rite."

### Fixed Bayonets.

It is said that during the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer war the assault column of British, advancing in thick darkness, climbed up an almost precipitous wall. Once or twice they were faintly challenged. At last a Boer recognized them and shouted to the sentry to fire on the "verdomde rooineks!" As the crest was gained the fire broke out. A few of the attackers began to reply, but they were stopped, and the voice of the commanding officer was heard to give the order, "Fix bayonets!" That there were no bayonets did not matter. The men, taking up the cry, rushed on the Boer gunners, who fled at the thought of the cold steel.

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## A MAGIC MIRROR.

### Experiments With the Moon and Stars and a Hand Glass.

A pretty experiment can be made with a hand mirror any night when there is a full moon. Hold the mirror so that the moon's image will be seen in it and you will be surprised to see four moons instead of one. One moon will be very bright, but the other three will be in a straight line and quite dull, one dull image on the side of the bright moon and the other two on the other side. Turn the mirror round slowly, still holding its face to the moon, and the reflections will seem to revolve round a common center.

You can make the same experiment with one of the very bright stars, such as Sirius, Venus or Jupiter, but with these there will be three images instead of four, as the number seen depends on the breadth of the object. The explanation is quite simple. There are two surfaces in a mirror, one in front and the other where the quicksilver is. The brightest reflection comes from the object itself, the others are what are known as secondary images reflected from the front to the back of the mirror and thence to the eye. The magic mirror never fails to excite a good deal of wonder, and is an interesting experiment as well.—London Chronicle.

### Curious Tombstones.

Two curiously inscribed stones by the wayside have been noted by correspondents of the Manchester Guardian. One is about a mile from the village of Hope, in Flintshire, and reads: "Here my God did spare my life. For the tenement was the strife—1777." One would think that the incident the stone commemorates must be well known in the neighborhood, but the correspondent was not successful in finding any one who could tell the story. The other stone is by the side of a lonely road in the neighborhood of Jenkin chapel, and bears the following inscription: "Here John Turner was cast away in a heavy snowstorm in the night on or about the year 1735. The print of a woman's shoe was found by his side in the snow were (sic) he lay dead."

### Oldest Ale House In England.

The oldest licensed village ale house in England is claimed to be the George Inn, in North St. Philip. The license dates from 1307. Each story of the picturesque old structure overhangs that beneath. The front is broken by bay windows, a porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall. At the back are more quaint doors and windows, and a turret built against the wall incloses an outside stair, while in the yard still remains part of the old gallery found in so many hostelries of the middle ages. A curious chimney surmounts each gable.—London Answers.

### Childhood's Chosen Colors.

Professor James Sully in his studies of childhood compares the mental processes of white children in civilized lands with those of full grown savages and discovers some remarkable resemblances. Among other things he has ascertained that the favorite colors of the savage, red and yellow, are those which white children first take notice of and of which they remain especially fond during the period of childhood. So, too, the savage adult and the white child find a common pleasure in all bright, shining and glittering things.

### Dangerous.

Mrs. Hornbeak (in the midst of her reading)—Mercy sakes alive! Here is an item about a surgeon over at Biggerville removin' an epithelioma from a man's lip. Farmer Hornbeak—Well, I sh'u'd judge it was about time for people to quit using such long words when it requires a doctor to git 'em out. —Puck.

### Deceived.

Jerrold—I can't get any speed out of that motor car you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it. Hobart—So I was, old chap. For obstructing the highway.—London Star.

### Notes and Letters.

Tenor (singing)—"Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy dreams." Professor—Stop! stop! Why don't you sound the "h?" Tenor—It don't go no higher than "g."—Christian Register.

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your sphere.—Edward Braislin.

## THE SPONGE FISHER.

### He Must Have Strength, a Quick Eye and a Deft Hand.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert sponge fisher earns not more than £3 a month besides his keep on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.—Pearson's Weekly.

### How Plate Glass Is Made.

The cast plate glass of which mirrors, shop windows and such things are made is prepared from the whitest sand, broken plate glass, soda, a small amount of manganese and cobalt oxides. The glass when perfectly melted is poured upon an iron table of the size required, and the thickness is regulated by a strip of iron placed down each of the four sides of the table. Immediately after it is poured out the molten substance is flattened down by an iron roller, which lowers the glass to the thickness of the strips at the sides. It is then annealed or tempered for several days, after which it is ground perfectly level and polished to transparent brilliancy. The first plate glass was made in 1688 at St. Picardy, France, where the process was found out by an accident, as so many other important methods in manufacture have been discovered where there were eyes to see the accidents and minds to apply them or the lessons they taught to the advance of art or industry.

### Goethe's Last Moments.

The story of the deathbed of Goethe reveals a striking picture of fortitude, artistic calm and intellectual activity under the chilling dews of death. The information is gathered from a letter written on March 23, 1832, the day after Goethe's death, by Fraulein Louise Seidler, an art student and close friend of the poet's family. On the evening before his dissolution, with an icy coldness taking possession of him and the death rattle beginning to be audible, Goethe, with his charming daughter-in-law by his side, would talk of nothing but his pet theory of color, of the treaty of Basle, of his desire that the children should go to the theater, of his plans for the near future. As sleep did not come with the night, he called for a newly published volume of history, and covered his inability to read it with a joke. Even at 7 o'clock the next morning, just three and a half hours before he died, he sent for a portfolio to talk optics and was setting himself to classify some papers when the last agony seized him. He then lay motionless, notwithstanding its violence, till respiration ceased and the heart stood still.—London Globe.

### Diamond Mine Prisons.

Each of the great South African diamond mines has its several compounds, where the Kaffirs are imprisoned. These are inclosures with walls sufficiently high to prevent escape, and around the walls is a stretch of roofing sufficient to prevent the inmates from tossing diamonds to the outside to be picked up by confederates. In the early days the Kaffirs used to throw diamonds over the walls in tin cans, so that their wives or friends might come and pick them up. When the Kaffirs go to Kimberley from their tribes they agree to submit to imprisonment. The shortest period is three months, but there are many who have never been out of the compounds for two or three years.—World's Work.

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### How to Handle Your Horse.

Decision should never in handling horses be confounded with unwise determination to have things your way. In this application it means the faculty of doing the right thing at the right instant and may be cultivated by frequent practice with all sorts of horses, and of course no hands were ever developed by handling any one animal or any one kind of a horse. That it is decision that gives the hand the moment the horse yields; that uses the roughest methods at a pinch, for hands are by no means always delicate of touch; that frustrates the most determined attempts of kicker, rearer or bolter; that picks the best road; that makes the animal carry himself to the best advantage for the purpose of the moment. Decision is very close to intuition in effect. Decision dominates the situation at many critical moments, and the horse is quick to discern and to presume upon its absence. There is no such thing as a safe partnership with a horse. You must be the master or he will be, to your certain future discomfiture.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

### Big Benefits at London Theaters.

Betterton, in 1709, when his salary was £4 a week, had a benefit and received £76 as his share of the receipts and £450 in the shape of donations. The biggest benefit performances of modern times have taken place at Drury Lane. That for Ben Webster, held in March, 1874, realized £2,000; the profit on the Buckstone celebration, in June, 1876, was £1,200; for the Nellie Farren benefit performance, in March, 1898, there was obtained £7,260, though half of this amount was secured from private donations, which flowed in when it was known that the Messrs. Rothschild had volunteered to invest what sum was realized, give the popular comedienne an annuity and, on her death, grant the theatrical charities half of the capital.—London Chronicle.

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 43.

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

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**In effect June 4, 1906.**
**Passenger Service from Woburn.**

**FOR BOSTON,** 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

C. M. BURT,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.20 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets, |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.) |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.) |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) |

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows.

TELEPHONE 6-3,

**LAWRENCE READE,**

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

**Undertaker & Funeral Director**

241 Main St., Woburn

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***JAMES McDONALD,***

**Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator**

ADDRESS

P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass

Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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***L. W. THOMPSON,***

(Successor to L. Thompson

**HARDWARE**

Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

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**CIVIL ENGINEER**
**and SURVEYOR,**

**H. S. ADAMS;** Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State

BOSTON, MASS.

Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

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***John G. Maguire,***

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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**E. PRIOR,**

**AUCTIONEER.**

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 449 Main St., Woburn.

## BETROTHED IN BANKRUPTCY

By C. B. Lewis

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

After the death of her farmer husband the widow Allen moved into the village of Fergus. Her husband had left her a snug property and a goodly sum of life insurance, and at fifty years she became a money lender.

She had no friends as a girl, she had few as a wife, and as a widow and a capitalist people did not speak in her favor. She drove hard bargains and had no pity. If her capital or interest was not forthcoming on the day and date she invoked the aid of the law and accepted no excuses. She had always been a woman of stingy disposition, sure to avenge what she deemed a slight, and when she came to know the general opinion of the villagers she ground her teeth together and made up her mind to get even.

The village of Fergus boasted of only three general stores. That was more than was needed to supply the wants of the people. There would not have been a fourth had not one of the merchants had a business transaction with the widow Allen and been obliged to go to law over it. She was beaten in the suit, and to get even she planned to start another store. Not being an educated woman and afraid to try the idea by herself, she lent a sum of money to young George French, who had for several years been a clerk in the store of the merchant she wished particularly to ruin. He was bound hard and fast. The widow wanted revenge, but she didn't propose to lose any money over it. She was near fifty years old and the new merchant not yet twenty-six, but she let it be known that when a marriage took place between them the firm name of "George French & Co." might be shortened to "George French."

There was a rush of customers to the new store. To keep expenses down and make an innovation young French employed a girl bookkeeper and another girl as clerk.

As the widow insisted on his boarding with her so that they could talk business and he be under her watch, she did not become jealous for a time. The day came, however, when she announced that he must get rid of both girls and replace them with men.

He refused to heed her in this, pointing out the saving and other good reasons. One of the reasons that he did not give was that he admired the fatherless girl, Jennie Warder, the bookkeeper, who was supporting a widowed mother by her efforts, and to whom he had been attracted from the first day. His admiration must have been patent to her in a hundred ways, and yet he had spoken no word. The new store was an experiment; if it was a success he might avow himself. If a failure he would have no right to ask her to share his lot.

The widow Allen concealed her chagrin and did not press her point. The young merchant was hustling and making things gloomy for her victim. At the proper time he would offer an alternative.

Nine months of liberal advertising, low prices and attention to business on the part of the new storekeeper brought bankruptcy to two of the other merchants, but they brought no such profits to French as he had hoped for. He had bound himself to sell at certain prices and he dared not depart from them. He had bound himself to repay a certain amount of the capital invested at the end of the first twelve months, and figure as he would he could not see his way clear to do so. The widow was waiting for him to speak, and then she laughed and hinted at matrimony. When her hints were turned aside she said quietly:

"At the end of the year you must pay me as agreed. If not the law will put me in possession and you will be out of employment."

"But you are not pressed for money. You can give me time," he protested. "I have worked like a slave to make the store a success. I put in a thousand dollars of my own money. You would not drive me into bankruptcy?"

"If we are not married on the day your notes are due I shall demand my money. If you go into bankruptcy I shall buy in the stock and put some one else in your place."

Her declaration lost her her boarder, but when he walked out of the house he knew that he was ruined in business. He could not pay her the half of what he owed her, and a call at the lawyer's brought him no comfort. She had spoken of marriage, but he turned away in disgust at the thought. She had said she would ruin him, and she was a woman to keep her word.

There is always a way out for the merchant who finds bankruptcy staring him in the face, and few take it who cannot excuse themselves to their own consciences. The merchant went over the ground time and time again, but he always came back to the one thing. If his store was burned out before the year was up the insurance money would pay the widow Allen and leave him something to start anew. Men recoil from this idea at first, but if the situation is pressing a large proportion grasp it in the end.

Young French looked around his store and saw the favorable situation of things. All he need do was to leave a lighted candle among the litter under the stairway when he went home at night. By midnight or an hour later the whole building would be in flames, with no possibility of anything being saved. The widow Allen alone might suspect him, but she would have no proofs.

The merchant debated the idea with himself for two weeks before he adopted it. In the store he gave no sign that he was troubled, but the bookkeeper was not deceived. She knew what the profits were, and she knew who had a clutch on him. She even interpreted the glances he cast around the store, and when she saw him adding to the litter in the closet she could have told him his purpose.

One windy, rainy night, when there was excuse for shutting up early, and when only thirty days remained between French and business ruin, he made a pretext to be the last one out and the candle was placed and lighted. The young merchant went to his boarding house and to his room, and all he had to do was wait.

The wind rose and the rain fell more heavily, and he was rejoiced at the thought that none of the villagers would be on the street in such a storm. Between midnight and 1 o'clock the flames would start. When the alarm was given people could only turn out and look on with folded arms. French went to bed at the usual hour. He left nothing to chance. He lay there hour after hour thinking, scheming and planning. It was close upon midnight when his other self came to the rescue. The two personalities debated and argued and fought. The one self contended and the other protested.

After a quarter of an hour the merchant arose and hurriedly began to dress. He was pale faced and trembling and frightened. He felt himself a criminal and branded before the world. Bankruptcy might come, he might be forced to most menial employment, the widow Allen might triumph and he might lose the one he had learned to love, but he would save the store.

The wind was blowing a gale and the rain coming in sheets when he stepped from the door and ran through the mud and storm to the store. Not even a dog was in sight. As he ran he prayed that he might not be too late. With shaking hands he inserted the key in the door and pushed it open. There was no smell of smoke. Striking a match, he made his way to the closet. The candle had been blown out hours ago. It had not burned half an inch. With a new fear at his heart the man turned away and lighted a lamp and leaned on the counter to think. He heard the rustle of garments and light footsteps, and Miss Warder came out of the darkness and stood before him and said:

"Mr. French, I blew the candle out a long, long time ago."

"You—you found and blew it out!" he gasped.

"Yes, and I have been waiting for you to come."

"I was going to burn the store for the insurance," he said, after a long silence.

"Yes."

"To pay the notes due that woman in thirty days and save myself from bankruptcy."

"I know."

"But I couldn't do it. I thought I could—I meant to—but I came here to blow out the candle and save the store. I am a ruined man, but I am not a criminal except in intent."

"I knew you would come," said the girl, with tears in her voice. "It is hard to face ruin, but it is harder to face conscience. Yesterday a lawyer came to see mother. He told her she was one of the heirs to a large estate. He brought papers for her to sign, and within a month she will have $20,000."

"Well?" queried French, as he wiped his brow and looked around the store.

"I—thought—thought"—

"You want to give me notice and leave your place at the end of the week. You will go, of course, but I hope you will remember that I came back to save the store. I wanted the insurance money, but my conscience wouldn't let me be a criminal."

"I thought that if you wanted to take in a partner"—

"But where can I find one?"

"If you—you wanted to take in a partner and pay up the notes and be clear of that woman mother would give me the money, and"—

He saw her to her home through the storm and darkness, and he did not realize that the wind blew or the rain fell or that he had to pick his steps. He realized only that he held her hand and that he had been saved from his other self. His sign reads "George French," but there is a silent partner with him and behind him and daily adding to his happiness.

### Rachel as Phedre.

So I saw Rachel. It was one of the most overpowering impressions of my life. The play was Racine's "Phedre." When Rachel stepped upon the scene, not with the customary stage stride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment, in the folds of her classic robe an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience; her face a long oval, her forehead, shadowed by black wavy hair, not high, but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like two black suns; a finely chiseled nose, with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; a hand with fine tapering fingers of rare beauty; the whole apparition exciting in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy.—Carl Schurz in McClure's.

### The Logical Question.

A little Philadelphia boy was taken by his father for his first visit to the zoo. Stopping before an inclosure, he asked, "Papa, what animal is that?" Reading the sign tacked up to one side, his father responded, "That, my son, is a prong horned antelope." "Kin he blow his horns?" was the question that promptly followed.

### Praise and Flattery.

We must define flattery and praise. They are distinct. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny. Tiberius became obstinate in vice from the flattery of the senators.—Louis XVI.

### Two Girls.

It is just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as it is to fall in love with a poor one, but it is generally easier to marry the poor one.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Press-News.

Be of good courage; that is the main thing.—Thoreau.

### The Bartered Bridegroom.

There are held here many "confidential weddings," as they are called when the ceremony is kept unusually quiet. But sometimes they are too confidential to please the relatives of the parties. The coercion of prospective brides under such circumstances is a proceeding well authenticated in fact and fiction. A kidnaped bridegroom, however, is unusual, though he happened at St. George's not long ago. He was a gentleman of position, and he wished to marry a lady who had nursed him through an illness. There was no cause or just impediment save social rank. The gentleman was determined, and the lady seconded his plans admirably. But the day and the details leaked out, and before the time fixed the bridegroom's male relatives deployed strategically through Maddox street and surrounded the church. He drove up in a hansom cab. With his eyes fixed on the expectant bride, he prepared to alight. An athletic uncle and a brother sprang forward, thrust him back, with a "Glad to meet you, old fellow" manner that deceived the cabman, who obeyed the quick direction he heard and drove the three away. The lady, with tears in her eyes, went into the vestry. "There will be no wedding," she said. "They've run away with him." And that was the last St. George's heard of them.—London Mail.

### Forests' Unnatural Death.

The life of nearly all forests is cut short by fire or by the hand of the lumberman. When a spruce forest is entirely destroyed by fire young spruces do not at once spring up and cover the burned area. The seed bearing cones have been burned, and the spores and seeds of other plants which are readily carried by the wind find their way in first. The task of preparing for the forest is begun again, but this time it is to be a shorter one. The first year after the fire mosses and often tiny flowering plants appear. These are replaced by the fireweed and other flowers whose seeds are provided with hairs so that they reach such places quickly. These are soon joined by raspberries, roses and other bushes. Among these the young seedlings of aspens appear in a very few years. The latter grow rapidly and in a score of years form a low sunny forest. An aspen forest makes a brilliant contrast with the dark green forests of spruce.—St. Nicholas.

### Origin of Ascot Races.

When did Ascot races begin? They are mentioned in the first "Racing Calendar," published in 1727, and the usual statement is that they were founded by the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. But an entry in the accounts of the master of the horse in 1712 suggests that they were founded by Queen Anne on Aug. 6, 1711. The truth, no doubt, is that Ascot races, like many other august institutions, gradually developed from a germ, so that it is difficult to say when they really began. At any rate, they were quite the sort of thing that enthusiast of the turf, Queen Anne, would have founded. She was a thorough Stuart in this passion. It was her great-grandfather, James I., who encouraged, if he did not establish, horse racing in Scotland and popularized it in England.—London Chronicle.

### Keen Sense of Humor.

"There is nothing like a sense of humor," said a naval officer, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin. "In a woman, in a soldier, in a sailor, in a clerk, a sense of humor is a help and a blessing through life. At the same time even a sense of humor may exist in excess. I, for my part, shouldn't care to have so great a sense of humor as a British soldier I once heard about. This soldier was ordered to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The lash was laid on all the harder, but under the rain of blows the soldier laughed.

"'What are you laughing at?' the sergeant finally asked.

"'Why,' the soldier chuckled, 'I'm the wrong man.'"

### An Arab Fishing Yarn.

A fishing yarn from Algiers: "Some Arabs were fishing from a boat with lines off the coast when a dolphin seventeen feet long, eleven feet in circumference and weighing four tons swallowed one of the baited hooks and dashed off at a tremendous speed. The fishermen paid out as much line as possible and then made it fast. This brought the dolphin up sharply, but the strain snapped the line. The monster then attacked the boat and capsized it, flinging the fishermen into the water. Other Arabs ashore waited till the dolphin was clear of the men and then killed it with rifles."

### First Matrimonial Agency.

The title "Matrimonial Agencies and Advertisements" ought to attract attention in our time, when requests for marriage fill the journals in the form of gross or jocular and sometimes serious announcements. That may seem to be a new phenomenon of modern life, yet M. Henri d'Almeras in La Revue Hebdomadaire says the real originator of this industry was one Villaume. In the last days of the empire he set up in Paris a sort of universal agency, which would supply furnished apartments, domestics, wives and husbands.—Journal de St. Petersburg.

### A Bright Boy.

"Your son, I believe, made some experiments while at college?"

"Yes; he discovered what he calls his 'scientific paradox.'"

"What is the nature of it?"

"He succeeded in demonstrating that debts are expanded by contracting them."

### Given and Taken Away.

A tiny bridesmaid at a wedding the other day surveyed the departing bride and groom with a gloomy brow. "Oh, dear!" she pouted. "Sister was going to get married today and have lots of fun! And now that man's taken her away!"

### Too Many.

"And David had five kings before him," read the pastor.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the man in the rear pew. "I'm glad David wasn't in the game last night!"

## LONG WALK IN OFFICE.

### Average Business Man Covers Vast Territory In a Year.

"If I had a cent for every mile I walk during office hours every day I'd soon be able to retire," is a remark frequently heard from men and women who are kept on their feet while at business. The general impression is that the distance traveled daily is very great. And so it may be. But the simple experiment of carrying a pedometer for a few weeks will probably show that one's income at a cent a mile would not be worth collecting until the end of a year.

A downtown office man has just finished an experiment of this nature. He carried a pedometer six weeks, registering its total each night. At the end of that time it was found that the distance traveled, though varying greatly from day to day, came to a fairly even average at the end of each week.

How many miles do you suppose he walked on the day of his highest record? Twenty? Thirty? Fifty? No, only nine miles. The lowest record came the very next day and was a mile and a half. But the average for each week was thirty-three and one-third miles, or an average of six and a half miles for each working day. The six weeks showed totals as follows: 39½, 27½, 37, 34, 32½, 30, or an aggregate of 200 miles and a half mile over. At the end of six weeks, therefore, he would have collected $2 at a cent a mile.

In the course of a year this office traveling represents an impressive walking tour, with its total of 1,733 miles. If made as a continuous trip across country it would take him from New York to Bismarck, N. D., or to Galveston, Tex.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## PERIL IN PAINLESS FACES.

### Victims of Dread Malady May Be Hurt Without Knowing It.

"The redhot wire," said the electrician, "burned the man's cheek till it sizzled and smoked. Yet he never moved out of the way. He continued to laugh and joke and pull on his clay pipe, and a smell of burning rose into the air.

"I pulled him to one side.

"'Would you stand there,' I said, 'and be burned to death?'

"'Was I burning?' he said, with a scared look. And he put his hand to the side of his face—the wrong side. Was it possible that he couldn't feel that horrible hurt?

"Gentlemen, that man had no feeling in his face whatever. He told me that he had been operated on for tic douloureux, and the operation, while it had cured the tic, had left his face dead to all sensation.

"I had often read of tic douloureux in English novels, but I thought it was a trifling disease. This chap said it was a facial neuralgia so painful that in the past 90 per cent of its victims either went crazy or killed themselves, but now there is an operation that gives relief.

"Every victim of tic undergoes the operation; hence there are a lot of people walking the earth with no feeling in their faces. The condition is a dangerous one, because you are likely to get hurt without knowing it."—New York Press.

### The Speed of Light.

Just think of it! Eleven times around this globe of ours in the space of sixty seconds! Can you imagine anything that moves with such remarkable speed? Sound travels only twelve and a half miles per minute and a rifle ball (if its speed were not diminished by resistance) sixteen and a half miles. Light passes through a distance equal to seven and a half revolutions of the earth in one minute, but electricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth eleven and a half times in sixty seconds.

### Oratory In the Commons.

One of the London weeklies laments the decay of oratory in the house of commons. An observer has classified the styles of parliamentary speaking thus: "Haw haw" style, the "hum and haw" style and the "he haw" style. The first, he says, is used by the haughty gentlemen who loll in triumph on the treasury bench, the second distinguishes the utterances of the keen and watchful gentlemen on the front opposition bench, while the third sort fairly describes the effort of the private member.

### A Loud Call.

William H. Crane, the actor, was once asked how it was that he never attempted serious Shakespearean roles.

"But I did once," replied the comedian. "Years ago in the west I played 'Hamlet.'"

"Did you, indeed?" said an admirer and friend. "Didn't you have a great success? Didn't the audience call you before the curtain?"

"Call me!" roared Crane. "Why, man, they dared me!"—Argonaut.

*My Hair Ran Away*

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## A PLANET OF GREAT PEAKS.

### Peculiarity of the Ring Mountains of the Moon.

The moon is really and truly a great planet of mountains, its whole visible surface being dotted with elevations of curious shapes and of extraordinary height. We say "its whole visible surface" and hasten to explain that we make this statement simply because the eye of man has never seen but one side of the surface of the moon. What we see convinces us that the little planet is extremely mountainous, for on the "end" exposed to our view there are no less than 30,000 peaks, varying in height from 2,000 feet to four miles. When we consider the fact that this lunarian world is only one thirty-second part as large as the earth we can easily see why it deserves the title of the "planet of great mountains." There is a peculiar thing about these 30,000 moon peaks. Each and every one of them has a ringlike form, the open end of the conical point being of greater or lesser diameter, according to the height of the mountain. In a low grade telescope these peaks resemble true volcanoes, but when viewed through a high grade glass it is seen that the depression in the center of the queer "ring mountain" is often so great as to be below the general level of the surrounding country. The depth of these depressions is calculated in a curious manner, by figuring on the relative shadows they cast when the sun is shining full upon them. The diameter of these "ring mountains" varies greatly, some of the larger ones being 50, 100 or even 150 miles, while the smaller look like post holes when viewed through a good telescope.

## MARKING TRUNKS.

### Odd Devices Used by Which to Easily Identify Baggage.

A curious fashion of marking trunks by some individual and odd device has come into practice. It is a trick that helps to identify one's baggage instantly, even at a distance, in a crowded railway station, and thus facilitates travel, especially abroad, where so much red tape entangles baggage transportation.

Some of the devices used are queer, to say the least. A lover of dogs had big brindle's heads in brown and white painted at intervals on all her trunks and suit cases before sailing for Germany. She felt sure, she said, that she would be able to identify her baggage anywhere by these signs.

Another curious design is that of skull and crossbones, done in black, white and red, on top, sides and ends of trunk and on the bottom of every bag of one traveler.

Dumbbell designs in red, white and blue identify another lot of baggage.

One society woman has her trunks all marked with a design of a pair of gloves, painted red, black and gold, and appearing as if just taken off the hand and carelessly tossed in the trunk.

Family crests in gold and colors are used, and college girls going abroad have curious Chinese dragons, birds, etc., done in oriental color combinations on their baggage. — New York Mail.

### Studio Manners Bad.

"Why do you dip your own spoon into the general sugar bowl?" asked the particular woman of the bachelor girl.

"I don't know," replied the bachelor girl plaintively, "unless it is because my studio life is corrupting my good manners. When you eat your breakfast all by yourself and there's nobody else to dip a spoon into the sugar bowl and it's all your own spoon and all your own sugar bowl and there's nobody to see or to care, why, you are almost bound to get careless and forget and dip it into other sugar bowls, aren't you?"—New York Press.

### Sculptors' Potboilers.

They were walking past a beautiful pink and white house in New York whose door cap was most exquisitely carved. The sculptor pointed to it. "My work," he said. "That's the potboiling I do while I work on my masterpiece. It is nothing unusual with sculptors to do such work. Two of the finest pieces that were sold to the Metropolitan museum last winter were done by a man whose regular business it is to make door caps."

### The Usual Way.

"Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Stung to the Quick.

"Henry, you look very pale. What's the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, I dropped in at the bank, and the bookkeeper told me my account was overdrawn."

### Diamond Cut Diamond.

Question for debating societies: When a life insurance agent tackles a book canvasser, will the canvasser get his life insured, or will he sell a book?—Somerville Journal.

### Its Only Use.

First Small Boy—I wish I had that 5 cents back I spent for candy. Second Small Boy—What would you do with it? First Small Boy—Buy more candy.

### Baldness.

Dot—Father, why do men get bald sooner than women? Father—Because they don't wear their hair so long.

### Hot Soda Baths.

Hot soda baths are recommended by some persons for rheumatism, and the way they are taken is this: Fill the tub half full of water as hot as can be borne, add half a pound of common baking soda and immerse the body for at least twenty minutes, keeping up the temperature by the addition of hot water from time to time. Vaseline or cold cream should be rubbed into the skin after the latter has been dried in order to replace the natural oil.

### How Bees Gather Honey.

A bee gathers honey by the aid of its "trunk," "lower lip" or "tongue," which is used as an instrument for extracting the nectar from flowers. The "tongue" of a bee is not, as was once thought to be the case, a tube through which the juice is sucked, but is built more after the fashion of a fine broom. With this broom the bee brushes or laps the honey or honey material from the flowers, leaves, etc., and passes it down a groove in the upper surface of the tongue to the mouth proper. From that point the juice is conveyed through a minute orifice into the "first stomach," vulgarly called the "honey bag." The honey bag is a real chemical laboratory, where by some mysterious process which has not yet been explained by science the juices are converted into pure honey. When the chemical process of transforming the nectar into viscid honey has been completed the bee disgorges it into one of the cells made for the purpose of a receptacle. For years the microscopists and the entomologists have been studying the bee's laboratory, but its workings are at present among the unexplained mysteries.

### Horses and Grass.

A famous veterinary surgeon declares that grass beats all the drugs in creation as a cure for sick horses and mules. Horses should have a few quarts of grass daily from spring until fall, he says. The prevalent notion that it is harmful is idiotic and cruel. Grass to horses is the same as fresh vegetables and fruit to us. Their craving for it proves their need of it. Yet ignorant, unfeeling drivers yank them away from it as if it was poison instead of the life giving medicine it is, designed by their Maker for them. When they gnaw the bark of trees or eat leaves it is because they crave grass and can't get it. Millions of bushels of grass go to waste yearly by the wayside which should be utilized for our noble, faithful, helpless, dumb colleague, the horse, thus making him healthy and happy. Summer visitors who hire horses should remember these facts and give the animals a chance to get at the grass by the roadside once in awhile.

### The Plausible Lie.

We resent calumny, hypocrisy and treachery because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it. Turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny and treachery that do the largest sum of mischief in the world. They are continually crushed and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend and the careless lie of each man to himself that cast that black mystery over humanity through which we thank any man who pierces it as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert. Happy that the thirst for truth remains with us even when we have willfully left the fountains of it.—John Ruskin.

### Faithful to His Friend.

Toole and Irving were friends from the days when they were both struggling beginners. On one occasion Irving was to be presented to Queen Victoria and was delighted at the honor. An officious court functionary took it upon himself to tell the player "not to mention this matter outside" lest other actors, such as Mr. Toole, might think that they should be presented too. "Let me tell you, sir," said Irving, "that Mr. Toole is not only a deservedly renowned comedian; he is also a truly Christian gentleman. Toole often saved me from adversity, perhaps starvation, when I was unknown. If John L. Toole is not worthy to be presented to her most gracious majesty, neither is Henry Irving. I wish you good day, sir!"—London Standard.

### The Hyacinth.

The hyacinth has its name from Greek mythology. According to the story as told by Ovid, Hyacinthus, a beautiful boy, was the son of a Spartan king and the favorite of Apollo. Zephyrus, being envious of the attachment of Apollo and Hyacinthus, so turned the direction of a quoit which Apollo had pitched while at play that it struck the head of Hyacinthus and slew him. The fable concludes by making Apollo transform the body of his favorite into the flower that bears his name.

### Figure It Out.

A man had sixty ducks for sale and divided them into two lots of thirty each. One lot was to be disposed of at three for $1 and the other at two for $1. In his absence his clerk sold the sixty ducks at five for $2, realizing the sum of $24. If sold according to instructions one purchaser would have got thirty ducks for $15 and the other thirty for $10, making $25 for the lot. What became of the missing dollar?

### No Nonsense.

"The Elizabethan ruff is likely to return," said Ma Twaddles, looking up from the fashion paper she was reading.

"If he does," responded Pa Twaddles, with energy, "you set the dog on him. Do you hear?"

### Wily.

"Oh," she said, "your conduct is enough to make an angel weep!"

"I don't see you shedding a tear," he retorted, and his ready wit saved the day.

### Same Old Way.

Robert—When I get into my new house I mean that everything shall go like clockwork. Richard—I see; the same as heretofore—tick, tick!

### Her Proudest Moment.

Suffragette—The proudest moment of my life was when I was a passenger on an American liner and fell over the side. Friend—The proudest moment But how do you mean? Suffragette—A sailor called out, "Man overboard!" —Liverpool Post.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir Philip Sidney.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, SEPT 21, 1906.

### THE CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of Woburn will meet at their several Ward polling places and vote for delegates to the State and District conventions, including that for the nomination of candidates for Representative to the Legislature, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 25.

It is important that the caucuses should be fully attended. They are the starting point for the nomination of all candidates from Governor down, and on their action throughout the State depends the character of our rulers. The primaries are the underpinning to a republican form of government, like this of ours, therefore, every country loving voter should attend and take part in them.

Delegates to not less than five Republican conventions are to be chosen next Tuesday evening, and no man who is really loyal to his party will miss the opportunity to have a hand in the work.

Every Republican should regard it as his bounden duty—a duty, mind you—to attend his caucus.

### GOOD WORD FOR RILEY.

"Observations" had printed in the Winchester *Star* last week the following handsome, and well deserved, notice of Representative Riley of this city.

Woburn will be likely to remember Winchester generously whenever that town has a candidate for Senatorial honors.

"If the Winchester Republicans are not to have a candidate of their own for the Senatorship they will not make any mistake in supporting Representative Riley of Woburn. He has made an excellent record in the House and is an able and honest man with plenty of backbone, and would be a credit to the new district and the Senate which certainly needs just such men."

### ONLY A PART OF THEM.

Hon. George F. Bean, candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative, prints in the JOURNAL today the names of about 150 of his pledged supporters, which, we have reason to believe, are but a moiety of those Republicans who have publicly expressed their purpose to work and vote for him.

☞ Since the last issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Andrew Roscoe Linscott has been announced by his supporters as a candidate for the Legislature. He will have a ticket in each Ward, and friends to distribute the ballots. At the hour of our paper going to press last week Mr. Linscott had not consented to allow his name to be used in the caucuses. He told those who approached him with the proposition that he wanted nothing to do with the business, and would not lift a finger to encourage the movement. His friends were earnest and persistent, and he finally yielded reluctantly, it is believed, to their demands. Mr. Linscott is one of the most upright and honorable men in this city. He commands the confidence and esteem of everybody, and if his candidacy had been announced a month earlier there would probably have been no opposition to it. But as matters now stand Mr. George F. Bean seems to have the inside track.

☞ A report that Mayor Arthur H. Linscott will not, under any circumstances, accept a renomination for the city office he now holds is running from lip to ear among the voters and has reached the public press. The JOURNAL has not been personally informed of his decision, but accepts the report as true, especially as it is vouched for by reputable people. The Mayor gives as a reason for the determination not to be a candidate for re-election that private affairs and business interests demand the whole of his working time, no part of which can he afford to devote to the public service.

☞ It is learned that the Republicans of Wakefield and Stoneham are favorable to the nomination of Representative Herbert S. Riley of this city for Senator. Neither of those towns has a candidate, and both, it is said, will send Riley delegates to the convention. Mr. Miller, who, earlier in the season, had some thought of going in for the nomination, has, it is reported, decided not to do so.

☞ The Biographical Number of *Practical Politics*, Boston, issued Sept. 15, 1906, is something worthy of careful preservation. It contains a fine view of the State House; portraits of Governor Guild, Lieutenant Governor Draper, candidates Moran and Eugene Foss, and excellent pictures of all the Senators and Representatives in the last Massachusetts Legislature. It is a valuable publication, according to our idea of things.

☞ Candidate W. Fred Davis for the Republican Representative nomination feels confident of making a good show in the caucuses next Tuesday evening. His friends are putting in solid work for him, and he has hopes of being the winning man.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL
Subscription $1.50 a Year.
3 Cents a Copy.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**New Advertisements.**

Dauchy—Lowney.
Dauchy—Crawford.
City—W. D. Notice.
G. F. Bean—Names.
F. C. S. Bank—Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
C. E. Littlefield—Citation.

— The Democratic caucuses will be held next Wednesday evening, Sept. 26.

— Crovo is furnishing the public with the finest peaches ever seen in Woburn.

— No good Republican should neglect to attend the caucus next Tuesday evening.

— Democratic caucuses are to be held in this city on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26.

— Drouth broke at 11.45 p. m. yesterday. The heavy rain was needed.

— Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, attending physician of Edward A. Dow, is at Forest, Maine.

— There was quite a frost hereabouts last Saturday night, and punkin-vines suffered some.

— Less is heard about patent leather making just now than formerly. Is the business falling off?

— It is in the air that the Republican caucuses next Tuesday evening would be largely attended.

— A large body of Hebrews gathered at the Montvale cemeteries last Sunday and held religious services.

— Ralph K. Dickson, son of Arthur U. Dickson, has entered the Burdett Business College in Boston.

— William DeLoriea, salesman at George Durward's provision market, is taking his vacation this week.

— The "Earlington" cigar, sold by McLaughlin & Dennison, is the best in the market. So critics say.

— Read what McLaughlin & Dennison have to say about Condition Powders in their ad. in another column.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold their annual Fair and Supper on Oct. 24 and 25.

— Burglars entered the store of Gus Brogna at North Woburn last Saturday night and stole goods amounting to $75.

— Druggist Brooks has just the right kind of stuff to knock malaria out of the system and ward off typhoid fever.

— Frank McGovern, who graduated from the Woburn H. S. last June, has secured a good situation as typewriter in Boston.

— Flora C. Nichols, bookkeeper for Carter, Eames & Carter, coal, is among the New Hampshire mountains enjoying a vacation.

— The High School opened with a smaller number of pupils this than last year, for which Master Owen gives satisfactory reasons.

— At 3 30 a. m., Sept. 20, a considerable visitation of thunder and lightning cleared the air and made things quite comfortable.

— One of the horse and teams stolen at Lowell the other night belonged to Congressman Butler Ames, and was found in this city Monday.

— Rev. Ernest A. Legg, pastor of a church in Brownsville, Vermont, is spending his vacation with Mr. Frank W. Legg, his father, and family here

— Mrs. John Buckman is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Scott and daughter Eleanor of Gardiner, Maine, at her home on Mt. Pleasant street.

— Mr. Andrew R. Linscott has said several times that he did not want the Representative nomination, and we believe him, for he is an honest, truthful man.

— Business men of this city tell us that fall trade is opening up in good shape, and that the prospect for increase as the season advances is encouraging.

— The sun rose this morning at 5 30, and will set this evening at 5.45, making the length of the day 12 hours and 15 minutes, and still shortning at a rapid pace.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The printer stubbornly persisted in spelling Mr. Gray's Christian name Wilford, whereas it ought to have been spelled Wilfred, even although the Ward Book uses the former form.

— The National Band gave a fine concert last Wednesday evening which was attended by a large crowd of people. After the concert the Band played for a dance in Lyceum Hall.

— The katydids missed a figure in their calculations; frost came earlier than was predicted. But the cold nights of a week ago have been followed by some hot summer weather.

— There was a new moon last Tuesday, Sept. 18. It is the Hunters Moon, so called because with its appearance the English hunting season sets in, and has from time immemorial.

— It was cold enough last Sunday to render artificial heat necessary to comfort. Nothing was heard of furnaces being started up, but kitchen ranges and fireplaces were brought into service and proved right down comfortable.

— The Wednesday afternoon closing of business houses in this city will end on Sept. 26. The clerks and salesmen have had a good long midweek resting spell. Now for work all around the board.

— Mrs. Dr. S. H. Sanborn will arrive home from Minneapolis, Minn., where she went several weeks ago to attend the convention of the W. R. C. of the G. A. R. National Encampment, and visit her sister, today.

— There is but little doing in the leather manufacturing business here just now. A few hides are being tanned every day, but this is not much like former days when a dozen, or more, tanneries were in operation, and 1500 men were at work in them.

— In vain have we scanned carefully the racy columns of the *Times* for a strong, logical, and, at the same time, breezy Editorial advocating, in no uncertain phraseology, the nomination of Mr. Andrew R. Linscott for Representative. Why such reticence?

— Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead will give an address upon "The World's Present Crisis," dealing with the movement for Peace and Arbitration, in the vestry of the First Congregational church Friday, Sept. 28, at 4.15 p. m. The meeting is under the auspices of the Maternal Association and the public are cordially invited.

— The Swedish Republican Club will have a meeting next Saturday at 8 P. M. at the Republican Headquarters. Speakers: Mayor Linscott and Mr. O B. Kristenson of Waltham, President of the Swedish American Republican State League. Election of officers will take place and papers for citizenship will be made out.

— A good piano for sale. Particulars at JOURNAL office.

— Mr. and Mrs. David Wilbur Brown returned to their home after a fine summer outing in one of the pleasantest towns in New Hampshire last Friday. Mr. Brown's health was much improved by the pure mountain air.

— The Jews in this city began the celebration of the Jewish New Year at sunset last Wednesday, which will last until sunset Sept. 21. According to the Hebrew calendar 5666 years have rolled around since the creation of the world.

— The alarm from box 56 at 2.47 last Saturday afternoon was for a grass fire on Lake ave. The alarm from box 68 at 10.47 last Monday evening was caused by spontaneous combustion of oily rags in Fitzgerald's furniture rooms in Allen's block Main street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Heber B. Clewley have had a fine time "Away Down East" in the town of Winn for several weeks past. They are people who deserve to have a fine time, if anybody does. They have returned to their nice comfortable home on Pleasant street.

— Bear in mind, Voters, that the Republican caucuses are to be held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 25, and that the Ward and City Committee, and everybody else who want good tickets nominated at the conventions, would like to see, for once, at least, in a score of years, a full attendance at them.

— Epicures couldn't help being delighted with the large, smooth and luscious pears that Gateman James H. Callahan raises on his little farm in Jefferson Court. No trees in this city bear finer ones, as we have reason to know from testing, with great pleasure, a generous bag of them last Tuesday. Thanks.

— Woburn clergymen of all denominations have got well through the vacation season and returned to the pulpits of their respective churches. Rested and invigorated they, doubtless, will resume their labors with increased vigor, and demonstrate, beyond peradventure, that summer outings are good things.

— Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, wife of Water Commissioner Hayward, is to reenter the lecture field this fall, for which she has amply prepared herself. She has, at least, two new productions for the platform, one of them being a lecture on Mexico, the material for which she gathered during a visit to that Republic last winter.

— Smith, the Greater Boston Weather Manager, said that last Tuesday was the hottest Sept. 18 in the last 36 years. If Wednesday was any better, or more comfortable, people in general failed to find it out. When thermometers range from 93 to 98 in the shade suffering humanity are not particular as to the exact figures.

— At last accounts Mr. John S. Wheeler of Kilby street, who went to a hospital in Boston last week is getting on firstrate. He has been a great sufferer from rheumatism a good many years, and was finally compelled to resort to hospital treatment. He is one of the best men in town, and everybody hopes he will soon be about again.

— Summer ends tomorrow, Sept. 22, according to Robert Thomas's Old Farmer's Almanac, and fall begins on Sunday, Sept. 23. But this does not agree with the popular idea of the division of the seasons, which is, that summer ends on the last day of August, and fall sets in on Sept. 1. This, likewise, is a far handier and much more satisfactory way of separating summer from fall than that laid down in the books.

— This is the season of the year when Postmaster E. F. Wyer takes his annual vacation, and he is now busily attending to the duties which that fortnight of rest and pleasure imposes upon him. His favorite resort is Woodstock, Vermont where the Madam and son George have been of late. The present mild political stir here apparently has no attractions for him, and, in strict accordance with the rules of the P. O. Department, he is keeping hands off.

— At noon last Tuesday, Sept. 18, the temperature was 90 in the shade according to a majority of the thermometers in this city. The hot wave came directly from the prairies of the West. By the way, Smith, who runs the Boston end of the weather, has blundered woefully for a week past, or else his prognosticating machinery has been sadly out of tune. Why, a live Yankee could "guess," with both hands tied behind him, nearer the mark than Smith has lately.

— With three Representative candidates in the field the Republican caucuses next Tuesday evening give promise of lively times and more than ordinary heavy voting at the gatherings. That is as it should be. Too much interest cannot be taken in the primaries by the voters. The candidates are gentlemen and loyal workers for regular nominations; so, the one who wins can rely on the cordial support of his competitors and their friends at the polls. That, too, is as it should be.

— Rev. Charles Anderson preached to a good audience at the First Congregational church last Sunday evening. After a long absence in Turkey the people of this city were glad to meet him and renew the pleasant acquaintance of years ago when he was pastor of the North Congregational church. During his year's stay in this country Mr. Anderson will do considerable preaching and talking on missionary work in the East. Years have but slightly changed his personal appearance.

— A fair Green Mountain correspondent of the JOURNAL announces the return of the following people to their home in Woburn from Thetford, Vt.: Mr. D. N. Hood, organist of First church, and wife who hope to visit that place next year; Miss Madeline Winn, member of Woburn High school; Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cummings, who drove home in their carriage; Miss Nellie Buxton, Mr. Edward Cummings and family, and Mr. John Jaquith and family, who made the homeward trip in their automobile.

## For Representative to the General Court.

# GEORGE F. BEAN.

### To the Republican Voters of Woburn.

At the Republican Caucuses next Tuesday evening delegates will be chosen to nominate candidates for Representatives to the next General Court, one of whom will be from Woburn. This we regard as the most important matter to be decided at these caucuses.

We, therefore, urge all Republican voters to be present in their respective Wards on Tuesday evening, September 25th, and we also endorse the candidacy of GEORGE F. BEAN, ESQ., FOR REPRESENTATIVE. Mr. Bean has become a candidate in response to the request and with the approval of many well-known Republicans. In our opinion Woburn would be most creditably represented by him in the Legislature and we, therefore, recommend voting for delegates favorable to the nomination of Mr. Bean.

William Beggs
Edward F. Johnson
John M. Harlow
Francis M. Pushee
Charles H. Harrington
Frank W. Greydon
Alva S. Wood
Elmer E. Silver
Henry M. Eames
Francis A. Partridge
John M. Portal
James E. Kendall
William W. Hill
Edwin J. Marston
J. Fred Leslie
Charles M. Strout
George H. Newcomb
Arthur B. Wyman
Frank B. Richardson
William G. Stretton
Fred Given
Charles A. Dearborn
Charles J. Rinquist
Horace N. Conn
Joseph F. Deloriea
Edward F. Wyer
George E. Waters
Franklin P. Whitcomb
James Given
Robert Duncan
Carlisle T. Duncan
A. V. Haynes
A. C. Lane
George Ayers
Peter Carlson
Walter C. Knapp
Stephen A. Norton
Edmund C. Colman
C. Willard Smith
Caleb H. Jaquith
Carl W. Jaquith
George F. Hartshorne
C. Guy Lane
Arthur G. Wyer
Frederick P. Brooks
Percy T. Strout
Adam Bustead
Alex. Bustead
Abijah Thompson
George W. Smith
Thomas Heartz
Wallace M. Bulfinch
Charles T. Mahoney
G. Sigfrid Swensson
Charles A. Burdett
Fred H. Burdett
Peter C. Johnson
George R. Russell
T. G. Boutelle
Harry F. Parker
Waldo P. Cutler
Hubbard Copeland
Thomas H. Sanders
Alfred T. Carter
Charles Cummings
John Cummings, 2nd
Peter Andersen
Thomas L. Loomer
Eliphaz Prior
Forest H. Dixon
William O. Porter
Benjamin A. Tripp
Alfred H. Holland
E. A. Tufts
Thomas Wilson
John J. Grothe

Elwyn G. Preston
Edward E. Thompson
Luke W. Fowle
John R. Carter
Benjamin H. Nichols
Fred J. Brown
Leander W. Hall
Harry Brown
Marcus H. Cotton
Samuel W. Mendum
George F. Hosmer
Everett P. Fox
Rufus C. Hayward
William E. Blodgett
James R. Wood
William W. Crosby
Charles R. Rosenquist
J. E. Hallmertz
Joseph H. Buck
T. Benton Tidd
Orlando M. Brooks
Elbridge N. Pike
William H. Cadwell
Peter Matson
Swan Larsen
John Anderson
Emils Swenson
A. G. Lundquist
W. H. Damon
Alexander T. Walker
W. F. Brown
William Flagg
Charles N. Flagg
Dr. J. N. Stuart
George W. Copp
Frank H. Graham
Chester W. Holland
Charles A. White
George E. Tripp
D. Wilbur Brown
J. William Fox
William A. Prior
George H. Platts
Harold K. Munroe
Walter E. Hartshorne
Harry A. Fellows
Wilbur T. Wilson
George W. Gordon
Daniel N. Hood
D. H. Richards
Benjamin Lewis
C. W. Campbell
John O. Ray
Charles E. Richardson
P. A. McLean
Alfred Elson
George W. West
George L. Ingerson
F. H. Marion
James Dobbins
Theodore L. Pierce
John T. Marion
Fred A. West
Charles F. Remington
Frank E. Gustin
Frank E. Gustin, Jr.
Elbridge W. Pierce
Arthur F. Heald
S. A. Tufts
Howard M. Ford
C. Bertrand Strout
George H. Damon
Herbert F. Damon
Charles V. Blackburn
George Russell
William A. Russell

And over 100 other Republicans.

— Mrs. Dickerman has sold her house at North Woburn to Mr. Whitney of the Rumford School, and has left for Chicago to visit with her children.

— Next week Mrs. Marion Hortense Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is to join her cousin, Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf, at North Berwick, Maine, from which village they will journey in company to Bangor on the Penobscot River and there attend the Yearly Meeting of the Free Will Baptist denomination in that State. Both are highly esteemed as pillars of the F. W. B. church, the annual conventions of which would hardly be considered complete without their presence. These lady delegates to Bangor will doubtless call at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, either going or coming.

— The grand White Mountain Autumn excursion by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company is scheduled for Oct. 6, and is bound to be the capsheaf. Nothing could possibly be more delightful than a visit to the White Mountains at this season of the year when the forests are all aglow in magnificent autumn hues, when the air is bracing, and beechnuts are ripe. The Company have placed roundtrip tickets at the lowest prices, and it will be a wonder if hundreds of people do not hasten to embrace this rare opportunity to see the White Mountains in all their autumnal glory.

— A few afternoons ago we and ours were delighted with a visit from Mrs. Helen (Gilman) Tuttle of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; her sister, Mrs. Olivia (Gilman) Drew of Lynn, and Mrs. Preble, daughter of Mrs. Drew. More than 50 summers and winters had come and gone since the first two mentioned ladies and the writer last saw each other and parted company in the little village in Maine where they first saw the light of day and were children together, therefore it can be easily imagined that our meeting, the other day, was greatly enjoyed by us. Mrs. Drew is the widow of the Woburn Dr. Drew's brother, who was a resident here with the Doctor for a short time many years ago.

— More than 100 people attended the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith at their home 67 High street last Friday evening and highly enjoyed the occasion. The bride and groom of 25 years ago and their children, Edith L., Jeannette, Marguerite and George, received the large company cordially and did the honors of host and hostess gracefully. Rev. Dr. March, who assisted Rev. Leander Thompson in marrying the pair on Sept. 14, 1881, was an honored guest at the Silver anniversary. The bride is the daughter of Hon. Edward E. Thompson of this city and has a wide circle of relatives while all the parties concerned have hosts of friends. There was no end to the congratulations and silver gifts showered on the pair. Refreshments were served, there was music, and no lack of anything to make the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Smith a happy one. Fortunately the health of the bride's mother, which is not robust, enabled her and her husband, Hon. Edward Everett Thompson, to be present and enjoy the pleasures of the occasion. In the columns of the JOURNAL of Sept. 16, 1881, a copy of which Mr. and Mrs. Smith carefully preserve, appeared a full account of the wedding on Sept. 14, 1881, which was said by the writer to have been a brilliant social event.

— Firemen's Relief Association will hold a grand ball on the evening of Oct. 24.

— A communication from "L." entitled "106 Years Ago" will come out in the JOURNAL next week.

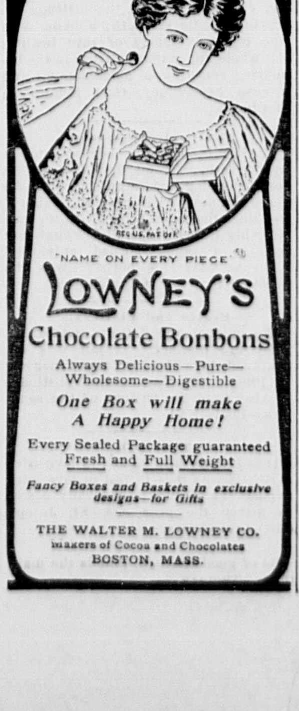
— The W. C. T. U. will meet in the parlor of the Congregational church, Monday afternoon Sept. 24, at 3 o'clock.—PRESS SUPT.

— Pay especial attention to the notice to water takers by Water Commissioner E. F. Hayward, and see to it that his suggestions are complied with.

— Rev. Dr. Norton has returned to his pastoral work at First church in fine condition for it. The church machinery is in excellent running order, and everything is going along smoothly, as it should.

— The next musical at Clarigold Hall, the residence of Mr. W. Horatio Clarke, organist, is to be given on Sunday, Sept. 23, at 2 30 p. m., under the direction of Prof. Clarke and F. Percyval Lewis, organist at the First Unitarian church. The public are cordially invited. Take 2 45 car from Woburn Centre to Reading line.

— At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Woburn held Tuesday evening, Sept. 18, the following Directors were elected for one year: F. B. Richardson, Edw. D. Hart, W. A. Prior, L. F. Baldwin, W. J. DeLoriea; for two years: E. E. Thompson, J. R. Carter, C. E. Tripp, W. T. Wilson, C. B. Strout; for three years: F. P. Brooks, E. G. Preston, Wallace Bulfinch, H. Copeland, Thomas Heartz. At the Directors' meeting held subsequently the following officers were elected: President, C. B. Strout; Vice-Pres., H. Copeland; Clerk, W. T. Wilson; Treasurer, Thomas Heartz.


REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"
LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
Always Delicious—Pure—Wholesome—Digestible
One Box will make A Happy Home!
Every Sealed Package guaranteed Fresh and Full Weight
Fancy Boxes and Baskets in exclusive designs—for Gifts
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
makers of Cocoa and Chocolates
BOSTON, MASS.

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

Scott's Emulsion

combines the best oil with the valuable hypophosphites so that it is easy to digest and does far more good than the oil alone could. That makes Scott's Emulsion the most strengthening, nourishing food-medicine in the world.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

### Election Officers.

WARD 1.

Warden, Charles M. Wright; Deputy Warden, Patrick H. McCauley; Clerk, Edwin K. Porter; Deputy Clerk, Louis Dow; Inspectors, Jeremiah Weafer, Patrick Burke, W. Frederick Davis, Jr., Frank H. Smith, Deputy Inspectors, Edward J. Cannon, John Lynch, Abijah Thompson, Albert P. Barrett.

WARD 2.

Warden, Matthew J. McDonough; Deputy Warden, John H. Murphy; Clerk, Robert J. Durward; Deputy Clerk, John H. Bates, Jr.; Inspectors, Dennis W. McCarthy, Thomas J. Harkins, John C. Andrews, Charles R. Rosenquist; Deputy Inspectors, Patrick H. Lynch, William F. Murphy, Charles M. Strout, John P. Miller.

WARD 3.

Warden, John F. Larkin; Deputy Warden, Bernard F. Doherty; Clerk, Harry Brown; Deputy Clerk, Frank W. French; Inspectors, Thomas A. Connolly, Edward J. Doherty, Charles E. Cooper, Harry W. Conant; Deputy Inspectors, William J. Hammond, Marcus H. Cotton, William H. Begley, George Kenney.

WARD 4.

Warden, William H. Jones; Deputy Warden, Frank H. Murray; Clerk, John H. Sweetser; Deputy Clerk, Edward D. Hart; Inspectors, Henry T. Smith, George W. Merrill, Michael J. Kelley, Martin Peterson; Deputy Inspectors, William R. Sawyer, Albert W. White, William H. Reddy, John J. Maguire.

WARD 5.

Warden, James Cogan; Deputy Warden, Henry W. Hooper; Clerk, William F. Greenough; Deputy Clerk, Charles A. White; Inspectors, James E. Cogan, Thomas J. Donahue, Albert D. Carter, John L. Fowle; Deputy Inspectors, Martin F. Boyle, Patrick McDonough, William H. Cadwell, Arthur M. White.

WARD 6.

Warden, Richard A. Morgan; Deputy Warden, Neil E. Doherty; Clerk, Joseph C. Duncan; Deputy Clerk, Robert C. Wilson; Inspectors, Thomas J. Shannon, Walter I. Ashbee, Philip H. O'Brien, Stephen H. McInerney; Deputy Inspectors, Arthur W. Green, Richard T. Mack, Thomas H. Creighton, James H. Collins.

WARD 7.

Warden, George Russell; Deputy Warden, George R. Menchin; Clerk, Frank H. Naven; Deputy Clerk, Jeremiah Sullivan; Inspectors, Daniel F. Doherty, David S. Shea, George H. Foster, Frank Menchin; Deputy Inspectors, Thomas Caulfield, William Breslin, Alexander Bustead, Frank H. Graham.

### The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The first Sardou play of the season, "Gismonda," will be given at the Castle Square next week. Although it is now some ten years since the great drama was produced here by Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, many playgoers will remember its gorgeous scenic display and its strong dramatic force, both of which will be revealed again in the Castle Square production. Ancient Athens is brought magnificently to view in the superb scenery of the first act, at the back the Acropolis, and the Parthenon, with the statue of Venus Aphrodite in the foreground. Regent and guardian of her son now six years old, the unhappy Gismonda has no liking for the four young and powerful lords that aspire to her hand. A fifth presents himself, he who had once been betrothed to her, before she became the wife of Herio. He is Zaccarie France, returning after seven years of exile at the court of the Sultan Mourad. Through five acts this drama is played to the end. The title role will be acted by Miss Thais Lawton, with Howell Hansel as Almerio and John Waldron as Zaccaria. The cast will be a long one and it will include the entire strength of the Castle Square company, the best organization of its kind in this country.

### Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

### Passengers Can Help.

Aiming to give the public the best possible service, and fully realizing that passengers can materially aid them in their efforts to that end, the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company have lately made the following requests:

Do not crowd platforms or running boards when unnecessary.

Treat your fellow passengers and our employees as you expect to be treated yourself.

Have fares ready. If you desire transfers ask for them when paying fares.

Call at office for articles lost in cars.

Report in writing to local office any discourtesy or inattention to duty on the part of employees, suggestions for improving service or matters of general interest to us. Such reports will be given our careful consideration.

If the passengers will pay heed to these signs they will reap a harvest in the steady improvement that will follow. Please co-operate.

### Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health Tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

Hathaway's
(ORIGINAL)
Cream Home-made Bread
has been on the market over one-fourth of a century.
What do you think of it?
Manufactured by
C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

### A Bit of English Humor.

Recently the London Morning Post contained the following advertisement: "Wanted.—A nurse for night duty only; one thoroughly accustomed to bottle babies."

This called forth the remark from the British Journal of Nursing: "To bottle babies? How is it done and for what purpose are these innocents used when 'bottled?'"

## CITY OF WOBURN.

## NOTICE TO Water Takers

The pumps being now taxed to their full capacity, and the supply of water being now low in the wells, water takers are earnestly requested to be as economic as possible in the use of water.

Attention is called to Regulation No. 2, which prohibits the waste of water to prevent freezing of pipes.

ELISHA F. HAYWARD,
Com. of Water and Water Supply.

## Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

**Friday, October 5th, 1906,**

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 21, 1906.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 6th, 1906, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.50 & $3.00 Shoes
BEST IN THE WORLD
W. L. Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

To Shoe Dealers:
W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country
Send for Catalog
SHOES
ESTABLISHED 1876
CAPITAL $2,500,000

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.
Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

DO NOT FORGET

Your duty to your loved ones who have passed away. Let their final resting place be marked for all time with a suitable memorial.

JOHN H. HERN,
Salem St., - Woburn.
Good work and thoroughness in construction.

Coffee Bargains
—AT THE—
Boston Branch Grocery

Our Best Mocha and Java
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
30c. lb.

Boston Blend Coffee
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
25c. lb.

Santos Coffee
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
15c. lb.

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Alice Duffy, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Moses Russell Varney, late of Rollinsford, in the State of New Hampshire deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Willis L. Varney, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martin Cole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Joseph H. Cole of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

GEO. A. CAMMALL
AUCTIONEER
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estate,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

**Chocolates**

Saturday and Sunday we continue to sell the 40c. quality for

**29c.**

Slip a box into your pocket next Saturday night.

*Whitcher's* **PILL BOX**

**Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.**

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**Have You Met THELMA?**

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
**WOBURN**

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c per pound.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
**Notary Public**
— AND —
**Justice of the Peace.**
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**TOMATOES.**

Housekeepers wanting tomatoes for canning can have them delivered at residence for the next few days at

**Very Reasonable Price**

by sending postal to

G. W. COPP,
177 Burlington St

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

**To Let.**
**A STORE:**

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

### Eugene Wood on Niagara.

It would be hard to find a more hackneyed subject than Niagara Falls. Almost every child writes a composition about them while he is in grammar school, and every one who has ever seen them sends home his "impressions" in a family letter. It takes great courage deliberately to choose to write about Niagara, and an unusual form of genius to make it worth while. Eugene Wood has done both in the September *McClure's*. His article is humorous, whimsical, earnest, and poetic by turns. His description of one's first emotions on beholding Niagara will appeal to the inherent candor of the American mind.

"You are confronting what every one says is the most wonderful spectacle on the continent, he writes. "You pause, you shut out from your mental vision the other men and women that stand beside you. . . . You are alone, you and your soul, before this scene of beauty and magnificence. You hearken to the inward voice; you listen to what your soul would say to you.

"It says: 'M-hm. Very nice. Just exactly like the pictures.'"

Nevertheless, Eugene Wood has more to say about the Falls than this; the conclusion of the article is as full of force and patriotism as the beginning is of humor.

The account is beautifully illustrated with full-page color reproductions.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In this city, Sept. 12, by Rev. Wilson Fitchet, Louis Fletcher and Lizzie (Hester) Smith, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 15, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Thomas Francis Maher of Boston, and Josephine Magdalene Glassett of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 16, by Rev. James F. Doherty, James Madison Gowen and Maggie B. (Gorden) Hamlin, both of Woburn.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 12, Edward Clafferty, aged 68 years.

In this city, Sept. 14, Nancy Harkins, aged 54 years.

In this city, Sept. 18, Charles A., son of Joseph P. Higgins, aged 7 months, 11 days.

In Revere, Mass., Sept. 16, William E. Hammond of Woburn, aged 37 years.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of James McFeeley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the ninth day of October, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Horatio G. Littlefield, of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles E. Littlefield of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

**MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY**

**CLOTHES**
FOR MEN AND BOYS
**Ready for Immediate Use**

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises

Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

**SUITS and OUTSIDE GARMENTS**

MEN'S AND BOYS'
**HABERDASHERY**

400 Washington St.,
BOSTON

# STATE POLITCS.

## How Labor Has Benefited by Legislation This Year.

## THE NATURALIZATION FRAUDS.

### City and Town Committees Should Get Ready For Work.

Democrats are very fond of telling labor men how much the Democratic party has done for the cause of labor. If one could believe the claims of individual Democrats pretty nearly all the labor laws in the commonwealth were pushed through the great and general court by their solitary efforts.

It is only necessary, however, to glance at the record of the Democratic party in such states as they entirely control. Scarcely a single northern state has a Democratic legislature. All the southern states have legislatures which are overwhelmingly Democratic. The northern states are the only ones which have made any considerable progress in the line of better conditions for working men and women and for the protection of children of school age. In other words, in states where the Democratic party is in full control, labor has been able to secure no legislation of any importance, either in the line of working hours, sanitary construction of factories, or any of the other aids to the lot of the working man. It has long been admitted that Massachusetts takes the lead in the enactment of laws for the protection of labor from long hours, unsanitary conditions, and for the protection of the working man generally. It has long had on the statute books a child labor law which has been the model for all the other progressive states in the Union.

### Some of the New Acts

This year, however, has seen a great advance in many directions for the protection of working men and women. The law constituting eight hours a maximum day's work for public employes, has been extended further to require in all contracts a stipulation that no laborer, workman, or mechanic in the employ of the contractor, contracting to do the whole or a part of the work contemplated by the contract, shall be required to work more than eight hours in any one calendar day. The child labor law has been strengthened so that for the first time truant officers throughout the commonwealth are given absolute power to enter mills and factories and take therefrom children who are being employed in violation of the child labor law, and take such children to the schools without a warrant. The penalty for the padrone or parent sending children to work by forged age certificates has been changed from a trivial fine to imprisonment. This change was made at the suggestion of Governor Guild and the legislation was based on his inaugural.

A new statute was passed, cutting off the power of money lenders to bind wage-earners to endless financial slavery, which prohibits unlimited assignment of wages and specifies a standard form of assignment.

### Weekly Payments Extended

The weekly payment of wages to mechanics, workmen and laborers by counties, cities, corporations and contractors has been made practically universal by the legislature of 1906. The state has also taken another step in advance in an act providing for the establishment and maintenance of free employment offices under the auspices of the state, as a legitimate aid to those out of work in obtaining means of livelihood. By another act the state board of education has provided a public employment bureau for teachers desirous of employment.

An act was passed this year requiring proprietors of foundries to maintain suitable toilet rooms provided with running hot water, where the men may change their clothes.

With a view to safeguarding the savings of the people, a complete reorganization of the savings bank commission has been accomplished and, following suggestions in the governor's inaugural address, several important amendments to the laws governing the savings banks have been put upon the statute books with a view to making these depositories of the people's savings absolutely safe.

### Safeguarding Human Life

The large number of accidents entailing heavy loss of life in factories has resulted in important legislation the present year. The necessity of better care of steam boilers was pointed out in the inaugural address of Governor Guild, and the legislature has provided for the appointment of a chief inspector of boilers and five assistants, and in other amendments to law it is intended to further safeguard human life in buildings such as factories, mills and workshops, where boilers are used.

Certainly this is a record which ought to win the support of thoughtful wage-earners. The Republican party is always blamed for the defeat of any labor measure in the great and general court. It is therefore only logical that when such legislation is enacted the Republican party should be given credit for that enactment. Certainly with a legislature strongly Republican the enactment of a measure is due to the Republican majority, which could have defeated such legislation had it seen fit to do so. Some of these measures were probably introduced by Democrats, but that fact does not alter the situation. They could not have been enacted unless by Republican votes, which constitute a great majority of the state legislature. All these measures were signed by Governor Curtis Guild, Jr.

### Probing Naturalization Frauds

The crusade of United States District Attorney Asa P. French against fraudulent naturalization has resulted in the indictment of seven men for fraud. It is significant that of the seven indicted, four defaulted their bail. One of the men indicted was John J. McCarthy, who has had charge of the Democratic naturalization bureau in Boston for a number of years, and was until recently in the employ of the city. There were four indictments against McCarthy, three against James O'Toole, two against John J. Sullivan and one each against William J. Monahan, Cornelius O'Leary, John Molloy and Daniel J. Holmes. Those who defaulted when their names were called in court were O'Toole, Sullivan, Holmes and Molloy. The bail in each case was $2000.

All the defendants who put in an appearance pleaded not guilty to the charge and will be tried later. Mr. McCarthy is the only one who failed to get bail.

This result of the work of the United States district attorney and his assistants will undoubtedly do a good deal to intimidate others who might desire to secure naturalization papers illegally. For years Boston Democrats have acted as if they felt there was no danger in work of this sort. Mr McCarthy, as before stated, had charge for years of the Democratic naturalization and his manner was so affable and smooth that he had succeeded in securing the confidence not only of the clerks of the federal courts in Boston, but also of some of the judges of those courts. He was given every facility for pursuing his work in some of these courts, and his statements were commonly accepted.

Those who have all along suspected that the Democracy was running a naturalization mill for the purpose of manufacturing citizens upon their arrival in this country have turned out to be correct, and judges generally ought to learn a lesson from this experience.

### Need of Active Work

There is just now great need for activity in the city and town committees which will have to do the work necessary for the re-election of the present state officers and the Republican candidates for congress throughout the commonwealth. This is to be a critical year for Massachusetts in the matter of congressmen. The Republican delegation in the present congress, from this state, consists of 11 out of 14 congressmen. The indications are that the next congress will be close, and Massachusetts ought to increase her Republican strength by at least one and possibly by two in order to help to make up losses which are likely to occur in other commonwealths.

In the Tenth and Eleventh districts the Republicans have a chance to win if they are united and put the best men in the field. The Tenth is now represented by William S. McNary and the Eleventh by John A. Sullivan. In the Tenth there is a hot fight on for the Democratic nomination, while in the Eleventh Former Senator Peters will have the Democratic nomination without opposition.

The Democrats propose to make vigorous fights for congressional candidates in all the districts, but most of them admit that the only other district likely to be close is the Fifth, and that the chances there favor the Republicans. It is, however, a fairly close district, and no work should be left undone which will aid in keeping it in the Republican column.

**"To Cure a Felon"**

says Sam. Kendall, of Phillipsburg, Kan., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the Salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for Burns, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Wounds, Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Sore Feet and Sore Eyes. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Guaranteed.

**Just Think This Over.**

Where is the woman who wouldn't gladly stop baking bread in hot weather, if she could buy rich, wholesome bread that would satisfy the whole family?
You can do this, but it is necessary to buy CREAMALT BREAD (the oval loaf) as other kinds of bread will not satisfy and back you go to baking.
Fresh each day at your grocer's. 10c. a loaf.

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*Send for illustrated circular.*

**WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO., 31-35 Union St., Boston.**

### WINCHESTER.

Our schools are running like well greased clockwork.

The next grade crossing hearing is to be held on Oct. 3.

An auto worth $5,000 was burned to ashes near Oak Grove cemetery last Sunday.

The Woman's Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. have resumed work for the season. They are a power for good.

To get rid of the moths some apple trees have been cut down. It isn't likely the browntails care much about it, anyway.

Taking pattern from Boston, our police are keeping a sharp eye out on people who litter up the streets, and are determined to punish all offenders. Good!

I don't hear of our farmers preparing for any applepearing and husking bees, as in ye olden time. Like some other good things they have passed away.

The Republican caucuses for choice of delegates to the several Republican conventions are to be held in Town Hall at 7.45 p. m. Tuesday, Sept. 25. Attend the caucuses!

At last the "Twombly Ledge" has passed into other hands. A company has been organized which will take out and crush the granite and sell it to whoever wants to buy.

The First Baptist church was rededicated last Sunday with appropriate ceremonies. During the summer vacation $3,000 was expended on repairs and new fittings, and it is now an edifice worthy of pride.

Our cement-lined water mains are feeling the effects of old age, and breaking down. They have been in use 30 years, 5 years, at least, longer than iron ones last, on an average, and proved a profitable investment. But the time has come when new ones must take their place.

The Edison Co. are doing a good stroke of business here in the way of installing light and power plants. Among those lately furnished with light and power are: Beggs & Cobb, 65 H P., Philip French, S. T. Leland, F. R Perry, W. E. Atherton, and others.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,**

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Real Estate.

Also rented No. 43 Vernon street to C. J. Munroe of Waltham.

Rented the W. F. Kenney residence on Pleasant street to Mrs. Harry Gould of Lexington.

Same agency has rented the estate 42 Vernon street, 9 room house with all improvements to B. J. Wilson of Waltham.

Through the same office final papers have been passed to transfer from John D. Gilman to Edward S. Lyons, stable and 2240 ft. of land on Porter street.

Agreements have been signed at the office of C. E. Smith for the transfer of the estate of Lee Ward, 58 Prospect street. The purchaser buys for occupancy.

**A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## Musical.

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Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

## *CITY OF WOBURN.*

## The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St.,

**SATURDAY EVE., SEPT. 22, 1906**
**AT 7 O'CLOCK,**

to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 11 of the Revised Laws.

☞ Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 11, 1906.

## *Mortgagee's Sale*
— OF —
## REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William O'Brien to John Fenlon, dated July 27th, 1874, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1315, Page 596, which mortgage was duly assigned to Thomas Salmon by assignment dated February 18, 1881, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1560, Page 554, and by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of Thomas Salmon to John G. Maguire by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, and by said Maguire assigned to Julia A. Scalley by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

**Saturday, the sixth day of October, A. D., 1906,**

at two o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots numbered 27 and 28 on a Plan of House Lots in said Woburn and Winchester, belonging to Lemuel G. Richardson and William H. Richardson, containing about sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty (16880) square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on Arlington street at a stake by land of James E. Abbott, the line runs southwesterly by land of said Abbott about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake at lot No. 29 on said plan; thence nearly southeasterly by land last named about ninety-seven (97) feet to Belmont street; thence by Belmont street about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to Arlington street; thence northwesterly by said Arlington street about one hundred and fifteen (115) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises are the same conveyed to William O'Brien by Lemuel G. Richardson by deed dated May 20th, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1162, Page 124, and is hereby conveyed subject to the conditions therein mentioned.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., September 12th, 1906.

**WANTED!**

To find a 200 acre farm for sale within fifteen miles of Boston; light, dry sandy soil, with or without buildings; no swamp; no rocks; on a public road; in one body; cash sale; no objection to a silo; not much wood. Enquire or call on

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79 Elm St., North Woburn, Mass.

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The Homestead Estate of the late George A. Simonds, 14-room house, with all modern improvements. 17,186 feet of land.

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ALICE H. SIMONDS.

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Particularly recommedded for Milch Cows.

**25c. PACKAGE.**

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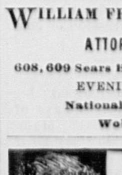

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Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
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CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Best home purifier of foul places. Destroys decomposition, maintains conditions essential to health. Beware of inferior imitations.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels.

☞ Only the genuine bears it.

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10 to 5 acres of Land.
Cash Down will be paid.
Apply to G. PLACE,
428 Main St., Woburn.

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# AN ANGEL ELEPHANT

By GRETCHEN GRAYDON

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"I wonder if you dream how adorable you are in that blue gown," Hetherton said, trying to possess himself of Philomena's hand.

She drew it away, pursed her lips daintily, and flung back at him, "Oh! It's the gown, is it? Thank you for telling me. I shall be sure to wear it the next time the MacCarty comes to see us."

"Confound the MacCarty!" Hetherton ejaculated. "I'd like to break his head for him, the presumptuous oaf. What business has he even to admire you?"

"Mayn't a cat look at a king?" Philomena interrupted demurely, her eyes dancing in the screen of their long lashes.

She had the charm of infinite variety. Some days she was positively ugly, others ravishingly beautiful. This was one of the beautiful days. She knew it, and acted upon the knowledge. She owed Hetherton for several things, chiefly Miss Mannering. He should be paid in full. He had never proposed to her outright, but all along assumed gayly that she would marry him, speaking openly, in a light comedy manner that might mean everything or nothing. She had not resented the light comedy manner, being by no means sure of her own mind.

Still it had been distinctly aggravating to have him run off after the Mannering girl the same as the other men. For two whole days he had kept in the new beauty's train; worse still, he had come back to Philomena not merely repentant, but with the air of one who feels that he has discharged the duty of a proper man.

"A cat may look at a king; the proverb is silent as to queens," Hetherton retorted. "Moreover, you can scarcely stretch it to fit an elephant, which is the MacCarty's animal prototype."

"Now I know how I came to promise him two dances—I adore elephants—always did," Philomena murmured, reflectively, as if aside.

Hetherton caught both her hands and drew her to her feet. "Do you mean to keep the promise?" he asked, his face darkening. She smiled up at him audaciously as she answered:

"Who knows? He may prefer to sit them out. But if he should, you needn't mind, we will take care to keep out of earshot of you and Miss Mannering"—

"Oh! I see," Hetherton laughed, not quite easily, but with a magical lightening of countenance. "I must say that will be handsome of you," he went on; then, his hands slipping up to her shoulders, "Sweetheart, let's run away from everything—the grand ball, the elephant, the Mannering—run away and get married. Listen! It will be so easy; only a spin across country to that dear little stone church we saw last week—we'll take along witnesses—and telegraph for our traps to follow us. 'If 'twere done, when 'twere done then 'twere well 'twere done quickly.' Think how much we shall escape, all the fuss and frills and upsetments of a big wedding. And this is the only way to escape them. I know your aunt has her heart set on St. Thomas', with twelve bridesmaids, and all the rest of it. Say yes, there's a darling. I will live just to keep you from being sorry for it, even one time."

"It sounds enticing," Philomena said, then with a reflective sigh: "But it can't be done. You see if I ran off with you, the Mannering would inevitably get the MacCarty and his millions. That's what she is here for, and that's what I'm bound not to let her do."

"Have your joke," Hetherton grumbled, trying to draw her to his breast.

She put him away with gentle dignity, saying: "But it is not a joke. That's why I am so provoked with you; you let yourself be one of her bait gudgeons. Oh, she's a shrewd piece—she knows a man like the MacCarthy means to pick a wife as he has picked a racing stable, from among those other men want very much."

"How do you know?" Hetherton demanded.

Philomena opened her eyes very wide. "Why, he told me so," she said. "You know we are great friends and talk of many things. And he is really vastly entertaining—such a big bulk of raw human nature, with streaks of wit and other streaks of understanding through its honest ignorance."

"H-m! You are somewhat a belle. How many times has he proposed to you?" Hetherton asked.

"Only once, the first day," Philomena said, smiling wickedly. "I asked time for consideration, but he wouldn't give it. He wanted a straight yes or no, but consoled me by telling me that if after awhile he was not engaged he would give me another chance. So I must be sure and make up my mind. I know he is not engaged, not unless Miss Mannering has landed him since morning."

"Is your mind made up?" Hetherton asked teasingly.

Philomena shook her head, but said brightly: "Not yet. Still, there's no telling what may happen between dances."

"Then you refuse—my plan and everything?" Hetherton said, paling visibly.

Philomena shot a glance at him and shivered faintly, but said, with an accent of gentle surprise, "Why, I did that some time ago."

"You will fight the Mannering woman for the MacCarty. You would not even raise a finger for me," Hetherton began bitterly.

Philomena laughed a soft, malicious laugh. "One saves a novice from drowning. A swimmer who knows the waters is apt to regard help as an impertinence," she said.

Hetherton set his teeth. "Goodby," he said, hardly above his breath, holding out his hand. Philomena looked at him doubtfully and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I don't know—to the devil most likely," he answered recklessly.

"Beg pardon, telegram for you, sir," a footman said, coming to the pair with a yellow envelope on his tray.

Hetherton tore it open, glanced at its contents, then stood twisting it between his fingers and smiling an odd, dazed smile. After a long breath he took Philomena in his arms and kissed her, saying in her ear:

"Luck has stood your friend. I'm a beggar, or shall be in two hours more. That was a call for margins I can no more put up than I can fly. I've been speculating wildly. I wanted you so badly I thought I must offer you millions no less than myself. Until today they seemed in my grasp. That was why I dared. But I'm losing everything at once."

"Not quite," she said, clinging to him, her eyes shining up at him through a mist of tears. "You may have me, if you lose everything else. I'm not afraid of poverty if I may have love."

"Seems like it's time I took a hand in this game," a throaty voice said behind them, and there stood the MacCarty, very red, and all over perspiration. He had been ambushed all the while in the summer house outside which the lovers stood. "You folks think list'nin' ain't the right thing," he went on. "No more it ain't, but I waked from a nap as you were in the midst o' talkin', and it didn't take ten words to show me the lay o' the land. I like the lay of it. The little lady thar," nodding toward Philomena, "has got me doped out fine and pat, but she didn't make sport of the old galoot. She said it in sport, but she has looked out fer me. And more'n that, she's made me understand thar was at least one woman money couldn't buy. You ain't half good enough fer her," this to Hetherton with a chuckle. "But since it appears she likes the looks o' ye, be hanged if you're a-goin' to take her and try love in a cottage. At least, not onless the cottage's got all the fixin's. No need to tell me how you stand. I ain't quite out o' the market if I am up here in the mountains, courtin' and rusticatin'. If you need margins, I know the reason why. Go right straight to the telephone. I'll be along o' ye; together we'll get the straight o' things down to a dot over my private wire. I'm goin' to see you through if it takes one million or even two. But when you are through you git married and keep out of sech messes."

"I will," Hetherton said, holding out his hand.

Before the MacCarty could take it Philomena flung herself between them, threw her arms about his thick neck and kissed him on both cheeks. "You're an angel elephant," she murmured. "I shall love you always, no matter what he says," with a nod toward Hetherton.

"He says, 'Amendment accepted,'" Hetherton said, wringing the MacCarty's hand.

That gentleman laughed apologetically, but returned the grip heartily, and said as he puffed away with Hetherton at his elbow:

"It takes jest an angel elephant to skeer the bulls and bears good and hard."

### Women of Ancient Rome.

"We are assured by Seneca," says the historian Inge, "that there were women in ancient Rome who counted their ages not by their years, but by the husbands they had had. Juvenal tells of one woman who had married eight husbands in five years. Divorce was granted on the slightest pretext. Many separated merely from love of change, disdaining to give any reason, like Æmilius Paulus, who told his friends that 'he knew best where his shoes pinched him.' Rich wives were not much sought after by wise men. Their complete emancipation made them difficult to manage. Accordingly, since both rich and poor wives were objectionable, the large majority of men never married at all. In most cases a Roman bridegroom knew practically nothing of his wife's character until after marriage. Marriage for the Roman woman meant a transition from rigid seclusion to almost unbounded liberty. She appeared as a matter of course at her husband's table whether he had company or not. She could go where she liked, either to the temples of Isis and Serapis or to the circus and amphitheater. She had her own troops of slaves, over whom she ruled without interference."

### Tolstoi and the Bear.

When Count Tolstoi was a young man he took part in a bear hunt that nearly ended fatally. When the beast charged him Tolstoi fired and missed. He fired a second shot, which hit the bear's jaw and lodged between his teeth. Tolstoi was knocked down, falling with his face in the snow. "There," he thought, "all is over with me." He drew his head as far as possible between his shoulders, exposing chiefly his thick fur cap to the beast's mouth till she was able to tear with her upper teeth only the cheek under the left eye and with the lower teeth the skin of the left part of the forehead. At this moment the famous bear hunt leader Ostashkof ran up with a small switch in his hand and cried out his usual: "Where are you getting to? Where are you getting to?" This, says Tolstoi, sent the bear scuttling off at her utmost speed.

### Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian in A. D. 120 built a stone wall from Bowness, near Carlisle, on Solway frith, to the river Tyne, near Newcastle. It was eighty miles long and garrisoned by 10,000 troops. It was twelve to twenty feet high at various points, eight feet thick at the top and provided with a gallery in the rear which enabled its defenders to take their stand with only head and shoulders visible to the enemy. At every quarter of a mile there was a castle with a garrison of troops. Beacon lights and signals were used, and on an attack, whether by day or by night, the news was at once flashed up and down the wall from sea to sea.—London Sphere.

### Why He Came.

A man rushed into the barber shop and jumped into the first waiting chair, explaining, "Shave in a hurry." The barber was about to apply the lather when he noticed the customer's face. It had been shaved in spots and looked like a wornout hair rug. "I beg your pardon," said the barber, "but whoever shaved you did not understand his business or must have been nearsighted." "That's all right," replied the customer rather sharply. "Every man to his trade—you are a barber—well, I am not—that's why I came here."

### Too Busy to Whistle.

It is said the art of whistling will soon be counted among the lost unless there is a revival of the cheery spirit that seems to be forsaking men. Nobody whistles as he works in these strenuous days. He has too much on his mind to pucker his lips in a whistle. Nor does he hum or sing to himself for that matter. Life is, if not downright sad, too busy for that joyous and unconscious expression of contentment.—Boston Herald.

### Happy Days.

Fred—Mamma, our principal says his schooldays were the happiest days of his life. Do you believe that? Mamma—Certainly. He wouldn't say so if it were not true. Fred—Well, I suppose he played hookey and didn't get caught.

## CUNNING ANIMALS.

### Those That Feign Death For the Sake of Protection.

The habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals—animals which differ widely in family, genus and species. Indeed, this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopic in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as in those as high in the scale of animal life as man himself, for even man does not hesitate on occasions to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one can observe and study the natural history of the minute animal world, which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me beyond cavil that creatures as low in the scale as actinophryans, very minute, microscopic animalcules, practice death feigning when surprised by an enemy from which they cannot otherwise escape. Thus I have, says a naturalist, repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate, hairlike legs or cilia and sink to the bottom of their miniature lake (a drop of water) when approached by a water louse, which preys upon them. They remain to all appearances absolutely without life until the water louse swims away, when they unfold their cilia and go back to their feeding grounds—a bit of water weed or moss or decayed wood.

## EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.

### The Reason They Are Not Made to Run Just a Week.

The French have a fashion of expressing an indefinite but short period of time by the phrase "about eight days." Under similar conditions we would say "about a week." The French method seems unnatural, ours natural, for a week is a distinctly recognized period. We believe there is only one way in which we use the eight day period, and that is in making clocks.

Did it ever occur to you why we have what is called an eight day clock and not one made to run exactly seven days? There is a good reason for it. A clock that is made to run eight days is pretty sure to be wound on a certain day of the week, for it would be almost impossible for any one to remember to wind it on every eighth day. Therefore the interval between windings is seven days, precisely as the maker desired and expected.

The reason is that a clock runs better when it is not allowed to run down, or even nearly so. The same plan is followed in making a watch; it will run for thirty hours, but as nearly every man winds his watch at the same hour every day or night, the spring is never fully exhausted. Regularity in winding is one of the best means of keeping a timepiece in order.

### The Opal.

It was Sir Walter Scott who helped, in "Anne of Geierstein," to arouse the fears of the superstitious concerning the wearing of that very beautiful stone, the opal, and it was a German dealer in gems who fostered that fear very successfully for other ends than those of romance. He came to England years ago, we are told by a jeweler, to fill an order from one of the royal families in Germany—a wedding order, if I remember rightly. Opals were then high. He had printed the story that opals were unlucky and spread the report diligently. In a short time the price went down, and he was enabled to fill his order and make a handsome profit.—Westminster Gazette.

### A Cause of Righteous Wrath.

Perhaps the most striking instance of what unnecessary ringing at the doorbell can produce in the way of exasperation is to be seen in the wording of a notice on a brass plate in a street leading out of a well known west end square. It is on the door of the corner house, and this is how it runs: "This house is No. 64A —— street, and not No. 13 —— square. That house is round the corner. Do not ring here." One can dimly imagine the state of nervous madness to which that householder was reduced before he sat down to compose that notice.—London Chronicle.

### Jury Was Experienced.

"Flatman, I hear you were arrested the other day for insulting and browbeating a janitor. How did you come out?"

"I was tried for it and acquitted."

"On the ground that it was justifiable?"

"No; the jury couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—Chicago Tribune.

### Something Wrong.

Hotel Proprietor (to his wife)—Maria, you haven't sent that man in No. 12 his bill yet. Maria—Oh, yes I have, my dear. Hotel Proprietor—That's odd. I can still hear him singing happily.—London World.

### The Wrong Color.

"What I regard as most conspicuous about Georgie Gayson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is her naivete!"

"Yes," replied her hostess, "I wonder what made her get a red one?"—Modern Society.

### Hard Luck.

"Yes; her husband robbed her of every penny she had."

"Poor dear! And all she married him for was because she was afraid of burglars."

There is precious instruction to be gotten by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle.

### The Dominion of Canada.

The Dominion of Canada came into existence on July 1, 1667. The province of Canada was divided into upper and lower Canada, which divisions are known now as Ontario and Quebec respectively. It was subsequently augmented by the province of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories in 1870, by British Columbia in 1871 and Prince Edward Island in 1873 and now includes the whole of British North America.

### Wireless Whispers.

Mrs. Windfall—Just imagine, Hiram! One of the sailors just told me that this boat is now in communication with her sister ship. I wonder what the conversation is about. Mr. Windfall—Humph! Most likely each is asking the other if her cargo is on straight!—Puck.

### Fitness.

Author (invited to a very poor dinner, to himself)—A miserable dinner! I'll have to take care that I don't let anything witty slip out.—Fliegende Blatter.

## WASTEFUL AMERICA.

### We Are, So It Is Charged, a Most Prodigal People.

Americans are the opposites of the Japanese in that they are probably the most wasteful and extravagant people under the sun. James J. Hill once voiced a declaration to the effect that the greater part of America's progress had been gained by using up the stored capital of preceding ages—something for which we are indebted to nature, not to our own energies. Soil, mines, oil and gas reservoirs, forests, fisheries—all have been drained and drained, with little or no thought that exhaustion of either was calculable. We eat three times as much as is demanded by nature and more than is good for us, and we throw away annually enough to feed the whole population of Japan. Into our rivers in the form of polluting sewage go fertilizers to the value of millions, which other peoples save and which we would be doubly benefited by saving. We could economize greatly if we cared to in the quantity of iron and other metals we use; but, possessed with the infatuation that they will never "run out," we are as prodigal with them as with everything else, whereas the limit of the supply is claimed to be easily calculable.

But it is in the waste of the forests that American improvidence finds its worst illustration. The nation has been willing to see its forests so devastated that the present annual "cut" and fire waste cannot be continued for twenty-five years longer without destroying every patch of timber in America.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

## SPORT IN AMERICA.

### The Change That Has Come Since the War Between the States.

Before the civil war we Americans had few outdoor pastimes. There was some fox hunting in the south, some shooting in the north. There was considerable fishing, very little angling. Tennis and golf were unknown to us. Croquet was decorously played. Driving and riding were restricted to the few who could afford the time and expense. One or two cricket elevens struggled for existence. There were no bicycles, no motors, of course, only an absurd velocipede or two. Extreme youth "flew kites," played marbles and whipped tops. Among their elders, however, there was a mincing, artificial attitude toward all outdoor sport which found its fullest expression in a quadrille, at croquet or a sentimental sailing expedition under the calmest of skies.

However, even then we had yachtsmen—naturally corollary of our superb commercial navy—and we had good horses and were breeding better ones, and we by inheritance were a nation of men who handled a rifle properly.

War came and left us with its immense accumulation of good and evil, and it seemed then that out of sheer weariness of sadness and trouble the germ of the old play spirit, so long dormant, awoke among us to save us from ourselves.—Collier's Weekly.

### Browning's French Grammar.

It is not generally known that Robert Browning was the author of a French grammar. It appears that even the late Dr. Garnett, whose knowledge of literature was encyclopedic, had not heard of this early venture of the poet's. His surprise was therefore great when a reference to the work in question by Browning himself was pointed out to him. It occurs on page 203 of the first volume of Browning's letters to his wife. "Thus in more than one of the reviews and magazines that laughed my 'Paracelsus' to scorn ten years ago—in the same column often of these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book, on a new plan, which I 'did' for my old French master and he published it—'that was really a useful work.'"

### Could Tell It Another Way.

Many years ago an old and well to do farmer in western New York had something of a reputation as a litigant. He had a peculiar twist about his mouth when he talked, due to some muscular affection, which gave a striking effect to his utterances. His old neighbors tell of a trip that he made to see his lawyers on a certain occasion when he had made up his mind to have a lawsuit. He sat down with his lawyer and laid out his case before him at length. The lawyer said, "Well, on that statement you haven't any case." The old man hitched his trousers nervously, twitched his face and hastily replied, "Well, I can tell it another way."—Case and Comment.

### "Tarry" Gould's Long Cruise.

"Tarry" Gould was a well known character in and around Danvers years ago, but very few knew what gave him the nickname of "Tarry." He was very fond of telling about the long sea trip he enjoyed when a young man. It seems he thought he was tired living ashore, so he went to Danversport and shipped on a coasting schooner bound for Philadelphia. He used to say, in telling his story: "I did expect to enjoy that trip so much. Well, we cast off from the wharf and started down river. When we got to Beverly bridge (a mile or so from the wharf) I made up my mind that I had got enough of it, and as we passed through the draw I climbed to the bridge and started for home, and, if you will believe me, I could not get a wink of sleep that night until they threw water on the outside of my bedroom windows to make it seem I was aboard ship."—Boston Herald.

### Scraps From the Sea.

"There is often found at sea a life belt or some sort of a life preserver floating on the water that bears the name of the vessel to which it belonged," said a veteran sea captain. "As soon as it is reported there is at once a great amount of speculation on the part of those interested in the ship as to whether the vessel is safe or not. This increases to alarm if the ship is any way overdue. In most instances the preserver has been washed from the deck by a wave or has fallen overboard, and the alarm is entirely without foundation. I remember an instance in which my boat broke a crank shaft. We were eleven days overdue, and we were given up for lost because a raft that should have been fastened on the deck was washed overboard and picked up by a faster liner. I have sometimes thought it would be a good thing if these minor articles were not marked."

### Dangerous.

"Would you like to see my aquaria?" asked the naturalist.

"Well, if he's securely chained I might, but I'm so afraid of wild beasts," replied the visitor.

Neutrals are soused from above and singed from below.—German Proverb.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 23.

### Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Luke iv, 32—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Lesson I.—Jesus and the children (Matt. xviii, 1-14). Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 14, "It is not the will of your Father, which is heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." The disciples often talked about being great, but Jesus always taught humility for the believer in this present life and that our greatness would come when His own came, in the kingdom, in the resurrection, at His second coming. He assures us that His own can never perish, and that angels are our guardians, angels who behold the face of God.

Lesson II.—The duty of forgiveness (Matt. xviii, 21-35). Golden Text, Matt. vi, 12, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." While there is nothing to be done on our part to obtain the forgiveness of sins (Acts xiii, 38, 39; Rom. iii, 24) we will not enjoy that forgiveness nor walk in fellowship with God unless we from the heart as freely forgive others as God for Christ's sake forgives us.

Lesson III.—The good Samaritan (Luke x, 25-37). Golden Text, Matt. v, 7, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The law is as helpless to deal with a sinner as were the priest and the Levite who passed by the wounded man; but He who is the end of the law for righteousness to every believer took the sinner's place, and by His own work saves him and cares for him.

Lesson IV.—Jesus teaching how to pray (Luke xi, 1-13). Golden Text, Luke xi, 1, "Lord, teach us to pray." There is nothing within our reach so great as prayer, and if we only knew and trusted our Heavenly Father as we might and as He would like us to do what wondrous answers to prayer we would see in accordance with John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7; Jer. xxxiii, 3; Ps. lxii, 5. But it must be a whole hearted seeking and for the glory of God in the interest of His kingdom.

Lesson V.—Jesus dines with a Pharisee (Luke xiv, 1-14). Golden Text, Luke xiv, 11, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Our Lord seems to have accepted every opportunity to meet the different classes of people who opened their doors to Him, but He never failed to be faithful and true in His testimony, so here He has healing for the sick and a word for the guests and also for the host; humility always and doing good to the poor.

Lesson VI.—False excuses (Luke xiv, 15-24). Golden Text, Luke xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." Men seem to think it doing God a favor to accept His Son and His salvation and His kingdom. They are so occupied with their own affairs, home or business, that they have neither heart nor time for God, and not until it is forever too late will they know what they have lost.

Lesson VII.—The parable of the two sons (Luke xv, 11-32). Golden Text, Mal. iii, 7, "Return unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord." The great complaint of God is that people do not know Him, and the Lord Jesus sums it all up in His prayer in these words, "Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee!" (John xvii, 25.) Some are as dead as a piece of metal, some are like the wandering sheep and many are like these brothers, neither of whom knew their father.

Lesson VIII.—The judge, the Pharisee and the publican (Luke xviii, 1-14). Golden Text, Luke xviii, 13, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." He who spent so much time in prayer and knew its power and privilege is ever urging us to perseverance and importunity in prayer. If we were in as full accord with God as He was, what answers we would have, but true prayer implies a conscious need, an emptiness, like that of the publican.

Lesson IX.—The rich young ruler (Mark x, 17-31). Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 24, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." This man in his earnestness and zeal might seem to illustrate true prayer, but he went away without life eternal, for he was too much occupied with his possessions and with himself; he was really an idolater. Riches are more apt to be a curse than a blessing.

Lesson X.—The blind man and Zacchaeus (Luke xviii, 35, to xix, 10). Golden Text, Luke xix, 10, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Not Bartimaeus, who was one of the two healed as He left the city, but the one healed as He entered the city. These three blind men and Zacchaeus all illustrate true seekers, for they all obtained what they sought and more. The blind were poor and empty, and Zacchaeus was rich, yet, unlike the rich ruler, he esteemed Christ more than his riches.

Lesson XI.—Jesus enters Jerusalem in triumph (Matt. xxi, 1-17). Golden Text, Matt. xxi, 9, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The literal fulfillment of prophecy, of which we have here an illustration, must be firmly held to in all our Bible study, so we confidently look for just as literal a fulfillment of other predictions in Zechariah, such as ii, 10-12; viii, 23; xiv, 4, 5. The Scripture cannot be broken; the Scripture must be fulfilled.

Lesson XII.—Jesus silences the Pharisees and Sadducees (Mark xii, 13-27). Golden Text, Mark xii, 17, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." The Scriptures settle all difficulties for those who are subject to them, and those who will not have God as their authority may take Caesar, but must abide by the consequences.

### Her Wisdom.

"Girls!" quietly called old but eminently astute Aunt Broadhead.

"Ma'am?" they replied as they fluttered obediently to her.

"Always remember, girls, that when a man professes to have a 'fatherly interest' in you his own daughters need it, that your own father can sufficiently supply you with it and that is the oldest of all stories save one in the world."—Puck.

### An Experiment.

"Where are you going, Michael, so early"

"Apothecary's; wife got sick last night."

"Doctor been there yet?"

"No. I found a prescription in the street when I was in town, and I'm going to have that made up and try it."—Fliegende Blatter.

### Conflicting.

Actor—I can't play all three of the parts you have assigned to me in this melodrama. Manager—Why not? Actor—Because in the first act two of them engage in a fight, and the third rushes in and separates them.

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### Butler Wanted the Brief.

While E. C. Carrigan was in General B. F. Butler's law office a lady came in to ask some advice. As the general was not in, Mr. Carrigan questioned her and told her he would submit her case to the general, which he did.

The general was to leave the next day for Washington and told Mr. Carrigan to prepare a brief of the lady's case and show it to him the next day.

Mr. Carrigan sat up half of the night writing his brief. The next morning, about fifteen minutes before Butler was to take his carriage for the train, he told Mr. Carrigan he would look at his brief and give his opinion.

Mr. Carrigan began by saying: "General, I have made a most careful study of this case. I have the points all in my head and can state them to you in three minutes."

"Let me have the brief," again said the general, somewhat sharply.

"But, General Butler," said Mr. Carrigan, "I had a brief prepared and intended to show it to you, but I have left it at home on my table. However, as I said, I have all the points of the case in my head."

"Young man," said the general, "the next time you have a brief to prepare for me bring me the brief and leave your head at home on the table."—Boston Herald.

### Wanted to Know Too Much.

There was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the roundsmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection.

On one occasion just after midnight an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man he said:

"Didn't you come out of the corner house just now?"

The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion.

"Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impertinent question," replied the young man in a tone of great indignation. "I don't see what business of yours it is so long as her father doesn't object."—Success Magazine.

### Inns In Hungary.

Wayside inns in Hungary generally rejoice in very quaint titles. This one was called the Dropperin and had the usual sign outside—viz, a long pole with a wooden ring and a gigantic wine bottle suspended from it. The system of keeping the scores is primitive, but practical. The regular customers and the innkeeper each have a bit of wood called rovas, with the name of the person written on it, and every liter of wine consumed is marked by each making a notch on his respective bit of wood. When the score is paid off, both the rovas are burned. Consequently you hear the peasants inviting each other to ingyonroviasmora, literally drink on my "knotch stick," which sounds most comical.—"Wanderings In Hungary."

### Cruel.

A cashier in the financial district of New York, on being advised by his physician to take a vacation not long ago, wrote the agent of a South American steamship line as follows: "As I am thinking of taking a trip to South America, please advise me immediately with particulars relative to rates, accommodations, and so on, to and from the various ports usually visited by tourists at this season of the year." The answer came by special delivery, marked private and confidential, "One of our steamers will sail for Valparaiso next Wednesday; shortest and quickest way out of the country."

### A Test For Seasickness.

Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be sea sick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary mirror that turns in its frame and let some one move it slowly and slightly at first, gradually growing faster, while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualm.

### Intellectual Drinks.

"Tea and coffee are drugs—drugs solely," said a chemist. "They stimulate the brain, and the reaction from the stimulation is not perceptible; hence tea and coffee are excellent brain spurs. For a little while they do actually make us more intelligent than we naturally are. That is why they are so popular. It is why we chemists call them intellectual drinks. Alcohol, whether it be taken in the form of champagne or beer or whisky, is not an intellectual drink, but the opposite. From the beginning alcohol stupefies instead of enlivening the brain. But it makes us talk! If it were not enlivening how should it make us talk? Alas, alcohol makes us talk, but we say under its influence the things we should not. Alcohol deadens the inhibitory, the prohibitive centers of the brain. It stupefies the brain muscle, which knows what things should not be told, and hence, while drinking we talk; but, oh, the things we say, and, oh, how we blush in the cold gray light of the morning after to remember what we said!"

## INDIAN MYTHS.

### One Accounts For the Custom of Scalping an Enemy.

Among the many myths of the North American Indian the disposition of the soul after its separation from the body and its close connection with the scalp varies according to the religion of the tribe. With some the journey to the "happy hunting grounds" begins immediately; with others the spirit remains near the grave. Again, if an Indian dies away from the lodges of his people the spirit returns at once to them, where it hovers as if reluctant to leave. Among the upper Missouri river tribes it is believed that before the spirit finally departs from those who have died from wounds received in battle it floats toward a great cliff overhanging the Missouri and carves upon the wall of rock a picture showing the manner of death.

It is believed by most of the plains tribes that the soul attaches itself to the scalp; that the soul of a person scalped does not suffer from the wounds inflicted on the body, but that the opposite is the case where the scalp is not torn off.

An Indian who kills himself in battle, accidentally or purposely, has positively no hereafter. He is irrevocably lost. Those who are struck by lightning or die by any other apparently direct operation of the Great Spirit are hurriedly buried where they fell without ceremony, and no mound or mark is erected over them. If after a battle there are found corpses not scalped or mutilated it is positive evidence that such persons came to their death by their own hand, for it is a tenet of the Indian religion not to scalp or mutilate the body of an enemy who commits suicide.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## LEPROSY.

### Peculiarities of This Loathsome and Deadly Disease.

The fact that many persons come into intimate contact with lepers for years without becoming affected is not strange when one reflects that the same applies to the closely allied disease—tuberculosis. Men have voluntarily submitted themselves to direct inoculation with material from the sores, discharges, etc., of lepers, yet in only one case (that of a Hawaiian convict who, when condemned to death, submitted to the alternative of inoculation) was the actual disease produced in this artificial manner.

There is no cure for leprosy. All the remedies proposed after the disease becomes well seated have been of little use. The utmost attained is a prolongation of life and a mitigation of suffering.

There is a tradition which has of late obtained some scientific support that fish diet is one of the necessary causes of leprosy, either through tainted fish containing some substance which stirs the bacilli into activity or through the bacilli growing in the fish and thus being taken into the stomach. This lunacy may have originated in the belief that the scales of the leper and the scales of the fish are analogous. Leprosy exists among inland peoples who never eat fish and does not seem specially prevalent among those of the coasts who eat most fish. A curious thing about leprosy is that only one woman is affected to every four men.—New York Press.

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### The British Toastmaster.

The British banquet differs from the American only in that the chairman presides, but does not keep order or announce the toasts. That is attended to by a professional toastmaster, who is a large person with a volcanic voice. While the guests are assembling he stands at the doorway and announces the names of the arrivals, who are then greeted by the chairman and passed into the push. When the guests are seated he takes up his station behind the chair of the presiding officer and commands order in these terms: "My lords and gentlemen, I pray you silence. We will now listen to the toast to his imperial majesty the German emperor, responded to by his excellency the lord chancellor." For the rest the speeches drawl and drag, as in New York, with now and then a sparkle of wit or a flash of mental energy, usually from some unexpected quarter. The turtle soup is no better than ours. The toastmaster gets $10 for a night's work.—New York World.

### Protection For Swimmers.

"Cotton in the ears," said a physician, "should be used by all those who swim out beyond their depth. You know how often good swimmers of that type drown, don't you? Their drowning is imputed to cramp, but you will never find one of the drowned with his ears stuffed with cotton. Why? I'll tell you why. Because it isn't cramp that causes these drownings. It is a perforation of the eardrum, followed by unconsciousness, due to the pressure of the water. Cramp isn't, after all, the deadly thing it is made out to be. If you get a cramp in your leg while swimming it is easy enough to roll over on your back and float. The cramp won't kill you. But a perforation of the eardrum is different. It takes away your senses, and down you go like a log. So always, if you are going to do much swimming, stuff cotton in your ears."—New York Press.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1906. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 44.

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## Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

## Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

### Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 4, 1906.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

**FOR BOSTON**, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38, A. M., 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.23, 10.44, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 5.49, 6.14, 6.44, 7.44, 9.09 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.15, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

**FOR LOWELL** at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, 10.48 P. M. **Return** at 5.46, 4.28, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.07, A. M., 2.58 P. M. **Sunday** at 8.48, A. M., 2.25, P.M.

**FOR LAWRENCE** at 9.53, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P.M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 2.27, 4.42, 6.42, P. M Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

**WINCHESTER and WOBURN.**

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.14, 10.26, 11.38 A. M. 12.48, 2.46, 3.26, 4.26, 5.02, 5.37, 6.59, 9.09, 9.26, 10.26 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.02, 3.25, 5.46, 9.05 P. M Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22. 7.22 7.48, 8.15, 9.45, 11.01 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.19 3.21, 4.10, 4.32, 5.04, 5.31, 6.03, 6.15, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11 9.32, 10.52, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M. 1.06, 2.40, 4.40, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

C. M. BURT,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

**MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.**

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

**MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR**

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

**DELIVERIES.**

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

**MAIL COLLECTED.**

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

**—SUNDAYS.—**

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

| BOX. | LOCATION. |
|---|---|
| 13 | Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private. |
| 21 | Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. |
| 23 | Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square |
| 24 | City Almshouse. |
| 25 | Cor. School and New Boston Sts. |
| 26 | Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn. |
| 27 | Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn. |
| 28 | Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn |
| 31 | Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave. |
| 32 | Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts. |
| 33 | Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets. |
| 34 | Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts. |
| 35 | Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville |
| 36 | Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts. |
| 37 | Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets. |
| 38 | Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts. |
| 39 | Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets. |
| 41 | Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St. |
| 42 | Junction Bow and Beach Sts. |
| 43 | Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St. |
| 44 | Montvale Ave. opp. Green street. |
| 45 | Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts. |
| 46 | Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale). |
| 47 | Salem St., Walnut Hill. |
| 48 | Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St. |
| 49 | Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street. |
| 51 | Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts. |
| 52 | Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave. |
| 53 | Fowle St. near Highland Station. |
| 54 | Cor. Main and Hudson Sts. |
| 55 | Main Street near Ash street. |
| 56 | Main St., opp. Lake Avenue. |
| 57 | Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory. |
| 58 | Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts. |
| 59 | Cor. Green and Madison Sts. |
| 61 | Main St., opp. Salem St. |
| 62 | Cor. Main and Park Sts. |
| 63 | Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St |
| 64 | Winn street, near Calnan's Shop. |
| 65 | Cor. High and Prospect streets. |
| 66 | Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets. |
| 67 | Cor. Main and Kilby Sts. |
| 68 | Main St., opp. Catholic Church. |
| 69 | Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts. |
| 212 | Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn. |
| 351 | Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street. |
| 512 | Pumping Station, Horn Pond (Private. |
| 612 | Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private. |
| 912 | Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri. |

SIGNALS.
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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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## An Autocrat of The Poultry Farm

By Otho B. Senga

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Josiah Preston always had been of a despotic disposition, but his natural tendency in this direction seemed to strengthen after his remunerative experiments in poultry raising.

Josiah's mind apparently held but one thought—his hens. The earth was made for the sole purpose of providing them with a scratching ground. The sun rose to give them light and warmth; night followed day that they might have time to rest.

When Flower Preston, Josiah's only daughter, came home from boarding school, and her father discovered by diligent questioning that the words incubator, brooder, trap nest, bone cutter elicited no answering enthusiasm, he grunted sarcastically, "A gal that's been to boardin' school for three years and don't know a leg band from a bone cutter!"

"You must learn about things as soon as you can, dear," whispered the mother nervously. "If you can't talk poultry talk with your pa you might just as well be in the desert of Sahary!"

"There's one comfort," continued Josiah; "I ain't raised the only fool there is in this county."

"There, there, pa," Mrs. Preston spoke soothingly. "What is the matter?"

"Squire Curtis' boy got home from collige t'other day, and what do you think, instid of studyin' law so's to help his pa, he's been studyin' bugs. Four years in collige, and don't know a thing but bugs!"

"Maybe his pa wanted him to," remarked Mrs. Preston pacifically.

"Waal," harshly, "I can't crow over Squire Curtis none. His boy don't know nothin' but bugs, and, as near as I kin figger out, that gal don't know nothin' at all. The only advantage is it took her a year less to learn it!"

When young Curtis began calling at the farm, which he did with suspicious promptness, Josiah's cup of misery was full.

"For the land's sake," he exclaimed testily to his wife, "can't you go in there and set?" indicating with his thumb the room from which came the sound of young voices and laughter. "You let that gal git boys and bugs inter that slim brain of hern and she won't be good for nothin'."

"There, there, pa, don't talk so loud. You didn't want my ma to come in and set when you used to come to see me."

Josiah's face purpled; he clutched at his collar band as if he were choking.

"You don't mean"— he gasped.

Mrs. Preston nodded.

"Don't take it so hard, pa," she murmured soothingly. "Jim Curtis is one of the likeliest young men, and"—

"I could stand it better if 'twan't for the bugs," he moaned feebly. "If he didn't want to be a lawyer like his pa, why didn't he take up somethin' sensibler than bugs? What good is a bug? Bugs—millions on 'em—couldn't hatch out one chicken!"

"He's studying bees now, pa, and they're good for honey," appeasingly; "he has ever so many hives—newfangled ones—in his pa's back yard."

Josiah only groaned.

"And, pa, it's all arranged, only I said he'd have to be old fashioned enough to ask your consent, and Flower, like a good girl, said she'd never marry anybody without her pa's consent. That's a good deal nowadays, pa."

Perhaps it was because of Josiah's reputation for irascibility, perhaps because the young man felt that he could express himself more satisfactorily in writing, that his formal application for the consent of the autocrat reached Josiah by mail.

The old man read the letter several times, groaning and grunting. When he rose there was a grim smile on his face and a look of determination in his keen gray eyes.

This was on Thursday. In the evening Mrs. Preston reminded him—"Aren't you going in to see Jim, pa?"

"Dunno's he's callin' on me," testily

"But you—his letter"—

"I ain't in no hurry to answer it I'm makin' up my mind."

A similar reminder the next evening met with a like rebuff.

But on Saturday evening Josiah did not want to be reminded. He marched into the "best room," carrying a small basket, and displayed its contents—twenty large eggs, fair and beautiful to the astonished young persons.

"There, young man," he growled, "there is my answer. Three weeks from tonight, if you bring me fourteen chickens out'n them twenty eggs, I'll give my consent."

"All right, Mr. Preston," returned the young man, easily, "I shall be on hand."

"Pa Preston," cried Flower, indignantly, "Jim doesn't know anything about chicken raising, and"—

"Time he did, then," sharply. "He'll have a chance to show what four years of science is good for. And any little thing he don't happen to know you can learn him," and with a sardonic chuckle the autocrat tramped out, leaving a greatly perplexed young man and a dismayed, tearful girl.

"He knows you can't do it," she sobbed. "Three weeks from tonight."

"Good thing he gave plenty of time," observed Jim, cheerfully.

"Plenty of time!" echoed Flower despairingly. "Why, Jim, don't you know that twenty-one days are required to hatch chickens?"

"Well, I'll buy a hen on my way home and put her right to work," with twinkling eyes.

"There's very little chance of your being able to get a sitting hen," gloomily.

"Is that a particular breed?" innocently.

"Jim Curtis! Don't you know that you must have a hen that wants to sit? You can't make one hatch eggs if she doesn't want to."

"Well, I can buy an incubator," undauntedly.

"You'd be four or five days late by the time you could order one and have it shipped here. And tomorrow is Sunday. Oh," she cried understandingly, "pa had it all planned—that's the reason he wouldn't see you until tonight."

"I know, Flower," with sudden inspiration, "I'll make an incubator. Come out and show me one of your father's, so I may get an idea of the principles involved. Come!"

Slightly encouraged, Flower led the way. Meeting her father, she asked coolly: "Have you any objections to my showing the incubators to Jim, pa? He's going to make one to hatch those eggs."

Preston grinned.

"No objections. Not in the least. Go ahead! Show him all about 'em, and tell him everything you know. 'Twon't burden his brain none. He might put the eggs into cold storage while he builds the incubator."

On Tuesday of the third week the autocrat remarked sarcastically: "I saw Jim this morning, Flower. I told him if he brought the chickens I'd announce the engagement in the county paper an' give you $300 for weddin' folderols."

Flower set her red lips in a firm, straight line. She had not inherited all her characteristics from her submissive mother.

"Lend me your pencil, pa. I want to make out a list of wedding folderols."

Saturday evening came, but Mr. Curtis did not appear.

"Where's the bug professor, Flower?" asked her father tauntingly.

"He's wrapping the chickens up in cotton so they can't take cold," retorted Flower spiritedly.

The old man smiled grimly, but the smile died away as Curtis entered the room.

"I'm a little late, Mr. Preston," he said cheerily, "but here are your birds."

He handed the autocrat a flat wooden box, which the latter opened with trembling fingers. He removed a sheet of cotton, displaying a number of fluffy, sleepy, peeping chickens.

"There are eighteen," remarked Jim carelessly, "four more than you asked for, but I put them all in for good measure."

"Them chicks didn't come out'n the shell today," he declared with conviction.

"No," answered Jim quietly. "They came out Thursday."

Josiah gazed at him in actual consternation.

"I hope, Mr. Preston," courteously—"I hope there is no doubt in your mind that these chicks came from the eggs you gave me?"

Josiah shook his head mournfully.

"No," he said slowly. "They're all right. I know the strain."

He sat in silence pondering over the mystery.

"'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,'" suggested Curtis, smiling. "Bugs are good for many things, Mr. Preston."

The autocrat sprang up excitedly.

"Jumping gingerbread!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet a dime you hatched them eggs out in the beehive."

Jim laughed pleasantly.

"I surely did, Mr. Preston. When Flower showed me the incubators three weeks ago tonight, I observed that the temperature was similar to that in my beehives. I verified this on reaching home by placing a thermometer in a hive. So I put the eggs in the upper section of the hive, separating them from the working apartments of the bees by a cotton cloth. I was positive they would hatch, but you may imagine my surprise when they began chipping the shell in nineteen days."

"I guess I'll put 'em in a brooder," said Josiah, recovering himself somewhat. "These chicks has cost me $300—too expensive to be allowed up dissipatin' at this time in the night."

He bore the precious peepers away, muttering wonderingly:

"Bugs! Hatched by bugs! And two days ahead of time!"

Later the autocrat announced in the county paper the engagement of his daughter to the "brilliant young scientist, James Curtis."

### Told Her Woes In Song.

A stately woman of middle age was telling her troubles to a younger woman as they were on their way to an employment agency.

"I have had all sorts of servants," said the stately matron, "and they have done all sorts of queer things, but the colored girl I have now embarrassed me so last night that I really didn't know what to do. My dear, I was so angry I could have cried. Company came in unexpectedly to dinner and there was hardly enough to go around. I served every morsel of all that was on the table, and there was nothing left for the maid. When she came in to clear the table for the dessert she took in at a glance the emptiness of the dishes and her face fell visibly. Then, seizing the crumb tray and beating a tattoo on it with the crumb brush, she danced around the table singing:

"My lord, they've licked the platter clean.
My lord, they've licked the platter clean.

"Of course, I stopped her as soon as I could regain my composure, but not before she had given it away to my guests that they had eaten me out, so to speak. I'll discharge her just as soon as I can get another girl."—New York Press.

### The Pendulum.

Honors are being stolen from most of the great men of former days. Galilei was said to have discovered the law of isochronism of the pendulum while pursuing his studies at Pisa in 1581. Now we learn that the pendulum was used as a correct measure of time among the Arabs as far back as the year 1000.

### Great Combination.

Suitor—I cannot boast of wealth, but I have brains. The members of my literary club will tell you that you'd have the smartest debater in town for a son-in-law. Father—And I can assure you, my dear fellow, that you'd have the greatest lecturer in the town for a mother-in-law.

### Mistaken.

Jones—Smith says that it is the hills that make the echo. Brown—So they do. Jones—And here I've lived all these years thinking it was the holler.—New York Times.

## A FAMOUS OLD HYMN.

### Pathetic Origin of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well known hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heartbroken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than $200 a year.

This hymn was written by Dr. Fawcett to commemorate the event.

## FASTING FADS.

### They Should Find No Favor With Nervous, Anaemic People.

It is said by some physicians that a good deal of the insomnia, extreme thinness and general debility from which Americans suffer is due to the various fasting fads. Here a man goes without breakfast, there a woman makes a point of going hungry to bed. Another systematically omits a meal at noonday, and so it goes. Where people are constitutionally below par and in a position where they can only hope to maintain a fair degree of efficiency by keeping up their vitality such "stunts" are of questionable virtue. Sturdy, full blooded people, with iron nerves and digestions that can negotiate nails, may try starving themselves with impunity perhaps. Thin, anaemic, nervous people, on the other hand, generally need all the food they can eat and all the blood they can make. If such people would eat before going to bed they would generally see an increase in vigor, for the reason that while the wear and tear of the body were suspended digestion and assimilation would still be going on. In other words, the body would be making more tissue than it destroyed; hence an increase in blood, in weight and in health. At least that's the way one physician explained things to a woman of the pale, thin type who applied to him "all run down."—New York Tribune.

### A Humming Bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked one summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely—in fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as to completely cover it. Then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—Exchange.

### The Lost Golf Ball.

"Once in Scotland," said a professional golf player, "I saw a lost ball cause a great commotion. Over there, you know, a lost ball means a lost hole. Two professionals were playing, and one of them lost a ball in the tall grass. He searched for it a long time. Nearly half an hour passed. His opponent kept urging him to admit that the ball was lost and to forego a hole, but this the other refused to do. And finally, with a triumphant laugh, he pounced down, fumbled in the weeds and rose with a ball in his hand.

"'Here's my ball. I've found my ball,' he shouted.

"'Yer a liar,' said the other professional, 'for I've got it here in my pocket.'"

### Rather Rough.

Above the stairway there flickered a candle, and then a deep voice called from the shadows:

"Katherine, Katherine, who is that sandpapering the wall this hour of the night?"

A long stillness and then:

"No one down here, father, dear. I guess it must be next door."

The candle vanished and then from the gloom of the parlor:

"George, you big goose, I told you never to call on me unless you had been shaved!"—Chicago News.

### After the Fall.

"I always pitied Adam and Eve for being driven out of Eden in such insufficient clothing, just as winter was beginning."

"How do you know it was winter?"

"Why, it was just after the fall, wasn't it?"—Cleveland Leader.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Phillips.

### The Prisoner.

An inspector arrived unexpectedly at a Scottish jail. He asked the solitary warder for the governor. "He's away fushin'," was the answer.

"Well, I'll see the prisoners," said the inspector.

"Him! He's out, sir."

"Out? The prisoner out? Why, has he escaped?"

"Ach, no, sir; he's just awa' wi' the governor at the fushin', carryin' the bag."

### Didn't Belong to Colorado.

In the early days of Leadville there was a singular character living by the name of Major Martin McGinnis. The major was the important man of the camp, and when any distinguished parties came to the city they were received by Major Martin McGinnis and presented with the freedom of the camp on a gold plate. The French government sent three mining engineers over to examine and to report upon the mineral deposits of this locality. They were received by Major Martin McGinnis, who put them in carriages and took them around the camp. As they were going up California gulch the Frenchmen suddenly jumped out of the carriage and commenced to hammer and chisel upon a large black bowlder that lay alongside the road. The major watched them gesticulating to one another, and he finally said to the interpreter: "What do they mean? What are they talking about?" The interpreter said, "They say that rock don't belong here." The major said: "The deuce it don't! You say to those foreigners that I won't stand for them coming over here and running down our country. Tell them that they can find anything anywhere in Colorado."

The Frenchmen were right, however, for this black rock was a meteor and had fallen from the skies.—Leadville Herald-Democrat.

### The First Bathing Machine.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the first bathing machine was seen at Margate and that it was the invention of a worthy Quaker named Beale, who placed his hopeful invention on the Margate beach in 1750. "The public are obliged to Benjamin Beale, one of the people called Quakers, for the invention," writes the author of "A Short Description of the Isle of Thanet," published in 1796. But it was the old story, the public became grateful after the inventor had been ruined by his enterprise. His successors had reaped the harvest. Old Benjamin Beale's widow could remember in her last days the first family that ever resorted to Margate for the purpose of bathing being carried into the sea in a covered cart. In 1803 Beale's machines were one of the institutions of Margate. It was alarmingly claimed for them that "they may be driven to any depth into the sea by careful guides."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

### The Busiest Street In the World.

West street in New York presents a network of piers and docks for its whole length. Most of the great steamship and railway transportation companies have their pier terminals there, and other steamship companies have built their terminals on the New Jersey shore opposite, so that all transatlantic and a large share of the continental travelers must cross West street in coming to or leaving the city. When one considers the great number of short trip travelers, including commuters, who daily make their way in and out of the metropolis across this busy thoroughfare a faint idea of its importance may be gained. Manhattan Island has thirty-two miles of water front.—John P. Fritts in Leslie's Weekly.

### This Was In 1824.

English opinion of the United States in 1824, from the standpoint of the fashionable London set, is shown in the extract from the correspondent of John Whishaw:

"You must have read some time since in the papers of a few young 'fashionables,' Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby's grandson), Messrs. Wortley and Denison, ministerial members, and Labouchere, a nephew of Mr. Baring, having sailed for New York with the intention of making a tour of the United States. The scheme was thought very wild and much disapproved of by the west end of the town, and disappointment and disgust were universally predicted."

### Superstitions of Fishermen.

English herring fishermen are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, on some fishing boats whistling is forbidden, and neither milk nor burned bread is allowed on board. Furthermore, not even the name of that unlucky animal, the hare, may be mentioned, and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat. Some of the fishermen believe in luck attending an odd numbered crew, but the good fortune may be neutralized should one of the number have red hair.—London Standard.

### Snakeless Honeymoon.

He (musingly)—Adam and Eve lost paradise, poor things! She (rapturously)—But we found it, didn't we, darling?—Puck.

### Tough.

"If I catch your dog eating any of my chickens I'll shoot him," said the old gentleman who keeps a henhouse angrily to his neighbor.

"I don't care," said his neighbor. "If he eats one of your chickens it won't be necessary for you to shoot him."

**For Thin, Poor Blood**

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

**Ayer's** Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

### The Average Man.

"The average man when he is a boy," a trifle involvedly ruminated the old codger, "decides that when he grows up he will be a drum major or a bandit, triumphantly survive battles, shipwrecks and holocausts and gallantly protect innocence and beauty in distress. But the average boy when he becomes a man finds himself so busy satisfying the appetite of the always hungry mortgage, endeavoring to achieve but never attaining the eminence of being the head of his own household, chasing at the earnest solicitation of his many friends the political prominence which forever eludes him, selecting the particular brand of health fodder that will injure him the least, running after or away from something or other, getting off a few well chosen words, trying to collect or evade that which is justly coming to him, placating his wife's relatives, accumulating baldness, pointing with pride or viewing with alarm, and so on and so forth, that before he has time to be anything more protuberant than one of the ciphers of the millions that inhabit this land of the free his men friends are walking slow behind him and saying that Bill was a pretty good feller, but—and his women friends are chastenedly wondering how soon the widow will marry again. That's all there is to the average man."—Puck.

### One Word's Meanings.

English is a most remarkable language. It has some peculiarities of an extraordinarily rich vocabulary and others of the poorest and most barren tongue, separate words for minute distinctions and single words that have many meanings. Many examples of both peculiarities can be found in the Dialect Dictionary, an English publication. Every farmer's boy knows how to use the words lamb, sheep, ewe and ram, but how many of them would be able to define the words tag, tup-hog, teaser, tup-seg, tup-yeld and six tooth, each of which fixes the age or the sex of a sheep? For example, a tup-hog is a young ram before the first shearing. On the other hand, take the word rack. As used by people in one part of England or another it may mean a neck of mutton, the bones of a dead horse, a blow, a sharp pain, a kitchen fireplace, part of a hand loom, a reach in a river, a ford, a pathway, a rut, a gap in a hedge, a flying cloud, to pour off liquor, to stack. These are the unusual meanings, and there are others more common.—Youth's Companion.

### The Dime.

That neat and lovable little coin, the dime, has had a most useful history. As far as we are aware, it is unique among the world's coins, having no nearer equivalent than the English sixpence, which is worth 2 cents more. It is one of the handiest of coins, being about as small as a silver piece can conveniently be. Being less in size and weight than the nickel, which is worth only half as much, it is vastly more convenient to keep and hoard, and that is one reason why it is becoming extraordinarily scarce in spite of the fact that more dimes are now turned out of the mints than ever before in the country's history. There is a rage for "dime banks," and some of these mechanical contrivances are so pretty, so ingenious and so alluring that they force people to save dimes who have no earthly occasion to do so.—New York Mail.

### The Great Lake Cities.

Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit and Milwaukee, with Duluth and Superior thrown in at the head of the greatest lake and many thriving ports on Lake Erie added, are a unique section of the urban life of America. Their rate of growth is the highest maintained in any group of cities. Their death rate is phenomenally low. Their proportion of home owners is extraordinary. Their totals and gains in savings bank deposits are almost unparalleled. They are handsome cities as a group, full of enterprise and activity, fairly eloquent with the spirit of prosperity and progress.—Cleveland Leader.

### Getting Licked For Principle.

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches and looked like a map of some great railroad center, a reporter asked the youngster what the matter was. "Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister; said he'd bet she was cross eyed, and I sailed in."

"Is your sister cross eyed?" asked the reporter.

"Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got licked for."—Philadelphia North American.

### Literal.

The new office boy was found sitting in his chair, with the telephone transmitter in his lap.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked the boss.

"A fellow called up a little while ago," replied the future head of the firm, "and told me to hold the phone till he called again."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Trade's Sensitiveness.

German goods go where British goods might, but do not. Here is a case. The Russian joiner, not being a meat eater, has not much muscle and cannot use a heavy hammer. So he buys and uses the German light hammer made for him, while he has no use for the heavier one of English make.—London Post.

### Empty Longevity.

"Pa, Methuselah lived to be very old, didn't he?"

"Yes, my son, about 969 years, I believe; but, then, as far as I can learn, there was just about as much doing per year in those days as there is in five minutes now."—Watson's Magazine.

### Appreciation.

Dear Doctor—Inclosed find check for professional services rendered by you to my late uncle. I thank you for your zeal in the matter and shall not fail to recommend you to all my other wealthy relatives.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

In families well ordered there is always one firm, sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The Greeks represented persuasion as crowned.—Bulwer.

## DECAPITATION.

### The Theory of Sensation After the Head Is Severed.

Half a dozen physicians were talking of death. It isn't a subject usually chosen by physicians for discussion, but these were discussing it. However, it was not altogether physical death. They were including the hereafter.

"Well," said one, "I don't know whether there is to be a hereafter or not, and it doesn't trouble me very much, because I'll take chances on it if I can make the life I live before it the kind of life a man ought to live. But there is one thing about it that makes me hope there will be another life, and that is the opportunity I shall have of asking some of the people who have had their heads cut off if there was any sensation for a few minutes succeeding decapitation. I believe now that there is, and that life remains long enough for the decapitated person to realize that he has lost his head, or, rather, that he has lost his body, because the head is the center of thought, and, of course, it is the body that is lost, not the head. At least that is the way a man with his head off would be bound to think of it. I fancy there is no pain, because that would require some time, and if life exists at all after decapitation it would not be long enough to realize the sensation of pain. It must be a very queer sort of feeling, and, as I say, I hope there is a life hereafter so I may have a chance to find out a few facts not otherwise obtainable."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## SAN SALVADOR.

### Built on a Volcano, the Results Are Somewhat Startling.

San Salvador is built on a volcano. It has been three times destroyed by an earthquake, but the people are becoming accustomed to such excitement now. Earthquakes are pretty frequent, and, while one is naturally nervous, there is really little danger to life. The shocks have been known to come as frequently as eighty times in an hour.

The effects are quite peculiar. In the city is a brick column, nine feet high and three feet square, which was removed a hundred feet without losing its perpendicular or cracking the mortar.

The ground under the city is full of caverns of unknown depth. A man was digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out, and he and his pick and all fell through, nobody knows where.

There is a volcano not far from San Salvador that some years ago discharged lava over a forest. The wood all caught fire, of course, but the lava, being light and easily cooled, formed and hardened into long arcades through which it was possible to walk. Even now the imprint of the trunks and branches of the trees can be seen.

### You Get What You Give.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames. If this is sour or that rough or the other steep, let him think if it be not his work. If his looks curdle all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception. If he hobble in his gait, let him not grumble at the roughness of the way. If he is weak in the knees, let him not call the hill steep. This was the pith of the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn: "You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them with you."—Thoreau.

### Unexpected Answers.

An eminent lawyer had been interrogating a reporter in his hotel and the reply he got was unexpected, says the Buffalo Inquirer.

"That was an unlooked for answer, truly," he said. "It was like the answer the policeman gave to the good citizen. A good citizen, breathless and excited, ran up to a large, calm policeman one day and cried:

"'Officer, there's a terrible fight going on around the corner to the right.'

"'Thank you, sir. I'll do as much for you some day, sir,' said the policeman gratefully, as he took the turning to the left and quickly disappeared."

### The Bird of Death.

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the bird of death. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tail of extraordinary length ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

### The East and the Wests.

The numerous kinds of west of which the effete east solemnly discourses are enough to bewilder a Philadelphia lawyer. It will assure you that besides "the middle west," a phrase that it employs continually and with evident pleasure, there are an eastern west, a western west, a northern west and a southern west! Yet there is only one east, and hardly enough of that to swear by.—Californian.

### The Social Round.

"I suppose," said the old time friend, "that your folks no longer feel the anxiety about social matters that they once experienced."

"Yes, they do," answered Mr. Cumrox; "mother an' the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves."—Washington Star.

### A Cautious Doctor.

"Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me."

"I will. But in view of the peculiar nature of your case I shall want my fee in advance."

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.—Pythagoras.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, SEPT 28, 1906.

## *REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.*

The Republicans of Massachusetts are to meet in a delegate convention at Tremont Temple, Boston, at 10 a. m., Friday, Oct. 5, to place in nomination candidates for State officers to be voted for on Nov. 6, 1906. The convention will be composed of 1615 delegates according to the apportionment made by the Republican State Committee.

It is quite a foregone conclusion that Curtis Guild, Jr., and Eben S. Draper, present incumbents, are to be renominated for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor respectively, and that the balance of the ticket is to remain as now constituted.

Secretary of War Moody is to be Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and curiosity is manifested as to what sort of a tariff plank he will work into the platform. The JOURNAL is among those who feel considerable curiosity on this point. It is safe to say that a large majority of the Party will demand a "stand pat" plank, and be satisfied with nothing less than a strong, honest declaration by the Committee in favor of the Dingley tariff, with not a smell of "reciprocity" or "revision" in it.

How Gov. Guild would manage such a plank is, to outsiders, an unknown quantity. But time will tell whether he and the tariff plank in Mr. Moody's platform can be made to hitch up and pull together.

## *SENATORIAL.*

Several names have been brought forward in connection with the Republican nomination for Senator, some one of whom is likely to win the prize. Medford has two of them, with only a feeble and faraway prospect of uniting on one and coming into the convention solid for him. Arlington has a "favorite son" in the person of Mr. J. H. Crosby, who will be unitedly supported by his town; and Miller of Wakefield has Senatorial aspirations. By supporting and being mainly responsible for the election of Dean, a radical Democrat, to the House year after year of late, Miller has done more to demoralize the Republican party of Wakefield than any other dozen men in that town, and the demand by him for the nomination comes with bad grace.

Representative Herbert S. Riley is the only remaining name on the list that we have heard mentioned up to the present time. *Practical Politics* says he will be the "dark horse" in the convention, but why, does not clearly appear. He has been talked of for the nomination some time; he will have the Woburn delegation solid; Winchester will doubtless support him; the Stoneham delegates are favorable to him; and it is more than likely that the Arlington vote will turn to him after one ballot for Crosby. This does not look much like a "dark horse." Mr. Riley isn't pushing his canvas to any great extent, but would accept the nomination which it now looks as though he would receive.

## *LINSCOTT WON HANDSOMELY.*

The caucus contest last Tuesday evening for delegates to the Representative convention in this District between George F. Bean and Andrew R Linscott was a sharp one. The campaign had been managed honorably and in a friendly spirit by both parties. It left no wounds that will prevent a hearty support of Mr. Linscott, the successful candidate, at the polls in November.

Mr. Linscott, the old schoolmaster and Civil War Veteran, won a decided victory over his opponent, who is a gentleman of unimpeachable character and high standing, and the result was something that he and his friends had reason to feel proud of. He was supported almost solidly by both Grand Army Posts, a fine exhibition of the fraternal feeling that exists among the Veterans, and their votes and influence went far towards accomplishing his success. Naturally he had the united support of North Woburn, his home Ward; and a long and upright life here has made him a host of personal friends, many of whom put in effective work to secure his triumph last Tuesday night.

Mr. Linscott will be elected by an overwhelming majority. That he will make a firstclass Representative nobody who knows him can possibly entertain the least shadow of a doubt.

## *A GOOD LOSER.*

To use the language of the ring, Hon. George F. Bean came up smiling on Wednesday morning, as calm and serene as though he had not heard of the hot caucus contests the night before. He is a good, square fighter and accepts results in a manly way.

While his friends felt that Mr. Bean was unfairly assailed in some quarters, and that a false issue was sprung on him by his opponents, they, too, accepted the verdict of the caucuses as the will of the party, and philosophically pocketed their defeat.

Mr. Bean and his supporters can congratulate themselves that the opposition found not a particle of ground for personal criticism of him, and that their attacks were wholly political.

## *PETERED OUT.*

The primaries last Tuesday had a sad ending for Eugene Foss and his hobbyhorse Reciprocity.

Foss delegates were chosen in only one Boston Ward (his own), and returns from all over the State show that he won't have a smell in the State convention.

Thus passes the Boston fad and its chief exponent, and Draper is on top.

☞ Not for 15 years have religious conditions in the Islands [Hawaiian] been so good, says Mr. Jones [of Honolulu, in Boston], and this owing very largely to the superior work as leader and administrator which Rev. Doremus Scudder is doing.—*Congregationalist.*

Rev. Dr. Scudder was formerly pastor of the Woburn First church.

☞ The current number of the Boston & Maine *Messenger* is a beauty in the way of pictures, and entertaining in other respects. Its columns are largely devoted to hunting in the Maine forests, the open season for which has, or is about to, set in, and it almost makes ones mouth water to read about the pleasures of the chase in those vast solitudes of the Pine Tree State where roam the deer, caribou, and antlered moose. All that one has to do to get there is to step aboard one of the elegant cars of the B. & M. Railroad at the Northern Station in Boston; ride a day through the most lovely section of New England; in due time land at the camps of the hunters; and get ready for a fortnight, or so, of the kind of sport that fills the Nimrod's heart with joy. From now on to when the snow begins to fall the forests of Maine will be alive with big game hunters and resound to the crack of their rifles from Schoodic Lakes to Madawaskie, and St. John River.

☞ Recently Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of this city resigned his position on the Boston *Herald*, one that he has held continuously for more than a dozen years, and in another column we print the highly complimentary remarks of that paper, the leading one in Boston, on the occasion of his leaving it. Mr. Feeney is regarded as one of the ablest newspaper men in New England, and so high does he stand in the profession that the Ridgway Publishing Company of New York have secured him for the responsible position of Editor of their Boston *Ridgway's Magazine*, the duties of which he has already entered on, and for the discharge of which he is abundantly qualified. His many friends here are glad to hear of the promotion he has gained, and congratulate him on the rapid progress he has made in reaching the top rung of the ladder in journalism.

☞ According to the testimony of the Reading *Chronicle*, our esteemed friend, James Wilson Grimes, Esq , of that town, is meeting with no opposition to his nomination for Senator in the District of which Reading is the leading municipality. Not a few people in Woburn are glad to know this fact, because, having represented our community in the House, and was popular as a Representative, and made many friends here during the three terms he served in that body, they would be greatly pleased to see him promoted to a higher seat in the Legislature.

☞ Our ear is close to the ground expecting every moment to hear the funeral knell of the very last gypsy moth in this vicinity, if not in the Metropolitan District. Why such expectation? Because Prof. Kirkland, Superintendent of the State Mothery, at $5,000 a year, invaded Woburn, with men, axes, and "tangleleg," more than a week ago and began chopping down trees by all the waysides, which great work has been prosecuted so vigorously, and has got so far along, that we feel justified in announcing the demise of the last—the very last one—of the pestiferous bugs.

☞ The Democrats of Woburn held caucuses last Wednesday evening and elected delegates to the State convention pledged solid for John B. Moran. But little interest was taken in the choice of Representative delegates.

☞ Eugene Foss secured one lone solitary delegate in the Woburn primaries. Woburn Republicans have no use for him and his political pet.

☞ John B. Moran will own the Democratic State convention, and is absolutely sure of the nomination for Governor. John P. Feeney did it.

☞ Senator Daniel W. Lane of Boston won out handsomely at the caucuses for the Republican Congressional nomination in the 11th District.

**THE WOBURN JOURNAL**

**Subscription $1.50 a Year.**

**3 Cents a Copy.**

## LOCAL NEWS.

### New Advertisements.

Conant & Co.—Sale.
First Parish—Concert.
C. A. Jones—Mort. Sale.
D. H. Richards—To Let.

— A hot midday sun and cold nights bring on chills and fever.

— Mr. D. H. Richards advertises a good tenement on Eastern avenue to rent.

— Please take particular notice of Crawford's new card in this paper. Patronize home industries!

— The total registration of voters in this city at the close of registration last Saturday evening was 3,055.

— Mr. Luke Warren Fowle returned from a week's visit in New Hampshire last week, but left his family there for a longer stay.

— Lawyer W. Fred Davis withdrew from the Representative contest last Monday morning. He will take his turn later on.

— At the First Baptist Church next Sunday evening, Sept. 30, Rev. Dr. Williams will preach a sermon on "Wanted: A Boy."

— Mr. W. E. Blodgett visited several Western cities for business purposes last week. His tile trade calls him to many parts of the country.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Judge Charles D. Adams and Mrs. Adams have returned from Nahant to their winter home, 915 Main street, N. W., at the close of a comfortable season at the seaside.

— William P. Bixby, son of Dr. J. P. Bixby, has left for Panama to enter on the discharge of his duties as a government employee on the canal. He is a college man, and smart.

— Clarence Pierce sees a prospect for an early resumption of patent leather manufacturing in this city. A punctured boom flattened the business out; but a revival of it is confidently expected.

— Now get ready for the great First Congregational Parish Concert, for it is to be given on Oct. 10, as may be seen by the announcement in another column. It is going to be the best ever presented by the Parish.

— Joseph E. McCarthy of 321 Washington street this city, had one of his ankles broken by being thrown from his team at Winthrop Squire, Medford, one day this week. He was taken to a Hospital.

— It may turn out that the city water cannot be taken to the Dobbins estate on Lexington street on account of its elevation, to defray the expense of which an order has been adopted by the City Council.

— The weather last Sunday was especially favorable to church attendance. It was a perfect autumn day—ideal in every respect—and the meetinghouses in this city were well filled with devout worshipers.

— Alexander Victorine, of Boston, a cement layer at the new schoolhouse, aged about 40 years, suffered a paralytic shock while crossing Main street near McGrath's last Monday noon. His left side was paralyzed.

— People are housing their winter supply of fuel. Cold weather and the time for starting up furnaces is close at hand, and preparations for it are in order. The fair faces of the coal dealers are wreathed in smiles.

— The Woman's Social Guild of Trinity Parish will give a supper, followed by whist for those who wish, at the Parish House, on Thursday evening, October 4th, at 6.30 o'clock. Supper 15 cents. Whist 10 cents.

— The Boston & Maine's annual autumn excursion to Lake Winnipesaukee and sail on that delightful sheet of inland water, is to take place tomorrow, Sept. 29. The fare for the round trip is little more than nominal.

— The City Clerk of Woburn has received from the Board of Railroad Commissioners a copy of an order of said Board approving the terms of purchase of the Lowell & Woburn Street Railway by the Boston & Northern Street Railway.

— Six fair misses—Marion Chalmers, Bertha Emery, Josephine Sweetser, Ruth Prior, Ruth Sanborn and Rachael Blodgett—have formed a social club and named it "The Merry Six," the main object of which is, we judge, fun and frolic.

— The Ladies' Charitable Society and Branch Alliance of the Unitarian church will hold its first meeting of the season at the parsonage on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4, at three o'clock. All are cordially invited. Membership fees are due at this meeting.

— The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton G. Buchanan last week promoted Col. W. T. Grammer and Mr. George Buchanan each to the enviable position of greatgrandfather, an office which they are well calculated to fill with honor and pride.

— The First Baptist church in this city is to celebrate the 125th anniversary of its organization on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 7 and 8, and is to be made a memorable occasion. There are to be sermons, historical addresses, music, banquets, and other good things.

— The newly elected officers of the Swedish Republican Club are: President, Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenson; Vice President, Charles R. Rosenquist; Secretary, A. G. Lundquist. The Club number many of the leading Swedish men of this city, and are a power in local politics.

— A Civil Service examination will be held at the State House on Oct. 2, for the position of stenographer-typewriter in the Boiler Inspection Department of the District Police at a salary of $600 per year. Here is a chance for someone of our smart Woburn stenographers.

— The annual Roll Call of members of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., was held at the Lodge last Monday evening. It showed an increase of membership and a flourishing condition of the Lodge. A banquet was spread after the business meeting, and Highland Orchestra gave a fine concert.

— Miss Susan E. Tidd, a graduate of the Woburn High School and Boston University, daughter of Mr. T. Benton Tidd of 192 Salem street, this city, has been engaged to teach Latin in the High School at Milton, N. H., She has the reputation of being a brilliant scholar.

— When Col. James T. Low returns to this city next month to investigate further the location for a government building doubtless other sites will be offered for his consideration than those he examined while here. At present it looks as though the choice lay between the Johnson and Littlefield lots. He was expected yesterday.

— Subject to rheumatic complaints, Mr. Frank T. Buchanan has permanently abandoned the position of Assistant General Superintendent of a street railway owned by a Boston Company on the fog enveloped shores of Cape Breton, and reached the home of his father on Bennett street, this city, one day last week. He is a very competent street railway man.

— Angelo Crovo, the boss fruiterer of this city, says the peach crop is about used up and for only a short time longer will there be any of the delicious fruit in the market. He thinks his stock of peaches this season has been of superior quality—never better—and prices are reasonable. Housewives who would can for next winter's use should purchase at once.

— Mr. Gibbs, Publicity Director of the Edison Illuminating Co., is an old newspaper man, and a pleasant gentleman, as all well regulated newspaper men are. His first experience with the Editorial tripod and Faber was in Michigan; then, for several years, on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* and its Washington correspondent; and now does literary work for the Edison.

— At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity Parish, the following officers were re-elected: President, Mrs. S. Franksford Trull; Vice President, Mrs. H. S. Brown; Secretary, Mrs. A. A. Stanton; Treasurer, Mrs. George B. Ballard. This society have had a most successful year and are now preparing for the Annual Fair the week before Thanksgiving, its regular date.

**By J. E. CONANT & CO., Auctioneers**

OFFICE—LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

**The Reading Co-operative Bank**
**OF READING, MASSACHUSETTS**
**Pledges to the Highest Bona Fide Bidders**

# AT ABSOLUTE AUCTION SALE

**10 Parcels of Renting or Investment Real Estate**

Situated at Boston, Winchester, Reading, Wakefield, Needham, Stoneham, Woburn and Wilmington, Massachusetts. The terms will be liberal. The sales will take place regardless of any condition of the weather, and all, except Needham, upon the respective premises, WEDNESDAY, the 3rd day of October, 1906.

**AT 10.30 O'CLOCK A. M.**

LOT ONE BOSTON, GROVE HALL—Property numbered 33 and 35 Geneva avenue (marked McKay Bros., builders and lumber), only a minute's walk from square at Grove Hall; 3-story frame building, occupied by Blank's express for stable and storage, and Noonan, the painter; the lot has an area of 2844 square feet, a frontage of 48 feet and is assessed for $1400.

**AT 1.00 O'CLOCK P. M.**

LOT TWO, NORTH WILMINGTON—The Andrew J. Thompson property Woburn street, between High and Park streets, comprising a cottage house of five rooms and one acre of land, with a frontage of 264 feet on Woburn street; the property was new about 10 years ago; is from 10 to 12 minutes' walk from North Wilmington railroad station, is rented for $10 per month and assessed for $600; free mail delivery.

**AT 1.50 O'CLOCK P. M.**

LOT THREE, WOBURN—6200 square feet of land on Tremont and May streets, known as lots 10, 11, 23 and 24, section B, Mt. Vernon Park; the lots partially adjoin each other in the rear, are about 140 feet from the corner of Lowell street, are on the elevation up above Montvale railroad station, and are assessed for $120.

**AT 2.00 O'CLOCK P. M.**

LOT FOUR, WOBURN—9831 square feet of land on Fremont street, known as lots 9 and 10, section B, Washington Park extension; the lots are 235 feet from Washington street and are assessed for $40.

Note—Lots 3 and 4 are only a few minutes' walk from the junction of Montvale avenue and Central street, the Woburn and Stoneham cars of the Chelsea & Woburn line of the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. and the Montvale station of the B. & M R. R.

**AT 2.30 O'CLOCK P. M.**

LOT FIVE, WINCHESTER—Splendid building lot: 23,358 square feet of land on Cambridge street and the next lot to the corner of Calumet road; it lies level, is about even grade with the street and has a frontage of 131 feet; the location is one of the choicest in Winchester, the section a residential one, and fast developing into the best one in town; the land is known as lot 33 and part of lot 34, Wedgemere Park, is assessed for $1400, and has desirable restrictions.

**AT 3.15 O'CLOCK P. M.**

LOT SIX, STONEHAM—Very comfortable and attractive cottage property; house, stable and 2626 square feet of land, numbered 5 Pine street, renting for $15 per month, assessed for $2200, in a good part of the town, between Spring and Franklin streets, near the square, and in good condition.

**AT 4.00 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

LOT SEVEN, WAKEFIELD—Very desirable corner estate numbered 106 North avenue at the corner of Chestnut street, large, square house and 11,664 square feet of land; the house is a most substantial one, heated by furnace; the lot has a solid granite bank wall on two sides, is above the grade of avenue and street, has a frontage of 108 feet on both avenue and street, is well supplied with fruit and shade trees; the property is vacant at present because of a disagreement between heirs; cannot help renting well as it is; the lot offers a firstclass opportunity for more buildings; the assessed value is $4400.

**AT 4.10 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

LOT EIGHT, WAKEFIELD—Another good corner property; large 3½-story 18-room building and 13,109 square feet of land numbered 49 Avon street at the corner of North avenue; in good repair, used at present as a boarding house, rented for $30 per month, assessed for $4600; has a frontage of 89 feet on Avon street, 124 feet on North avenue and, like lot 7, an ample chance is afforded for more buildings; the electric cars of the B. & N. system pass both properties.

**AT 4.15 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

LOT NINE, NEEDHAM—32,820 square feet of land on Oak, Willow, Beech and Spruce streets, known as lots 60, 69, 207, 140, 166, 167, 168 and 169, Neholden Park; assessed for $250; this sale will take place at lot 8.

**AT 5.00 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

LOT TEN, READING—The renting property numbered 9 Gould street, just around the corner from Ash street; large 2½ story house of 12 rooms, arranged for two families, 8,077 square feet of land, having a frontage of 85 feet on the street, within 400 feet of the post office, 800 feet of the railroad station, a few minutes' walk to Reading square, all in good repair, rented for $17 per month and assessed for $3,850.

The purchaser of each lot must deposit with or secure to the auctioneers just as soon as each lot is struck off the amount herewith named: Lot 1, $250; lot 2, $150; lot 3, $50; lot 4, $25; lot 5, $250; lot 6, $300; lot 7, $500; lot 8, $500; lot 9, $75, lot 10, $400.

Make all inquiries at the office of the auctioneer.

HARRY P. BOSSON, Sec'y.

— L. A., 66, S. of V., will entertain L. A. 13, S. of V. of Wakefield this evening.

— A few cases of typhoid fever have been reported to the Board of Health lately, but they afford no reason for alarm.

— Last Monday night a heavy frost visited this section, which gave some things a fallish appearance. It set the leaves to falling and the horsechestnuts to dropping, but was followed by a pleasant day.

— On Tuesday morning Mr. B. T. H. Porter said he had a good notion to take his lady and go up to Canaan, N. H , where he went to school when a boy, and make a visit. It isn't so very long since he and Madam Porter returned from the Coast of Maine.

— Some disappointment was expressed at the nonappearance of the regular "line gale" last week by people who hold to old customs and conservative ways. To be sure, some rain accompanied the Autumnal Equinox, but it bore but little resemblance to a "line gale," and was disappointing. But this fall's weather has been of the eccentric and unexpected kind all the way since the advent of September, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the usual equinoctial storm failed to put in an appearance this year.

— At the home of her mother, Mrs. Bethia Atwood, 12 Mt. Pleasant street, this city, on Thursday evening, Sept. 20, 1906, by Rev. W. E Vandermark, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Miss Annie B. Atwood and Mr. Frederick L. Marion were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The wedding was a quiet one, attended by only the family and a few friends. The bride had long been one of the best teachers in our public schools, and her resignation from them was deeply regretted. She has a host of friends here who congratulate her on her union with a worthy man.

— We are glad to see that one person, at least, in this city has the courage to attack the authorities for the kind of horses used in the street watering service, and the abuse of the poor animals. Our correspondent hits the subject squarely and vigorously, but even more might have been said to the discredit of those responsible for the disgrace of working such horses, and the inhuman treatment of them. Some of the horses are unfit for the service, and it is nothing short of downright cruelty to put them to the tasks they are compelled to perform every day in the week, besides being a mortification to those who would like to feel proud of the management of our city affairs.

— The 78th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. John Brauer, a worthy citizen, was quietly observed last Monday at his home on Eastern avenue. The occasion found him active, strong and healthy as ever—a remarkably well preserved man. As a good Republican he attended the Ward 4 caucus Tuesday evening and cast a vote for his friend Linscott, and was proud of it. Mr. Brauer left his home in Germany in early life; came to Woburn from Baltimore many years ago; and has worked at the trade of leather making ever since, at which he is an expert. Becoming a citizen of the United States, young Brauer cast his first ballot for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, and has never since failed to vote the Republican ticket. By industry and economy and the help of a good, faithful wife, he long ago secured a comfortable home and a competency to maintain it. A magnificent birthday bouquet of dahlias, a present from his son John, and another of chrysanthemums, Dame Brauer insisted should go to the Editor of the JOURNAL, and were duly received by him with hearty thanks.

— Attend the lecture of Mrs. Mead on "The World's Present Crisis" in the vestry of First church at 4.15 this afternoon.

— A party of Chelsea girls were entertained by some young men of the South End Social Club last Sunday, and in return will entertain the South End boys later at Chelsea.

— A house party was given by Misses Marjorie and Ella Foland at their home on Mann's Court last Sunday night which was enjoyed by a number of their intimate friends.

— Messrs. Clarke and Lewis have laid out a fine vocal and instrumental programme for next Sunday's Clarigold musicale. The public are invited to be present at 3 30 p. m. It is planned to continue these rich musical treats a few more Sunday afternoons.

— Especial attention is asked for the advertisement of J. E. Conant & Co., of Lowell, auctioneers, of an important series of auction sales of real estate by the Reading Co-operative Bank, the property to go under the hammer without reserve to the highest bidder. It is all firstclass, in desirable localities, and no doubt big bargains await purchasers, either for occupancy or investment. Read the ad. carefully.

— Bernard McColgan, who has been missing since Sept. 14, was found dead Wednesday afternoon by his brother Daniel and James Doherty a short distance from Boutwell's Bridge face down in a swamp beside the railroad track in the rear of the Merrimac Chemical Works, and from the appearance and condition of his body it had been there for some time. The Medical Examiner was notified and the body taken to McLaughlin's undertaking rooms. Nearly fifty searchers were out including the police. He was 36 years old and leaves a father, mother, one brother Daniel, ex-City Auditor, and four sisters, Mary, Margaret, Annie and Mrs. William Young.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, a good recounter, tells an interesting story of the Western trip he and his daughter Nellie made last August to attend the National G. A. R. Encampment at Minneapolis, and of their subsequent pleasure tour through Canada. It was Mr. Moore's first visit to the West and both he and his daughter enjoyed it. Besides Minneapolis, the cities of Chicago and St. Paul claimed their attention, and Niagara Falls, the wonder of the continent, was visited. They found much to admire in Canada. Considerable time was spent by them in Montreal, one of the best built and most attractive cities in any country. There they explored famous Notre Dame, the building and ornamentations of which cost many millions of dollars, and is the pride of the Catholic church; the cathedral, churches, monuments, statues, and public edifices of rare architecture, excited their admiration; and from Mount Royal, the show spot of the city, splendid panoramic views of the town and country were obtained. With quaint and historically interesting Quebec Mr. and Miss Moore were charmed, as everyone who visits that city is. The Citadel, the Plains of Abraham, on which was fought the battle by the English and French which decided the fate of Canada, and both commanding Generals lost their lives; the Falls of Montmorency; ancient buildings of queer construction; monuments; arsenal; old churches and convents; and many other objects strange to the American tourist, were included in their sightseeing. On the whole, Mr. Moore declares it was the pleasure trip of his life.

### "To Cure a Felon"

says Sam. Kendall, of Phillipsburg, Kan., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the Salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for Burns, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Wounds, Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Sore Feet and Sore Eyes. Only 25c at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store. Guaranteed.

### City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a meeting last Monday evening, at which considerable business was disposed of.

Ald. Feeney's order for $500 for an ambulance passed its second reading and adopted.

The following orders passed their second reading and were adopted: $1,000 for two horses each on Hose one and six; $4,500 for a water main on Lexington street, $465 for the ball field in the rear of the Public Library; $500 for moth suppression; Harlow H. Rogers was given $350 on his claim of illegal tax sales.

Michael Cooney and Edward Banwell were drawn as jurors.

A communication was received from the Committee on Municipal Insurance of the City of Holyoke and a committee of three were appointed from the City Council to confer with the Holyoke officials. The aim of the convention is to fight the Insurance Trusts.

A call from Supt. Kirkland for a moth appropriation of $5,000 was referred to the Finance Committee. So, also, was a request of the Board of Public Works for $500 for building repairs.

Several petitions for polls and other things were received and properly disposed of.

### A Home Thrust.

If there is anyone in Woburn, not in politics, who has any power to stop the use of horses too poorly fed and too sick from overwork, let me have his attention for a second If he has any eyes and any authority, let him make use of both at once.

The horses on our watering carts are certainly a disgrace to the city! They fall down, because they are too weak to stand the long hours, besides all day Sunday.

Notice our neighboring towns, they send out well kept and properly fed horses on all their watering carts. Why can't Woburn do as well?

The Agent for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals Society will, I trust, soon come and, taking hold of this matter, end the misery of some of the unfortunate animals.

Let "politics" be governed by, at least, a fair amount of humane reason and protect our horses.

AN OBSERVER.

### Great Boston Food Fair.

The Boston Food Fair, which opens at Mechanics' Building, Monday, October 1, bids fair to occupy a unique place in the history of great fairs held in Boston. This is the first one held in Boston for five years, and is the sixth exposition conducted by the Boston Retail Grocers' Association, whose marvelous success in conducting food fairs is so well known.

The fair this year is unlike any exposition ever before held in New England. It will be the first exposition in America at which all the decorations from floor to ceiling are part of one general color scheme, every booth and every bit of decorative work throughout the entire building being in harmony. This decorative scheme has cost many thousand dollars, and coupled with it is the most elaborate and beautiful electrical display ever seen under one roof in the United States.

Another unique feature is that there are to be absolutely no side-shows with extra prices of admission, the general admission of 25 cents admitting visitors to an endless variety of entertainments, at which seats are provided free of charge. There are to be concerts afternoon and evening throughout the entire fair, which lasts four weeks, by the United States Marine Band of Washington, one of the most celebrated military bands in the world, and John Philip Sousa and his band, which has just returned from the most successful tour in its history. With Sousa's band are two celebrated soprano soloists, and the programs of both bands are surpassingly fine.

"Ben Hur" with beautiful color views, magnificent moving pictures in great variety, the story of the San Francisco disaster illustrated by beautiful views in colors, are among the many other features.

There are to be excursions to the Boston Food Fair from all over New England.

### Thomas J. Feeney.

Thomas J. Feeney of Woburn, for 15 years a member of the staff of The *Boston Herald* and one of the best known newspaper men in New England, terminated his connection with *The Herald* yesterday to assume charge of the New England office of a new publication, *Ridgway's Magazine*, the first Boston number of which will be issued the first of October. Mr. Feeney will, as Editor of the Boston magazine have offices in this city and will have complete control of the editorial work of the magazine here. The magazine is issued by the Ridgway Company of New York, which has already similar publications in 14 cities of the country, and which is controlled by E. J. Ridgway, the publisher of *Everybody's Magazine*.

Mr. Feeney has been one of the most popular and widely known members of the profession throughout New England, and his work for the past 10 years has been along the line of the biggest "assignments" which the news of the country at large has offered. He has a wide acquaintance among men in all stations of life, and his training as a reporter has brought him into contact with the greatest events of the past decade.

His popularity among the members of the paper which he left yesterday to take up his new position was attested in the vociferous send-off which he was given in the afternoon in the rooms of *The Herald* building, when he was presented with a gold watch by the members of the staff. Mr. Feeney responded to the prsentation speech, which was made by A. G. McVey, in a short farewell address. He is to have offices at 170 Tremont street, and will begin his work immediately.—*Boston Herald, Sept. 20.*

### 106 Years Ago.

In looking over some old papers recently, I came across a report of the Census taken for the towns of Woburn, Burlington, Lexington and Bedford, Jan. 22, 1800, by Lieut. Saml. Thompson of Woburn that is quite interesting to compare with present day figures, and thus show the progress these towns have made during the last 100 years of their existence.

In the enumeration for Woburn is included" 55 Laborers on the Middlesex Canal, some foreigners, and some from the neighboring States."

The list gives the names of the heads of families, and the first name in the Woburn list is Col. Loammi Baldwin who had 9 in his family beside one African

| | Males | Females | Negroes or Mulatoes | Total | Houses |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Woburn | 373 | 537 | 18 | 1228 | 156 |
| Burlington | 251 | 281 | 2 | 534 | 74 |
| Lexington | 506 | 494 | 6 | 1006 | 124 |
| Bedford | 260 | 273 | 5 | 538 | 74 |
| Total for the district | 1690 | 1585 | 31 | 3306 | 428 |

The prevailing idea of today that the female population is largely in excess of the male was not then current, except for Burlington and Bedford, where they did predominate to a small degree.—L.

### Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health Tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists.

*Throat Coughs*

A tick'ing in the throat; hoarseness that irritates it;—deep breath irritates it; these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system ∴ ∴

*Scott's Emulsion*

is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor ∴ ∴

*Send for free sample*
SCOTT & BOWNE, *Chemists*
*409-415 Pearl Street, New York*
*50c. and $1.00. All druggists*

### Republican Caucuses.

At the Republican caucuses held last Tuesday night Andrew R. Linscott secured 16 of the 18 delegates to the Representative convention, and George F. Bean two. Ten of the 11 delegates to the State convention are for Guild and Draper, the solitary Foss delegate being Elwyn G. Preston. The following were the delegates elected:

Ward 1—State, Elwyn G. Preston; Congressional, Edwin K. Porter; County, Alvah S. Wood; Councillor, Benjamin H. Nichols; Senatorial, Rufus C. Hayward; Representative, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Henry C. Hall.

Ward 2—State, George E. Fowle, Herbert S. Riley; Congressional, Willard K. Fowle, John C. Andrews; County, Edward F. Johnson, Charles E. Tripp; Councillor, Percy T. Strout, Harry A. Fellows; Senatorial, Luke W. Fowle, Charles R. Rosenquist; Representative, John H. Bates, Jr., George E. Fowle, Harold P. Johnson.

Ward 3—State, William Beggs, Marcus H. Cotton; Congressional, A. Herbert Holland, William A. Prior; County, Fred J. Babcock, Fred F. Lowell; Councillor, Andrew Dobbins, Francis A. Buckman; Senatorial, Frank E. Wetherell, William J. Hammond; Representative, Robert Chalmers, John Gilcreast, William J. Hammond.

Ward 4—State, William E. Blodgett, John R. Carter; Congressional, John M. Portal, John C. Buck; County Edward E. Thompson, William G. Stretton; Councillor, John M. Wallace, Charles J. Rinquist; Senatorial, J. Fred Leslie, John H. Sweetser; Representative, John M. Wallace, Clarence M. Crowell, William H. Smith, Leon L. Dorr.

Ward 5—State, Thomas McCarthy; Congressional, Charles A. White; County, Alexander T. Walker; Senatorial, Nathan A. Shattuck; Councillor, George F. Hosmer; Representative, Eldridge N. Pike.

Ward 6—State, Charles D. Adams, William W. Hill; Congressional, Charles A. Dearborn, Henry Barrett; County, Parker T. Poole, Frank L. Arnold; Councillor, Carl Carlberg, James R. Graham; Senatorial, Arthur H. Linscott, Chauncy L. Brown; Representative, B. Frank Kimball, J. J. Shannon, Charles E. Thompson, Wilfred D. Gray.

Ward 7—State, Henry L. Andrews; Congressional, James A. Porter; County, George H. Foster; Councillor, James Given; Senatorial, George N. Copp; Representative, Patrick Daley.

### Ward and City Committee.

The new Republican Ward and City Committees are as follows:

Ward 1—Edward Q. Brackett, Benjamin H. Nichols, Edwin K. Porter, Rufus C Hayward, Edward H. Lounsbury.

Ward 2—Charles M. Strout, John C. Andrews, Charles R Rosenquist, Willard K. Fowle, Herbert S. Riley.

Ward 3—Charles H. Harrington, Marcus H. Cotton, William J. Hammond, Frank E. Wetherell, Harry H. West.

Ward 4—J. Fred Leslie, John M. Wallace, John H. Sweetser, Charles J. Rinquist, William G. Stretton.

Ward 5—James R. Wood, Charles A. White, Thomas McCarthy, Alexander T. Walker, Peter Stockholm.

Ward 6—Charles A. Dearborn, Henry Barrett, Richard T. Mack, Parker T. Poole, Wilfred D. Gray.

Ward 7—George W. Copp, Henry L. Andrews, George H. Foster, F. H. Graham, Frank Menchin.

### Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

For more than twenty years Augustus Thomas has been writing plays for the American player, and he has always been successful in hitting the popular taste. He is still a young man with plenty of good work still ahead of him that will doubtless rival his past efforts. In recent years he has had no greater success than "The Other Girl," a rollicking comedy that is to be given at the Castle Square Theatre next week for the first time in Boston at popular prices. Its plot is a complication of mirthful mishaps and merry misunderstandings, and all the characters are mingled in a series of episodes that compel the continuous laughter of the audience. Miss Thais Lawton and Mr. Hansel will appear in the leading roles and the cast will include the entire company. After "The Other Girl," "The Manxman" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be produced at the Castle Square.

### A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

NAME ON EVERY PIECE

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
Always Delicious—Pure—Wholesome—Digestible
*One Box will make A Happy Home!*
Every Sealed Package guaranteed
Fresh and Full Weight
*Fancy Boxes and Baskets in exclusive designs for Gifts*
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
makers of Cocoa and Chocolates
BOSTON, MASS.

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas' Jobbing House is the most complete in this country Send for Catalog
SHOES
ESTABLISHED 1876
CAPITAL $2,500,000
**W. L. DOUGLAS**
**$3.50 & $3.00 Shoes**
BEST IN THE WORLD
W.L.Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.25 to $1.00.
Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.
**If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L.Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.**
Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.
*Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.*
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**Coffee Bargains**
—AT THE—
**Boston Branch Grocery**

**Our Best Mocha and Java**
a pure, delicate blend of the finest roasted berries
**30c. lb.**

**Boston Blend Coffee**
a grade as good as the ordinary 30 cent kind
**25c. lb.**

**Santos Coffee**
cannot be beaten at anywhere near the price
**15c. lb.**

We carry a full line of all grades and prices in ground and whole berry coffees and invite comparison both as to quality and price.

**Boston Branch**
**Tea and Grocery House**
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martin Cole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Joseph H. Cole of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of James McFeeley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the ninth day of October, A. D., 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

**Friday, October 5th, 1906,**

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 21, 1906.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 6th, 1906, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

**DO NOT FORGET**

Your duty to your loved ones who have passed away. Let their final resting place be marked for all time with a suitable memorial.

**JOHN H. HERN,**
**Salem St., - Woburn.**

Good work and thoroughness in construction.

**To Let.**

Tenement of five rooms on Eastern Avenue. Apply to 25 Fairmount street.

D. H. RICHARDS.

**Chocolates**

Saturday and Sunday we continue to sell the 40c. quality for

**29c.**

Slip a box into your pocket next Saturday night.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore.

## Boston & Northern Street R. R.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn Centre to Malden Square, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

### Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

**Have You Met THELMA?**

If not, please call at our store and allow us to introduce you. THELMA is our new perfume, an odor particularly acceptable to gentlewomen—because they know what really fine perfume is. It always gives us pleasure to have people ask to see THELMA for we know it is something unusually good.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**
**361 Main St.**
WOBURN

**REMOVAL!**

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Horatio G. Littlefield, of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles E. Littlefield of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of October, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

**M. J. MULKEEN,**
**Steamship Agent.**
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**Mortgages.**

MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6747 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

**J. E. HERRICK,**
Room 526 Old South Building,
BOSTON.
Or No. 4 Everett St., Woburn, evenings

**EDWARD E. PARKER,**
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**
8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

**To Let.**
**A STORE:**

Corner Main St. and Church Ave., steam heat; all modern conveniences.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Understanding Heart."
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching b. the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service with Sermon.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7.00 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Full vested choir.
All seats free at every service.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christianity."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

### Married.

In this city, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. E. Vandermark, Frederick Lucius Marion and Annie Bertha Atwood, both of Woburn.

In Old Orchard, Me., Sept. 26, by Herbert F. Moulton, Carl Carter of Woburn and Jeannette Shaw Dearing of West Somerville.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 22, Mary M. Donahue, aged 67 years.

In this city, Sept. 25, Maggie Callucci, aged 11 years.

In this city, Sept. 26, Henry E. Hunnewell, aged 27 years, 11 months, 23 days.

In this city, Sept. 26, Edward J. Murphy, aged 55 years.

## *Mortgagee's Sale*
— OF —
## REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William O'Brien to John Fenlon, dated July 27th, 1874, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1315, Page 596, which mortgage was duly assigned to Thomas Salmon by assignment dated February 18, 1881, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1560, Page 554, and by Julia A. Scalley, administratrix of Thomas Salmon to John G. Maguire by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, and by said Maguire assigned to Julia A. Scalley by assignment dated May 16, 1905, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3168, Page 332, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

**Saturday, the sixth day of October, A. D., 1906,**

at two o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots numbered 27 and 28 on a Plan of House Lots in said Woburn and Winchester, belonging to Lemuel G. Richardson and William H. Richardson, containing about sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty (16880) square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on Arlington street at a stake by land of James E. Abbott, the line runs southwesterly by land of said Abbott about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake at lot No. 29 on said plan; thence nearly southeasterly by land last named about ninety-seven (97) feet to Belmont street; thence by Belmont street about one hundred and sixty (160) feet to Arlington street; thence northwesterly by said Arlington street about one hundred and fifteen (115) feet to the point of beginning. Said premises are the same conveyed to William O'Brien by Lemuel G. Richardson by deed dated May 20th, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1162, Page 124, and is hereby conveyed subject to the conditions therein mentioned.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles, and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

A deposit of $100.00 will be required at the sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JULIA A. SCALLEY, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.
Woburn, Mass., September 12th, 1906.

## *Mortgagee's Sale*
— OF —
## REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Ryan and Hannah Ryan, his wife in her right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated May 22d, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2196, Page 593, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

**SATURDAY, October 20th, 1906,**

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at a point on the southeasterly side of Sheridan street, distant ninety two feet northeasterly from Burlington street; thence running northeasterly by said Sheridan street, fifty seven and five tenths feet to land formerly of Winn; thence southerly by land formerly of Winn, one hundred feet to land of John A. Doherty; thence southwesterly by land of said Doherty, fifty-nine feet to land of Patrick Maguire; thence northwesterly by land of said Maguire, one hundred feet to the point of beginning, containing five thousand eight hundred and fifty square feet, more or less.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes; and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee, by Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., September 28th, 1906.

MACULLAR
PARKER
COMPANY

**CLOTHES**
FOR MEN AND BOYS
Ready for Immediate Use

Manufactured in our own workrooms on the premises

Newest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter

SUITS and
OUTSIDE GARMENTS

MEN'S AND BOYS'
HABERDASHERY

400 Washington St.,
BOSTON

**Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread**

excels in purity, flavor and nutritive qualities. There is no better bread made. It will compare in every way with the home-made article. Buy Hathaway's Cream Bread and save time and labor.

Ask your grocer.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM

**Underwear**
— AND —
**Hosiery**
in all weights suitable to the season.

**COPELAND & BOWSER,**
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

**Crawford Cooking-Ranges**

**Have more improvements than all other ranges combined:**

**Single Damper** (patented), worth the price of the range; **Improved Dock-Ash Grate** (patented), saves fuel, keeps fire over night; **Asbestos-Back Oven,** quickest, surest baker ever constructed; **Cup-Joint Oven Flues,** never leak, economize heat, make hotter oven; **Reliable Oven Indicator,** tells condition of oven *accurately,* not affected by smoke or grease.

*Send for illustrated circular,*
WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO., 31-35 Union St., Boston.

## Parish Concert
— AT —
## First Congregational Church,
— ON —
**Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8 P. M.**

**Symphony Sextett and Miss Jennie Trecartin, Soprano.**

TICKETS on sale at F. P. Brooks's Drugstore, by members of the Parish Committee, and at the door.

### WINCHESTER.

Suspected thieves have been prowling around the Calumet clubhouse.

The political pot is not boiling to an alarming extent here.

Women members of the new Congregational church have organized a home and Foreign Missionary Society.

There is a movement going on among our people to secure cleaner streets. It is a step in the right direction.

The Democratic caucus was held last Wednesday evening. It was harmonious, and understood to be all for Moran.

Mrs. H. N. Hovey will represent the local W. C. T. U. at the annual State convention to be held at Worcester on Oct. 4 and 5.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Twombly—good people they are—received many cordial congratulations on the 63d anniversary of their weddingday.

Gordon Parker is Manager of the High School basketball team. Twenty-five matches have been arranged. There are smart players in the team.

The recently repaired, at a cost of $3,000, and rededicated, meetinghouse gives the Baptist church here a fine edifice, and is a credit to the town. The society is in a prosperous condition, and doing an effective religious work.

Mr. Wallis, who is doing special work for the Edison Company, is one of the best and most thoroughly educated electrical experts in Massachusetts.

Representative Barker B. Howard, an employee of the Edison Illuminating Company, will probably be reelected to the General Court without opposition.

Mr. George P. Brown had one of his large beautiful century plants destroyed one night last week by the vandals who have been operating here lately.

The beginning of operations by the Puffer Manufacturing Co. infuses new life into business circles here. The sound of the factory whistle is music to the Winchester ear.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,**

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Well Worth Trying.**

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store.

## STATE POLITICS.

### Fight Against Moran Growing Extremely Bitter.

### QUINCY'S INDICTMENT STRONG.

### Conservatives Believe Whitney Will Be Nominated.

The political situation in Massachusetts on the Democratic side has again undergone a radical change in the last two or three days. Henry M. Whitney of Boston has finally consented to be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in the Democratic state convention, though he does not wish to pose as an antagonist of John B. Moran, but is simply willing to be voted for in the state convention.

This guarantees a fight to the finish between the conservative wing and the Moran element when the state conventions meets early in October. It may also mean that if Moran is nominated for the governorship by the Democratic state convention, he is liable to have an independent Democratic candidate against him at the polls, selected by the conservative wing.

There is no mistaking the temper of the Quincy-Gaston faction in this contest. It is a war to the knife and a war to the finish. In a statement issued to the Democratic voters in Massachusetts signed by John A. Sullivan of Boston, Josiah Quincy of Boston, Arthur Lyman of Waltham, Edward L. Arundel of Lawrence, and Nicholas J. Skerett of Worcester, this committee declares unequivocally:

#### A Significant Statement

"We feel obliged to state our conviction of the fundamental unfitness of Mr. Moran to fill the high and dignified office of governor of Massachusetts. The obligations of good citizenship are superior to those of partisanship.

"We are citizens of an honorable commonwealth, charged with our share of the duties of maintaining and advancing her standards of government, even before we are Democrats. The Democratic party can only win victories by deserving them.

"We do not believe the time has come when issues alone can carry a candidate into the office of governor unless he possesses at least some of the qualifications which our people have heretofore required in their chief magistrate.

"We do not believe that Mr. Moran is qualified either in respect of his temperament, methods, experience, or mental characteristics to fill the office of governor."

Such an indictment of the man as this, coming from a committee composed of men to a large extent eminent in their party and in the state, is unique in the history of Massachusetts politics. The older political experts declare that no such document has ever before been issued against a man in Massachusetts under similar circumstances, and they predict that it will have a tremendous effect upon the election this fall in case Moran is nominated.

#### Yellow Politics Characterized

This committee thinks that yellow journalism is for the moment having its logical outcome in yellow politics, but does not believe that the people of the state are going to be blind to the differences between the political notoriety which may be achieved overnight by reckless sensationalism shrewdly exploited, and the solid reputation which rests upon years of honest achievement of useful results. In other words, the committee does not believe that the qualities which produce good copy for the sensational press will be accepted as an adequate equipment for the chief magistrate, or that the ability to string together a comprehensive list of radical political demands in a platform can be passed off as statesmanship.

Continuing, the committee concludes that no better test of the fitness of Mr. Moran to be elevated to the office of governor can be found than his proceedings with reference to the members of the legislature. While every good citizen will uphold an honest effort on the part of any official to expose and punish any legislative corruption which may exist in this commonwealth, yet every good citizen should equally condemn attempts to serve selfish ends by besmirching the reputation of our legislature and of the whole body of its membership.

The committee thinks it was the duty of the district attorney to be scrupulously careful in his methods of investigating alleged legislative crime, and not to use the great powers of the public prosecutor merely to supply the yellow press with sensational headlines and give color to suspicions unsupported by evidence. This legislative investigation conducted by Mr. Moran is regarded by the committee as an unwarrantable abuse of the legal powers of his office and an unjustifiable attack upon the reputation of the commonwealth.

One of the gravest objections raised to the candidacy of Mr. Moran to the mind of Mr. Quincy and his allies is that it brings a semi-judicial office of great powers, which should be administered with scrupulous freedom from political interests or entanglements, directly into the political arena.

#### Is There Favoritism There?

It is intimated in Mr. Quincy's statement that the belief widely obtains among Boston politicians that in the district attorney's office favors can be made for political friends, but unpleasant consequences may be visited upon vulnerable political enemies. This, it is alleged, accounts in part at least for the existence of a political situation in Boston in respect to Mr. Moran's candidacy which doubtless puzzles many Democrats in other parts of the state. It assures them that if Mr. Moran were not district attorney of Suffolk county, certain Boston Democratic leaders who now favor him would not take his political pretensions any more seriously this year than they have in the past.

The fact that he clings and will continue to cling to a position where he may be able to reward his friends and punish his enemies, however disastrous may be his defeat at the polls, is said to be a serious drawback to his candidacy.

The committee declares emphatically that his record in the office of district attorney is thus far almost as barren of actual achievement as it has been profuse in promise and pronunciamento. His record falls far short of any achievement which might naturally lead to a public demand for his promotion to the governorship. It is charged that indictments by grand juries, some of whose members have worn his campaign buttons in the grand jury room, are not necessarily followed by convictions in the court, and in the end it is only the convictions which count for anything.

#### Invidious Comparisons

The committee states that Mr. Moran, with only one conviction for petty political grafting to his credit, is pleased to compare himself with Governor Folk of Missouri. When Mr. Moran has done a work in Boston and Massachusetts in any way comparable with the work which Mr. Folk accomplished in St. Louis and Missouri, Mr. Quincy and his friends will concede that there is a basis for comparison between the two men; for Mr. Folk, after persistent efforts extending over years, succeeded in exposing a whole system of legislative corruption controlled directly by political leaders who had attained almost unchallenged power, and in landing some of the highest criminals in the penitentiary.

There is a very general opinion that the Moran movement is of such mushroom growth that it is quite within the range of possibility and even probability that the conservatives will be able to crush it before the state convention meets in Boston. Conservative Democrats are of the opinion that the caucuses will by no means decide this question. They believe that many who are now looked upon as Moran delegates will hesitated to vote for him when the state convention meets, after they learn somewhat more of the situation and of the facts which have influenced Mr. Quincy and his associates in putting forth this statement against him.

These men know very well how to control conventions when they set out to do so. They are determined to make as mighty an effort to defeat Moran as they are capable of. Nothing but the state convention is likely to give absolute indication of who is to bear the standard of Democracy in the contest this fall.

### Literary Notices.

MCCLURE's for October is full of keen vigorous articles and delightful fiction. First of all comes Lincoln Steffens' study of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Burton J. Hendrick continues his history of Life-Insurance in The Raid on the Surplus, George K. Turner tells how Galveston has cut down her city expenditures, cleaned and lighted her streets, and controlled disease and vice under a new form of city government. C. P. Connolly, in the third chapter of The Story of Montana, relates the dramatic story of Whiteside's exposure of Clark's bribery of the Montana legislature. The fiction in this number covers a wide range of subject and treatment. Harvey J. O'Higgins, in Tammany's Tithes, tells a powerful story of an essentially American tragedy. Perceval Gibbon contributes another of his striking South African tales. James Lincoln, in One of the Eighty Thousand, writes of the Spanish-American War from Spain's point of view. The Confluence, is one of MCCLURE's most successful love stories, and Killbobgan and Killboggan, is a charming comedy full of humor and Irish magic. Kipling completes his series of Robin Goodfellow tales. A Rain Mood, and Saluto! are two pieces of delicate and singing verse. The illustrations are an artistic accompaniment to this striking fall number. Drawings by Howard Pyle, wonderfully in accord with the romantic spirit of the story, illustrate Gibbon's The Second-Class Passenger. Edmund J. Sullivan has made amusing pictures for Herminie Templeton's Irish tale, and Frederic Dorr Steele puts some of the picturesque beauty of Spain into his little vignettes for One of the Eighty Thousand. Andre Castaigne, W. Glackens, and Thomas Fogarty complete this notable list.

**The Breath of Life.**

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Musical.

**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**
**Piano-forte and Violin**
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
**MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS**
**MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS**
**PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.**

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10-12 A. M., 2-4 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

**VIOLIN INSTRUCTION**
GIVEN BY
**WALTER LINCOLN RICE.**

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired.

Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

**RESIDENCE**
**For Sale.**

The Homestead Estate of the late George A. Simonds, 14-room house, with all modern improvements. 17,186 feet of land.

3 Arlington Road, Woburn
ALICE H. SIMONDS.

**GEO. A. CAMMALL**
**AUCTIONEER**
65 Winn St., Woburn, Mass.
TELEPHONE 309-3

ESTABLISHED 1884
**S. B. GODDARD & SON**
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
...BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
**-INSURANCE-**

Savings Bank Block, Woburn, Telephone 77 — Boston Office, 93 Water Street, Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

**Household Drugs**

Like Epsom Salts, Rochelle Salts, Cream Tartar, Bicarbonate Soda, Borax, Compound Licorice Powder, etc., should not be kept in loose packages exposed to the air. All these drugs we put up in NEAT PASTEBOARD BOXES and are handy to use with no waste and cost no more. See our window for prices.

**McLaughlin & Dennison,**
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

**Little Things**

like Cuff Buttons and Scarf Pins, are what shows one's good taste. Our stock is large enough and our prices small enough to enable us to suit your purse and your fancy.

**L. E. HANSON & CO.,**
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all it branches.

**HOME-MADE CANDY.**

Anise Drops 10c. lb. Lemon Drops 10c lb. Molasses Drops 10c. lb. Peppermint Drops 10c. lb. Assorted Caramels 25c. lb.

**CRAWFORD'S** 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

**For Sale or To Let.**

No. 6 Wyman Green, single house, 9 rooms, open plumbing, hot and cold water, bath, set tubs, steam heat, cemented cellar, gas, window shades, screens &c., also fine stable, 8,000 feet of land. Best location in the city. Possession Nov. 1.

**SMITH, Real Estate, 439 Main St.**

**Opening of Latest Fabrics**
FOR FALL AND WINTER.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

A CHOICE CUT

from our market. Leave your order and we will book it and send at whatever hour you say.

It's a choice piece of meat we're going to send you, but prices will be no higher.

**Linnell's Market,**
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

**Standard Disinfectant.**

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Best home purifier of foul places. Destroys decomposition, maintains conditions essential to health. Beware of inferior imitations.

Look for above Trade-Mark on all packages and labels.

☞ Only the genuine bears it.

**WANTED.**
A House and Barn
WITH FROM
10 to 5 acres of Land.
Cash Down will be paid.
Apply to G. PLACE,
428 Main St., Woburn.

GRIFFIN PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estase,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

# FICTION and FRICTION

By Margaret Muzzey

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

The most popular novel and "biggest seller" of the year was "Aunt Mary Moffat," written by an unknown author, whose name and fame had suddenly gone abroad throughout the land.

Young Dr. Brandon, just returned from Europe, hastened to congratulate his successful friend, and to his amazement he found the writer in the depths of despair.

"John Hastings, what is the matter? Are you not satisfied with being the most admired and discussed man of the hour? You ought to be ecstatic, elated, delirious with joy, and you look as if you had swallowed a bad oyster."

"Why should I rejoice in success when the only reason I tried for it is gone?" John groaned.

"What do you mean?"

"I was engaged to Ethel Ransom, you remember, and only waiting for money to support her"—

"Some people consider that an insignificant detail."

"Unfortunately Ethel's father did not, but now my fortune is assured she refuses to marry me altogether."

"May I ask why?"

"She declares that I have drawn the character of Aunt Mary Moffat from her grandmother and held her up to ridicule before everybody."

"She is crazy!" Brandon exclaimed.

There are plenty of others," pointing to a pile of letters. "All those are from people who recognize themselves or one of their relatives among the characters of my book. Listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Hastings—I was so pleased to find you made me the heroine of your book. I told the editor of our village paper, and he put a piece in the Huckleberry Junction Post about it. Please send me your autograph.

"There are more heroines, a number of heroes, and you remember the man I called the 'patriarchal parson'—the woods are full of grandfathers exactly like him, it appears. As for the Aunt Marys, their name is legion—there are at least three in every village in the states."

Brandon helped himself from the pile and read aloud:

"Dear Hastings—Perceiving, as I cannot fail to do so, the depiction of my late lamentable aunt in the title character of your book, I suggest that it would be a thankful act for you to put a monument on her grave. Her folks can't afford it. It would be a good ad. for the book too."

Brandon laughed heartily.

"What fun it would be to get these people together! Suppose we go to my house at Knowlbridge and give a party for them. Perhaps if Ethel sees the numerous other claimants she will give up her idea about grandma."

John demurred, but was finally persuaded by Brandon, who assumed the entire responsibility, and sent the following letter to each of the originals:

Mr. John Hastings requests the honor of your presence October the sixteenth at seven o'clock to meet the ladies and gentlemen from whom characters in his "Aunt Mary Moffat" were drawn.

"I have seen your capricious charmer and prevailed upon her to come to our party," said Brandon, a few days later. "She hesitated, but she will be there—the unmistakable glitter of curiosity was in her azure orbs."

First among the author's guests to arrive on the auspicious 16th was an alleged "patriarchal parson," personally conducted by a nephew named Samuel Bangs. The heroine was represented by a married woman (whose husband came also), a young widow and a sentimental maiden. Two clerks, a bank cashier and a commercial traveler appeared for the hero, and four Aunt Marys in various stages of senility came attended by enterprising relatives.

"I wish we had never invited them," said John nervously. "We will have a row as 'sure as sparks fly upward.'"

"Leave it to your uncle," said Brandon. "I wouldn't miss it for a golden corkscrew."

"Suppose they find one another out before supper."

"They can't break loose and wax confidential between now and 7 o'clock."

Brandon announced the guests as they entered the drawing room. Sam Bangs came last, his face radiant with smiles and soap; placing one hand on his spine, the other on his heart, he made a real dancing school bow and said:

"This is the proudest moment of my life."

John thanked him and Brandon said he was lucky to keep his heart where he could lay his hand on it so readily.

Ethel arrived and insisted on going with the housekeeper to the butler's pantry, where she stayed, looking through the door.

Brandon, opposite John at table, forced the conversation to be general, steering it off the book, until the dessert appeared, then John rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have been fortunate enough to bring together a number of people represented in my book. We have the hero, Thomas Presley; the heroine, Jennie Jenkins; the patriarchal parson, and Aunt Mary Moffat herself. Will those I have named rise while I drink their good health?"

"Here is to Aunt Mary Moffat and all her friends, relatives and acquaintances!" said John, and glasses were drained amid great applause.

Then, in order to identify each character, he suggested that all should be seated except the hero and heroine, and four Thomas Presleys and three Jenny Jenkinses were left staring, first in perplexity, then in rage, at one another.

"There must be a misunderstanding," said John. "Surely there can be but one hero or heroine of a single book."

The three women talked at once, the heroes muttered bitterly, the personal conductors exchanged hasty confidences; John cast a glance toward the door, but Brandon laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"My friends," he said, "it is plain that Mr. Hastings has drawn composite characters, taking from each the quality for which you are best known. Is one clown in a three ringed circus less a clown because there are two others?"

Nothing could have been more ingeniously offensive, and smoldering irritation threatened to burst forth. The widow stood by John to protect him Brandon tried again.

"We have all seen 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with two Uncle Toms, a pair of Topsies and a brace of Evas, and none of them differeth from another in glory."

Here the butler announced that the doctor was wanted across the street.

"For heaven's sake, don't go!" whispered John.

"Talk to them yourself; make 'em laugh."

Before John could utter a word Sam Bangs rose in wrath.

"This is a nice job you have put up on us. If these ain't the real folks in the book how do we know you are the real author?"

Approaching footsteps turned attention toward the door, through which marched a lively gentleman, who saluted and addressed the company.

"I am rejoiced, delighted, enchanted to see you all," he bawled, "the creatures of my imagination—the characters of my book. I—the famous—the clever—the inimitable—the greatest of authors, greet you."

"I knew it," Sam exclaimed. "Then you really wrote 'Aunt Mary Moffat,' and he is an impostor?" pointing to John.

"To perdition with him in five minutes! Certainly I did—I wrote all the books in all the libraries—I made the world, and the people are my children."

"It's genius," said the maiden.

"It's rum," said the widow.

"It's mania," said Brandon, entering, followed by a man who, stepping behind the elated gentleman, took him by the elbows and walked him out of the house.

"That is a paretic patient of mine, who overheard me speak of this party to his daughter today, and stole away from his attendant to come."

"I don't believe he is a bit crazier than you are, with your composite clowns, your three ringed Topsies and your piratic patients," said Sam.

"There is no time to explain—I have terrible news," said Brandon. "One of the servants has developed malignant smallpox, and you must all leave the house as soon as possible to avoid infection. There is a train to New York in half an hour."

Sam made a bolt for the door, followed by all but the widow, who refused to leave John.

"You needn't wait—I will attend to him," said Ethel, confronting her suddenly.

"Who are you?" demanded the astonished widow.

"I am the girl who is to marry Mr. Hastings."

"Are you sure you are the original girl or only one of several?" asked the widow sarcastically. "But perhaps you are a composite.

Without saying goodby, she marched majestically out of the room.

"Heaven forgive that lie about the smallpox," said Brandon, mopping his brow. "Nothing less would have saved the roof over our heads."

### Breaking the Chain.

In 1881 a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts senate which provided for a bounty of $5 for the killing of "a lynx or wildcat," says the Boston Herald. When the bill was under discussion Senator Rice of Essex, who had a habit of asking the committees to explain some parts of bills they had reported, said he would like to ask the committee who reported the bill whether the term "lynx or wildcat" referred to two different species of animals or whether it was the same kind of animal called by different names. Senator Rockwell of Pittsfield, who never let an opportunity to say a good thing pass, arose and said, "In the absence of the chairman of the committee who reported this bill I would say for the information of the honorable senator from Essex, who, having always lived in the eastern part of the state, is not probably aware that for years there has been a chain of wildcats roaming ever the Berkshire hills, that the object of this bill is to take some of the links out of that chain."

### Bank Note Paper.

The nine kinds of notes printed by the Bank of England are all on thin, white, crisp paper. The ink used is black, a hard, dry preparation, said to be made from naphtha smoke. A peculiarity of the English notes is that the engraving is simple and old fashioned, in contrast to the notes of other countries, which are most elaborately engraved by complicated machinery, the designs being difficult of imitation by hand and the lathes and ruling engines being so costly as to discourage counterfeiters. The English paper is made by a private concern, as is that in use in the United States, the pulp of the latter being a mixture of linen, cotton and silk, the silk threads coming into prominence after the printing. The French bank note paper is of similar texture, hair being used with the pulp instead of silk threads. Over 50,000 notes are issued by the Bank of England daily of an average value of £20.

### African Blood Brotherhood.

The method of making blood brotherhood among the Galla and Somali has its peculiarities. It is described by William Astor Chanler in "Through Jungle and Desert." Lokomagul on behalf of his people and I on behalf of my own each seized in our right hands a round stone. Upon the stones we liberally expectorated. Each then passed his stone to his following, who did likewise. We then exchanged stones, and each, holding the stone in his right hand, with his left dug a hole in the soil, meanwhile uttering words of supposed magic import. In these holes we finally placed the stones and covered them with sand. We then grasped hands and assured each other that we were the best friends possible.

### The Editor and the Tramp.

Bret Harte's first stories appeared in the San Francisco Overland Monthly. Then he was appointed editor of this magazine. That was in 1869. About this same period two or three weekly newspapers were struggling for existence.

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said:

"There is a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this blamed paper for another week!"

### South Sea Island Customs.

When a south sea island mother wishes to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping, and slippers, of course, she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothers she pulls the child's hair or bites some part of the body, generally the fleshy part of the arm. In wandering about the village one sees many children having on their bodies scars produced by wounds inflicted by their mothers' teeth. When a mother wishes to caress her child she deftly draws her thumb across its eyebrow or cheek or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubbing of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingsmill islanders, as it is among the Maoris of New Zealand.

### Her Husband's Book.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a frown, as he put down his book and rose from the armchair.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes!" he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have something or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care. The winds of heavens shall not visit your face too roughly; those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks; your wish shall be my law; your happiness"—

Just then he reappeared and, dropping the scuttle upon the floor, said:

"There's your coal! Give me my book."—Tit-Bits.

### Man and His "Galluses."

The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your snob and your savage abhor it. In Mesopotamia the wild bashi bazouk wears a belt; in Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of shark's teeth; in Senegambia the shameless cannibal sports a gunny sack; in Atlantic City some years back the dudes used to wear sashes. But find a man who when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil lays bare a pair of heavy sky blue galluses and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord and votes the straight ticket. The "gallus" is useful, it is graceful, and properly adorned with hand painted flowers and brass buckles it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a somber leather belt is to fail in an essential of true manhood and fly in the face of fate.—Baltimore Sun.

### The Unicorn.

The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the eglisserion, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monoceros, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

### Clock Inscriptions.

In former times it was the custom of clockmakers to inscribe on the dial plates of their clocks quaint verses, one of the most common being the following:

I serve thee here with all my might
To tell the hours by day, by night.
Therefore example take by me
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

Another favorite inscription was "Tempus Fugit," or "Time Flies," and thereby hangs a tale. A well known English clockmaker who flourished toward the close of the last century, on being asked by a customer whether a certain clock was of home manufacture, replied: "Oh, certainly. Don't you see the name, sir—Tummas Fugit? I often have his clocks through my hands."

### The Circle County.

The oddest shaped county among the thousands which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies almost exactly in the geographical center of the state and is about as near a perfect circle as any division of land could possibly be. The circle would be perfect but for the fact that there is a short stretch of the northern boundary line which follows a small stream for a short distance. It is bounded by Cannon, Dekalb, Coffee, Grundy, Van Buren and White counties.

### Reserve Buds.

Every one has noticed how, when a large branch of a tree is cut off, small branches will shoot out around the stump. These branches are from the reserve buds, of which all trees have a great number at every portion of their surface. Under ordinary circumstances these never come to maturity, but when the tree is wounded or cut off or loses some of its branches the reserve buds at once come into play and renew the foliage.

### Her Scheme.

Mrs. De Style—He never gave her any part of his wages, but spent it all in a nearby saloon. Mrs. Gunbusta—How mean! Mrs. De Style—But he gives her every cent now. Mrs. Gunbusta—She's reformed him, eh? Mrs. De Style—No, but she runs the saloon. —New York Times.

### False Doctrine.

School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine? Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to the people who are sick.—Christian Register.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run. —Ouida.

### The Sheep Drives the Wolf.

The wolf will perish, eaten up by the sheep. The sheep is not what a vainglorious folk have imagined. The sheep presses forward, irresistible, driving before him lions and tigers, driving before him man.

Man?

Yes, man. Ask those thousands of English, those thousands of Scotch, those thousands of Irish, who have been driven back into the sea by flocks of sheep, urged forward by certain noble lords and large proprietors.—Elie Reclus' "Primitive Folk."

### The First Astronomy.

The beginnings of astronomy were on the tops of towers of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt. It is believed by many writers that both classes of structure were erected for astronomical purposes. As early as the time of Job, nearly 2,000 years before Christ, most of the stars had been divided into constellations. The writer of Job mentions Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades as being familiar. The modern science dates from the labors of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe and Newton.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 30.

**Text of the Lesson, Gal. v, 15-26; vi, 7, 8—Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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This is called a temperance lesson, but "Flesh and Spirit" would have been a more appropriate title. Yet if we understand temperance in its fullest meaning of self control, including all forms of self control, the title covers at least part of the lesson. The plain teaching of Scripture is that by nature all are children of wrath, children of disobedience, dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii, 1-3), and until born again we have in us only that which is called the old man, the outward man, the natural man, flesh, self, sin, the carnal mind, the heart (meaning the sinful heart), and the verdict of God is that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, that in it there is no good thing, that it profiteth nothing and cannot please God (Eph. iv, 22; II Cor. iv, 16; I Cor. ii, 14; John iii, 6; vi, 63; Rom. viii, 7, 8; vii, 18; v, 12; II Cor. v, 21; Jer. xvii, 9; Gen. vi, 5; Matt. xv, 19). "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit" (John iii, 6), and the one is never changed into or assimilated with the other, and this our lesson fully sets forth. No ordinances can possibly avail for the sinner, the flesh can never be improved, there must be a new creature (Gal. v, 6; vi, 15; ii, 16; iii, 10-13, 21, 22; iv, 4, 5). When we as helpless sinners truly receive Christ, who was made sin and a curse for us, then we have a right to appropriate Gal. ii, 20, from first to last, and take as our life motto "Not I, but Christ, who liveth in me." Our lives will then be faith working by love, and by love we will serve one another, thus fulfilling the law (verses 6, 13, 14). The believer becomes a temple of the Holy Ghost, who at the new birth comes to live in us (I Cor. vi, 19) and from that time enviously or jealously desireth to possess us fully (Jas. iv, 5, Rev. Ver.) that God may be glorified in us.

It is the privilege of every new creature in Christ, according to our lesson, to walk in the Spirit, be led of the Spirit, live in the Spirit (verses 16, 18, 25), or, according to Eph. v, 18, be filled with the Spirit and manifest in these mortal bodies the life of Jesus, who was always led by the Spirit, did His works by the Spirit, offered Himself by the Spirit, was raised from the dead by the Spirit and has given to His redeemed the same Spirit that we, being anointed in some measure as He was, may go about doing good and lead to Him for deliverance all who are oppressed by the devil in any form of flesh manifestation (Acts x, 38). If we are thus really filled, the fruit of the Spirit will be seen in us in the love that is described in I Cor. xiii, 4-7; we shall be filled with joy and peace in believing (Rom. xv, 13), which some one has called love exulting and love in repose. The same love will be long suffering and kind to those who make us suffer long, always gentle and doing good without seeking approval from those ministered to, satisfied to believe that God knows and loves and cares and coveting only his approval, submitting meekly to many a wrong for His sake, self being under control and persistently reckoned dead and delivered to death (II Cor. iv, 11). This is temperance indeed, and all else but a branch of the subject.

What hinders this beautiful life, this manifestation of the life of Christ, in the believer? Why, just this flesh, which ever wants its own way, its own gratification and is so contrary to the Spirit, but which by the believer is to be reckoned as crucified (verses 17, 24), put off with all its deceitful lusts, giving place to the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him (Eph. iv, 22-24; Col. iii, 8-10). No longer are we to live in these bodies to gratify selfish lusts, but only to do the will of God (I Pet. iv, 3). That the flesh, the self life in us, could be guilty of the things enumerated in verses 19-21 we would not choose to believe if He had told us who assures us that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii, 9) and who in Matt. xv, 18, 19 tells us that these very things proceed from the heart of man. The only honest thing to do is to confess that He knows, and but for His grace any or all of these abominations might have been manifest in us. As one good man said when he saw a criminal going to punishment, "That might have been me but for the grace of God." Those who live in the flesh and give way to it in any or all of these forms shall never see the kingdom of God (verse 21), but shall have to hear His awful "Depart from me, ye cursed" (Matt. xxv, 41).

The one thing for saved people to do is to keep under the body, this body of sin, and bring it into subjection, lest at the judgment seat of Christ we should be disapproved (I Cor. ix, 27; II Cor. v, 10; Rom. xiv, 10). All the redeemed are ever sowing either to the flesh or Spirit, living either to self or to God, building that which is comparable to wood, hay and stubble, or to gold, silver and precious stones. The former in the fire perish, but the latter come through the fire uninjured. In that day when we stand at the judgment seat of Christ the fire shall try every man's work, and if the work abides there shall be a reward, but if it be burned up that believer shall suffer loss, though he himself shall be saved as by fire (I Cor. iii, 11-15). Many people talk thoughtlessly of young people only sowing their wild oats, not considering that what is sown must be reaped, and those who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind.

### Unsuspected Art.

"Did you know that forestry is really a branch of art?"

"No. How so?"

"In its wood cuts, you know."—Baltimore American.

If a person determines early in life that a cheerful disposition is worth having and strives to obtain it and does so that person is a success in a fine sense of the word.

### A. M. and P. M.

Here is an excellent catch: Ingenuously ask any friend or acquaintance the meaning of a. m. and p. m. You will receive some such answer as, "Why, morning and afternoon," or "Before dinner and after dinner," or "Up to 12 o'clock high noon and after 12 high noon," or "From midnight to noon and from noon to midnight," or "Ante meridian and post meridian; before and after noon." It is a conservative wager that every one to whom the question is put will stake his happiness on the word meridian, while the correct word is meridiem. Ante meridiem and post meridiem are abbreviated to a. m. and p. m.

## ON OCEAN'S BED.

### What Becomes of Ships Which Sink to the Bottom of the Sea.

What becomes of the ship that sinks in midocean? If it is of wood it takes, in the first place, considerable time for it to reach the bottom. In a hundred or more fathoms of water a quarter of an hour will elapse before the ship reaches bottom. It sinks slowly, and when the bottom is reached it falls gently into the soft, oozy bed, with no crash or breaking.

Of course if it is laden with pig iron or corresponding substances or if it is an iron ship it sinks rapidly and sometimes strikes the bottom with such force as to smash in pieces. Once sunken a ship becomes the prey of the countless inhabitants of the ocean.

They swarm over and through the great boat and make it their home. Besides this they cover every inch of the boat with a thick layer of lime. This takes time, of course, and when one generation dies another continues the work until finally the ship is so laden with heavy incrustations, corals, sponges and barnacles that if wood the creaking timbers fall apart and slowly but surely are absorbed in the waste at the sea bottom.

Iron vessels are demolished more quickly than those of wood, which may last for centuries. The only metals that withstand the chemical action of the waves are gold and platinum, and glass also seems unaffected. No matter how long gold may be hidden in the ocean, it will always be gold when recovered, and this fact explains the many romantic and adventurous searches after hidden submarine treasures lost in shipwrecks.

## ST. HELENA.

### The Transformation of This Once Barren Volcanic Waste.

St. Helena was a barren volcanic waste at the time Napoleon was sent there. The Englishmen were there, however, to stay and for duty, and, though they had a hard scramble for every drop of water they used, they set about a beginning of making something grow toward sustaining life, or at least modifying its conditions. Gradually, by slow degrees, but surely, their efforts were successful. Kindly nature requires but little encouragement, and the dews fell and crystallized, and the herbage and shrubbery spread, and little trees took root and shed their seed, and the mountain in the long course of years became largely covered, until at last this one time waterless heap of waste products of a lifeless volcano became able to provide millions upon millions of gallons of water, which is stored in its caverns, for the ships that pass to and from the Cape of Good Hope and to Australia, and beneath the shades of umbrageous terraces, high up in the cool air, the invalided soldier from tropical Africa and India and the orient finds a restoring sanitarium which has brought back to health and life many a weary soul and stricken body. Truly there is magic in the rain and healing in the forests!—Outing Magazine.

### Life Saving at Fires.

If lives are in danger at a fire it is a universal rule that life saving takes precedence over fire fighting. If fire escapes are lacking or seriously obstructed all hands devote their entire energies to the work of rescuing by raising ladders, by forcing a passage through smoke filled hallways or by other emergency means. Life nets are spread and held ready for those who have not the nerve to wait for their rescuers. Life saving consumes valuable time which could be applied to advantage in fighting the flames, and the probable necessity for expending this time, governed as it is by many considerations, plays an important part in studies of underwriters. Occasionally pompier ladders or window scaling ladders are used in emergencies for making rescues. These furnish thrilling incidents for the newspapers, but are less efficient, slower and a great deal more dangerous both to the firemen and the rescued than the plain or extension ladders.—Insurance Engineering.

### He Obeyed Orders.

Sir Henry Roscoe tells this of the scientist Faraday and his assistant, Sergeant Anderson: "Anderson was the sole assistant to Faraday and of course was utterly uneducated in scientific matters, but he could obey orders, which is not always a characteristic of an educated man. One day Anderson was told by Faraday to keep stirring a pot containing some chemicals over a fire until he returned, Faraday being in the habit of going upstairs to tea in his rooms and coming down directly afterward to work in the laboratory during the evening. For some reason he was prevented from coming down again and forgot that he had told Anderson to watch the pot. On coming down the next morning he found Anderson still stirring the pot, having been at it the whole night and thus carrying out the order which was given him."

### The Perverse Golf Ball.

A collector of evidence on the subject maintains learnedly that the golf ball is the most perverse of human institutions. Here is a list of strange lies noted by a follower of the ancient game: In another player's pocket, where it had dropped after traveling 200 yards; in a cow's mouth; on the roof of a clubhouse; behind the glass protecting a painting hanging on a cottage wall; in a clump of daisies, which it so resembled that it was not found for an hour. When it fell in the cow's mouth the frightened animal galloped 276 yards nearer the hole and then restored the ball to its owner. He promptly claimed to have driven it 397 yards and the right to play it from where it lay.

### An Ancient English Workhouse.

In the records of St. Thomas hospital, London, is an entry of the year 1570 to the effect that "in consideration of the hote tyme of the yere" the poor be allowed "every one a day three pyntts of Bere for two months," a quart at dinner and a pint at supper, and at the end of two months return to "there olde ordinary allowance, wyche is one quarte." The food at this ancient workhouse was to be dealt with as liberally as the drink. The almoner and steward were to "bye no byffe but of the best, without bones and in speciall without the marybon, and none other to be bowght."

### Professional Dignity.

"What wages do you expect?" asked Mrs. Randolph of Aunt Phronie, who had come to hire as cook.

"Well, Ah tell you. Ef Ah cooks an' waits on de table, too, Ah 'spects $2 ebery week Ah lives, b-u-t ef yo' all has family reach at de table an' Ah jes' hab ter cook, den Ah charges er dollar an' fo' bits."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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### War From a Thumb Bite.

Perhaps the most portentous if innocent incident in the proceedings leading up to England's war with King Theodore of Abyssinia was—a thumb bite. The British consul was practically a prisoner at his court when Mr. Stern, a British missionary, called upon the "king of kings." The first mistake of the Englishman was to seek an audience immediately after the king had dined too liberally with his court. The second was his choosing as interpreters two utterly incompetent men. The inefficiency of this pair so angered the dusky monarch that then and there he ordered them to be beaten. Mr. Stern, "unable to bear the sight, turned around and bit his thumb." Now, he was not aware of it, but to bite the thumb is in Abyssinia a defiance and a threat of vengeance. The quick eye of the king caught the innocent menace, and he had the missionary also beaten. From that sprang the war, the defeat of the forces of the king and his death by his own hand in his ruined city of Magdala.—London Standard.

### The Eternal Wilderness.

We still have our "unmanstified" places. And there shall come to us a wilderness here and another there where now there is none, for everything moves in circles, which is not at all a new discovery, and the man who today laments a dearth of the wilderness may live long enough to find himself one day wielding an ax as dull as the pen he now bewails with—and forty miles from a grindstone. We shall not remonstrate with the writers who are picturing us going to eternal smash for want of tall timber. Their work is not without its good effect in staying the denudation of our nearby recreation grounds, and we are content to watch the wily old wilderness creeping up in the rear of the advancing army of invasion, reaching out with sure, silent fingers and reclaiming her own, building anew her razed stockades and unfurling to the winds her defiant banners.—Recreation.

### The Ears of Insects.

Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of its head it is no sign whatever that it is wholly without some sort of an auditory nerve. This is proved by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts and flies all have their ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does its hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads which occupy the place which are taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug or shelless snail has its organs of hearing situated on each side of its neck, and the common grasshopper has them on each of its broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the bases of the wings and in others on the bottom of the feet.

### Way of One Man.

He was romantic, but bashful for his age. At twenty-five it is expected nowadays that a man should be matter of fact. She was his equal in romance, but a trifle older, old enough indeed to be a widow. The conversation had turned on the ever important subject of mothers-in-law. There was a lull in the argument. Gazing far, she sighed and said:

"Ah, me! I shall never have another mother-in-law!"

He looked at her with interest for a moment and then suddenly blurted out:

"My mother died when I was very young!"

It was an inadvertence, but he could not draw back. She threw herself into his arms, and they have lived happily—up to now.—New York Press.

### Lava.

Lava may be blown into opaque bottles of gossamer lightness, and the harder sort makes a beautiful green glass of half the weight and double the strength of ordinary glass. But it is not always the same. Every volcano pours out its own special brand of molten mixture, disagreeable to walk on, but sometimes yielding precious products, as pumice stone. Lava, like all things, decomposes under the touch of time, as the fertile plains of Sicily testify.

All luxury corrupts either the morals or the taste.—Joubert.

### A Flimsy Craft.

While it is rarely employed by Europeans as a method of travel, even in emergencies, the catamaran of the Madras fishermen of India is by all odds the most extraordinary of water vehicles. It consists simply of three logs lashed together and flush with the surface of the water. On these a fisherman (sometimes two or more fishermen) stands and with a single oar paddles himself far out to sea. A Madras fisherman will venture out when boatmen will not launch their craft, and even in weather when boats cannot be launched he will go through the surf and out to ships with letters, for the delivery of which he gets a few pence. In order to catch their ships a few belated travelers have been known to trust themselves on catamarans. They are united in the statement that the ride on the logs was the most nerve trying experience they had undergone in a land that holds a new thrill for the stranger at every turn. The sea and an occasional ducking have no terrors for these natives, not even the extremely young, and in reality the catamaran is not entirely to be scorned, for it is, after all, nonsinkable.

### Water Pipes and Freezing.

Housekeepers as a rule do not understand why it is the hot water pipe is the first to freeze in very cold weather. They think that it ought to be the other way around—that hot water ought to withstand the low temperature longer than cold water will. That does seem reasonable, but a little investigation shows us that it is not. Hot water freezes more quickly than cold water for several reasons. In the first place, the boiling of water expels the air from it, and water will not freeze until it has parted with its air. In the second place, there is always a slight agitation on the surface of hot water, and this promotes congelation by assisting the crystals to change their position until they assume that most favorable to solidification. Then the particles in hot water divide into smaller globules by reason of the heat, and less resistance is therefore offered to the cold than in cold water.

### Healthfulness of Honey.

"Honey, one of the most nutritious and delicate of foods, should be eaten more than it is," said a cooking expert. "Bought in the comb, it is bound to be unadulterated, and this pure honey will keep its friends free from sore throat and bronchial troubles. I have not had a sore throat since six years ago I took to eating honey. My doctor tells me he often recommends honey, with excellent results, for diseases of the throat. Honey is excellent to use instead of sugar for sweetening cakes. It gives the cakes a most delightful flavor. It is also excellent in place of butter on hot biscuit, on toast and on buckwheat cakes. I know a number of women who use honey as a cosmetic. They apply it to the skin, rub it in well, then wash it off with hot water. The result is a finer textured complexion, a glowing color, a young, fresh look."

### Instinctive Piety of the Irish Gael.

As Dr. Douglas Hyde pointed out, "the Irish Gael is pious by nature. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. God is for him assured, true, intelligible. When he meets a neighbor, instead of saying 'Bon jour' or 'Good morning' he says 'God salute you.'" Indeed, all the ordinary invocations and salutations of the Irish language are governed by this religious feeling. "When he takes snuff from you he will say, 'The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead.' If a sudden wonderment surprises him he will cry, 'A thousand laudations to God,' and if he be shown a young child or anything else for the first time he will say, 'Prosperity from God on it.'"—London Spectator.

### Ancient Glass.

In the Slade collection at the British museum in London the most ancient specimen of pure glass the date of which can be approximately fixed is a small lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed at more than 2,000 years B. C. glass was made with a skill which shows that the art was far from new.—London Telegraph.

Fine feelings without vigor or reason are in the situation of the extreme feather of a peacock's tail, dragging in the mud.—Foster.

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### Vulgarity No Irish Trait.

There are certain nations that have the quality of vulgarity strongly in the blood, and indeed it seems to testify to a strong and full blooded vitality, a desire for self assertion, and thus we may expect to find vulgarity dogging like a shadow the footsteps of strong, capable and pushing nationalities. But there are certain nations that have been accused of many faults that yet have never been accused of being vulgar. The Irish are a case in point. They have been accused of levity, of undue conviviality, of frivolity, of a tendency to romance, of untrustworthiness, of irresponsibility, but they have never been accused of vulgarity. There lies deep in the Celtic temperament a rich vein of emotion, a strong relish for the melancholy side of life. It is on this that their incomparable sense of humor is based, and it may be said that no one who feels at home with melancholy, who luxuriates in the strange contrast between the possibilities and the performances of humanity, is in any danger of vulgarity, for one of the essential components of vulgarity is a complacent self satisfaction, and if a man is apt to dwell regretfully on what might have been rather than cheerfully upon what is there is but little room for complacency.—A. C. Benson in Atlantic.

### Puzzled.

The distinguished alienist looked worried. "No," he said to the reporter, "I can't give you an opinion as to the sanity of the prisoner." "But surely you have considered the case?" "It isn't that," replied the alienist; "but, you see, each side has sent me a retainer, and as these are the same amounts I am, of course, in temporary doubt."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### At the Art Museum.

Her Husband—That statue isn't true to nature. His Wife—What's wrong with it? Her Husband—Why, it represents a woman sitting still, saying nothing.—Columbus Dispatch.